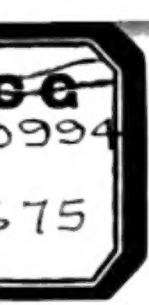


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NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Monthly

New Series, Volume 33

September 1905—February 1906

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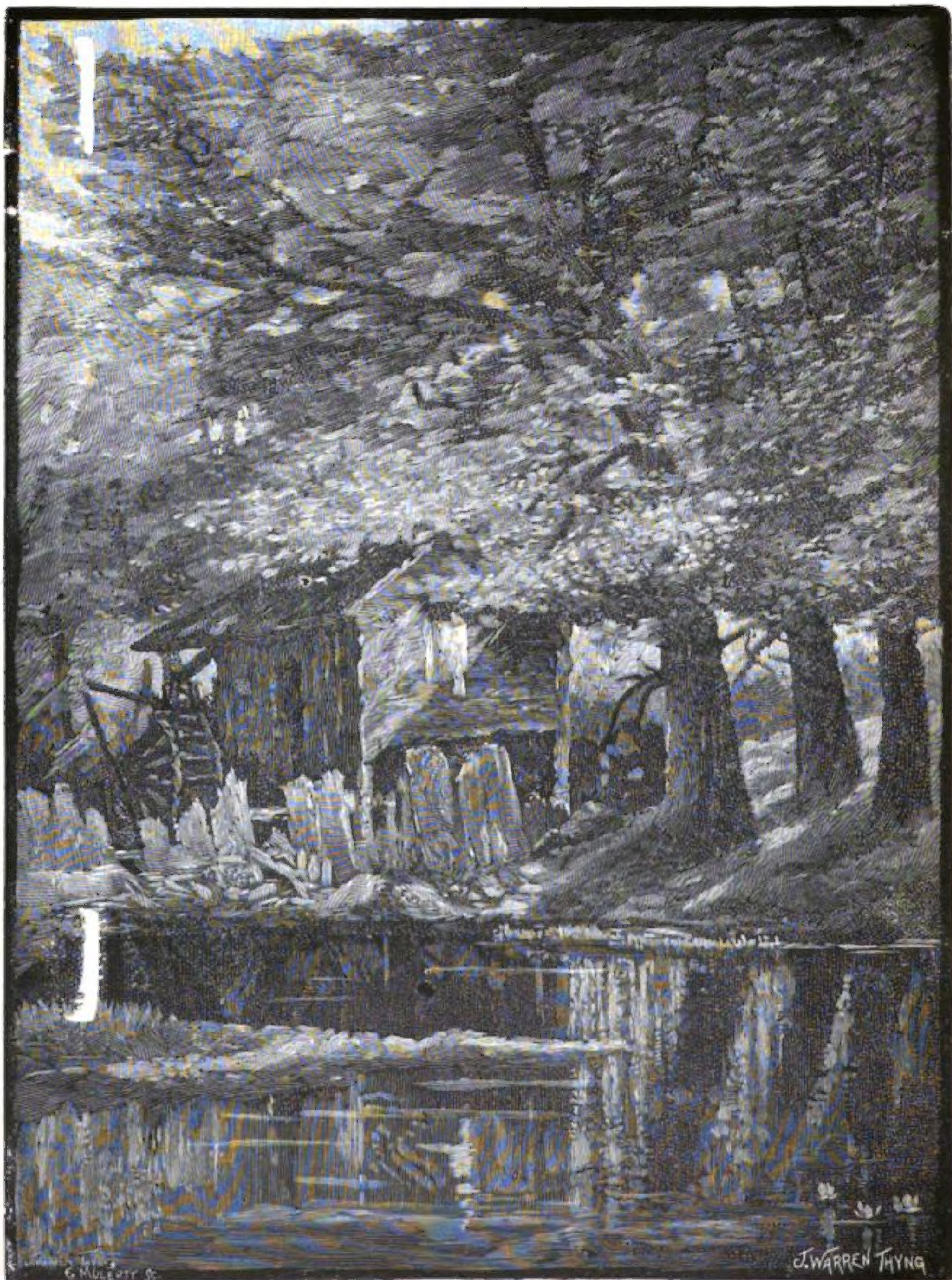
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THE OLD MILL

[From the Painting by J. Warren Thyng]

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

September, 1905

VOLUME XXXIII

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

NUMBER I

The Portland Exposition

By WALDON FAWCETT

NEW ENGLAND'S interest in the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition, now in progress at Portland, Oregon, should be intensified by the fact that the very first suggestion for an American exploration of the coast of the "Oregon country" came from a New Englander. Moreover, the name "Oregon" was first used in print by another New Englander. These men were John Ledyard and Jonathan Carver. Both were natives of Connecticut. Both were regarded as wild dreamers, and it can not be denied that Carver gave his imagination free rein in his writings concerning his alleged explorations. Nevertheless, the fact remains that these two men were the first Americans to anticipate the amazing development of the Pacific Northwest and to call the attention of the eastern section of the United States to the then unknown western regions lying between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean.

John Ledyard's brain first conceived the possibilities of development in the wild region west of the Rockies and north of the Spanish

settlements in California. It was he who first suggested to Thomas Jefferson the idea of sending an expedition to explore that country. Ledyard also was the pioneer in urging the extension of the fur trade to the Pacific coast. Though many years passed before Jefferson finally sent Meriwether Lewis and William Clark up the Missouri, across the mountains and down the Columbia, the young Connecticut Yankee, John Ledyard, first planted in the statesman's mind the germ of that process of peaceful expansion of territory, the flower and fruit of which is so fittingly commemorated in the unique world's fair now in progress on the western coast.

Ledyard, who was a born wanderer, was a native of Groton, Connecticut, and a member of the distinguished family to which also belonged that Colonel William Ledyard who made so gallant a defence against the attack upon New London by the British under Benedict Arnold, which constituted almost the sole exploit of the traitor in the war for independence after he had betrayed his trust. Love of adventure

topsis," which, with its memorable "Where rolls the Oregon," has ever been so largely instrumental in keeping the poetic name prominent in the minds of the whole American people. Perhaps this inspirational work may have been ably seconded by "Gray's Oregon," wherein Captain Gray of Boston gave a graphic account of the voyage of his ship "Columbia," which was the first American vessel to enter the Oregon River and in honor of which the name of the majestic stream was

fied with these interests were: Joseph Barrel, a merchant of distinction; Charles Bulfinch, a graduate of Harvard College; Samuel Brown, a merchant; John Derby, a shipmaster of Salem; Captain Crowel Hatch of Cambridge and John Marden Pintard of the New York house of Lewis, Pintard & Company. Barrel and Bulfinch were perhaps the leading spirits, and they became most deeply interested in the reports which became current about this time as to the



COLONNADE ENTRANCE

changed to the designation by which it has been known to this day.

The discovery of the Columbia river by Captain Gray constitutes yet another link which binds the New England of yesterday and to-day to the unfolding empire of the Northwest. After the revolutionary war the mariners of Massachusetts and Maine undertook whaling and trading around Cape Horn. Among the prominent men of the day identi-

possibilities of the fur trade on the Pacific coast.

Finally the Boston enthusiasts organized a trading company for the purpose of fitting out a ship and sending it by way of Cape Horn to the northwest coast. The new corporation acquired by purchase the "Columbia," a full-rigged ship of two hundred and twelve tons, which had been built shortly before by James Briggs at Hobart's Landing

of the "Lady Washington," after trading with the Indians had been concluded, while Gray took command of the "Columbia" and sailed via China and the Cape of Good Hope for Boston, where both vessels arrived safely in due course.

Remaining in Boston for only six months, Captain Gray again started for the North Pacific on September 28th, 1790, this time in command of the "Columbia." Arriving off Van-

last the mighty river upon which Captain Gray bestowed the name of his ship. He cast anchor ten miles up the river and a few days later proceeded fifteen miles farther up. Not long afterward Captain Vancouver sailed up the river, now thoroughly convinced that there was a reality to the supposedly mythical river of the west, of which the Indians had told him so much; but it was Captain Gray's discovery of the



FORESTRY BUILDING

couver Island, Captain Gray met Captain George Vancouver of the British navy, who at that time was exploring the Pacific coast; but the Briton took little stock in the American's stories regarding the mysterious river of the west and so the Bostonian sailed away to the south and on May 11th, 1792, the "Columbia" crossed the bar and entered at

river, together with the exploration of the river and the interior country by Captains Lewis and Clark thirteen years later, which gave to the United States its claim upon the "Oregon country," and which, through the treaty of 1846, added three hundred and seven thousand square miles of the richest territory on the globe to the national domain.



EUROPEAN EXHIBITS BUILDING

mouth of the Columbia river, loaded with supplies and implements, and Wyeth with sixty experienced men started overland in 1834.

Arriving at the head waters of the Snake river, the persistent New Englander built Fort Hall, upon which he bestowed the name of one of his partners. Leaving twelve men and a stock of goods at this point, he pushed on to an island at the junction of the Columbia and Willamette rivers and there established Fort Williams, so named in honor of another partner in the enterprise. However, Wyeth speedily discovered that the Indians were so completely under the control of the Hudson's Bay Company that he could establish no business relations whatever with them, and within two years he was compelled to sell all his possessions, including Fort Hall, to the Hudson's Bay Company and abandon this second effort at occupation, in which he had sunk a fortune.

From the time that Wyeth entered Oregon and for a considerable interval thereafter the title "Bos-tons" was bestowed upon all Americans by the Indians to distinguish them from the English. There is no doubt that Wyeth had formed a most laudable ambition from his belief that American occupation would strengthen American title to the Oregon country, then strongly disputed by Great Britain, and his efforts were not without lasting results for some of the settlers, and the missionaries who accompanied him gained a permanent foothold in the land for which Wyeth with prophetic vision foresaw so bright a future.

The "Oregon country" of two-thirds of a century ago has become to-day the states of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and, in part, the states of Montana and Wyoming, and the people of all these commonwealths have coöperated most actively in rearing the beautiful exposition

which commemorates the one hundredth anniversary of the exploration of the Pacific Northwest by the expedition commanded by Captains Lewis and Clark. As originally planned, the Centennial contemplated merely an exhibition local to the northwest, but as the interest of the whole country became manifest the scope of the undertaking was rapidly broadened until there is presented to-day an international fair which takes rank with the larger expositions held in America during the past two decades, and which enjoys the prestige of being the first international exposition under the patronage of the United States government ever held west of the Rocky Mountains.

In one notable respect, namely in the natural beauty of its setting, the Lewis and Clark Exposition and Oriental Fair is immeasurably superior to any other fair ever held anywhere in the world. The site of four hundred acres is situated in the foothills of the Cascade range of mountains and fully two hundred and twenty acres of the aggregate area is occupied by an attractive natural lake,—the largest body of water ever enclosed within an expo-

sition fence. The majority of the exhibition palaces are grouped at one side of the lake, crowning a slope which descends by graceful terraces to the water's edge, and the visitor standing upon this eminence gazes through purple-tinted vistas of hill and dale with an unobstructed view to Mount Hood and Mount St. Helena, the famous snow-capped peaks of the Cascades, fully sixty-five miles away.

The visitor, journeying to the exposition through the streets of Portland, where roses bloom in every dooryard during twelve months of the year, and where roses eleven inches in diameter and hundreds to the bush are an every-day luxury, is but prepared in a measure for the floral glories of the exposition. It might appropriately be called the "rose fair" as Portland is termed the Rose City. Thousands of bushes that a few months ago did not average a foot in height, but now extend above the waist of the tallest visitor, overflow the terraces, forming great pillows of multi-colored bloom.

On the brow of the hill overlooking the lake stand the principal exhibit palaces, each with one end occupying frontage on Lakeview



ORIENTAL EXHIBITS PALACE



Terrace, a broad thoroughfare from which descend the steps of the terraces previously mentioned. The principal buildings are divided into groups by Columbia Court, a central landscape architectural feature consisting of two avenues, between which are sunken gardens elaborately embellished with flowers and statuary and fountains. From the point where Columbia Court merges into Lakeview Terrace a grand staircase, flanked on either side by massive balustrades, leads down to a boat-landing on the shore of the lake.

Extending broadside almost the entire length of Columbia Court on one side, is the building devoted to Foreign Exhibits, and in the rear of this are the Oriental and Forestry buildings. Opposite the Foreign Exhibits building on Columbia Court is the Agriculture Palace, the largest structure on the exposition grounds, and beyond this are the Manufactures and Liberal Arts, the Mining and the Machinery, Electricity and Transportation buildings. The United States government building, surmounted by two towers each two hundred and sixty feet in height, and with two large wings connected with the main structure by artistic peristyles, occupies a commanding site on a peninsula of sixty acres,

which juts out into the lake and which affords just the proper perspective to bring the two symmetrical towers into relief against the background of woods and waters. The national government, by the way, is the most extensive participant in this exposition, having appropriated \$475,000, in addition to contributing an exhibit ready prepared at a cost of more than \$300,000.

The main exhibit palaces are all, with the exception of the Forestry building, in the Spanish renaissance style of architecture, and their ivory-tinted walls, relieved by green cornices and roofs of red tile, are in restful contrast to the glaring white of many a former exposition. The Forestry building may be classified as distinctively American in design, since it is, in effect, naught else than an immense log cabin constructed from the giant trees of the Pacific Northwest, and affording the most convincing exemplification imaginable of the wonderful timber resources of a territory which ere long must become the main source of supply for the entire republic.

One of the notably artistic features of the exposition is found in the Bridge of Nations, a massive structure, half a mile in length, connecting the mainland with the peninsula



MASSACHUSETTS STATE BUILDING

from the wilderness in the short span of a century.

Many of the states of the Union are represented by individual buildings erected at a cost of from \$10,000 to \$50,000 each. In many instances, particularly in the case of the western states, there has been a departure from the old-time policy which restricted the function of a state building at a world's fair to service as a rest parlor and social rendezvous for the natives of the commonwealth and their friends. Thus we find at the present exposition states, such as Washington, California, Idaho and Utah, presenting pretentious structures which are primarily exhibit palaces, crowded with the agricultural, mineral and manufactured products of the respective sections of the country.

The state of Massachusetts is represented by a building which is a combination of a headquarters and an exhibit palace. The structure,

which occupies one of the most advantageous locations in the exposition grounds, is a study from the second story of the Bulfinch front of the State House on Beacon Hill, and it is assuredly quite appropriate that the edifice should thus in a measure constitute a memorial to that Bulfinch who, having impaired his fortune in that very trading enterprise which sent the ship "Columbia" to the northwest coast, turned his attention to architecture and designed some of the most notable buildings in New England.

The architect of the Massachusetts building was Mr. C. Howard Walker of Boston, who took so prominent a part in preparing the plans for the St. Louis exposition. The building, which is placed upon a terrace in a charming setting of old-fashioned shrubs and flowers, is one hundred feet in length by eighty feet wide, with spacious verandas. Much of the appropriation of \$15,000



HENRY W. GOODE

made by the Massachusetts legislature for a representation at the Portland fair went into the building, it having been found that a large share of the state exhibit at St. Louis could be transferred to the west coast, thus allowing for other uses a considerable portion of the funds which would needs have been employed in preparing exhibits.

The interior of the Massachusetts building is in the Colonial style—an immense hall, open to the rafters, with an artistic staircase leading to a gallery which extends entirely around the interior, and from which all the rooms on the second floor

open. Every foot of available space on the ground floor of the building and much of that on the second floor has been given over to exhibits which illustrate the workings and development of the state prisons, reformatories, libraries, colleges and other educational institutions. These exhibits are principally in the form of photographs, drawings and specimens of the products of the manual training departments. The metropolitan park system and the metropolitan water system have interesting displays, and there is an instructive exhibit bearing upon the matchless highway system of Massachusetts.

In the building are comfortable rest and retiring rooms for the use of visitors and these are furnished in great part with handsome mahogany furniture from the State House, much of it of historic interest. On



NATHANIEL J. WYETH

the second floor is a suite of rooms occupied as offices and living apartments by Mr. Wilson H. Fairbank of Warren, Massachusetts, who is in charge of the building as executive commissioner, and, inasmuch as Mr. Fairbank has furnished his temporary home with many pieces of old mahogany brought from Massachusetts, these apartments have aroused the admiration of every visitor.

Maine, which is the only other New England state represented by a special building, has reproduced the house at Portland, Maine, in which the poet Longfellow was born. This was done wholly by private subscription, the Maine legislature merely sanctioning the appointment of a commission but making no appropriation. The contributions came from the churches and schools of Maine as well as from private individuals, and some aid was rendered by the 27,000 residents of the Pacific coast who were born in the state of Maine.

On the ground floor of the building there is an Evangeline room and a Hiawatha room, the walls of which are adorned with handsomely engrossed copies of the poems symbolized, and with portraits of Longfellow and his literary friends. These apartments are primarily rest and writing rooms for the use of visitors, all of whom are invited to register. The importance and achievements of the churches and schools of Maine, which were so largely instrumental in providing this memorial state building, are emphasized in the structure by a comprehensive photographic exhibit of church and school buildings, educational and religious institutions. Aside from this display, however, the purpose of the building is merely to serve as headquarters for natives and residents of Maine and their friends. Mr. Arthur C. Jackson, president and executive commissioner of the Maine State Commission, is in charge, with Mrs. Jackson as hostess.



SEAL OF THE EXPOSITION

Love's Manifold Altars

. By ANNIE T. COLCOCK

TEN years have elapsed since the happenings I am about to record; ten years, in which I—James Boyd—have lived the retired life of a southern cotton planter on this little island that was my father's before me. And it may be that a solitary existence, in which the mind necessarily feeds much upon the past, has caused me to attribute an undue significance to what others may regard as trifles light as air—the hallucinations of a delicate girl, and the vagaries of a man like David Carew. Dreamer, the world called him—the world on which he turned his back. I, who knew him as did no one else, saw in him the stuff of which poets and philosophers are made; and being altogether commonplace myself, revered him and loved him beyond all living men.

Our friendship began at college, where my course was that of the inconspicuous plodder; his, the career of an erratic genius, full of brilliant promise, yet crowned by little achievement. Shortly after our graduation, my father sent me abroad; for although it was his intention and my wish that I should eventually devote myself to agriculture, he was determined that I should have as broad an education as his purse would permit. "We island planters," said my father, "live very close to nature, but very much aloof from our fellows. Our minds, instead of brightening by attrition with other men of brains

and energy, are apt to grow dull and rusty. It behooves us, therefore, to put on a good polish at the outset." So, by way of final preparation for the life of a quiet country gentleman, I set forth upon my *Wanderjahre*.

It was in a French café that I unexpectedly ran across David Carew, and from that hour, I left to him the making of my itinerary, for it was a matter of little moment to me whither I went, so long as I had David for my guide and companion. While we were in Switzerland, I met with the accident which has probably lamed me for life; and during the illness that followed, Carew nursed me like a brother. As I look backward now, I can recall, amid a cloud of fever-visions, the unchanging calmness of his mild face bending over me. His features were almost feminine in outline, but his soft brown beard and high brow added a grave dignity, while in his eyes—wine-brown, and capable of infinite expression—there was a strange, irresistible charm. Those were the days in which it came to pass that—like Jonathan's—my soul was knit with David's, till I loved him even as my own soul.

The tidings of my father's death reached us during my convalescence, and Carew accompanied me home. Nor could I bear to part with him even then. So my sister Agnes—who is my senior by one year—added her entreaties to mine, and for several months he was an

inmate of our house. When he left us, it was with the promise of a speedy return; but for three years we never saw him. At the end of that time he appeared, unheralded, and demanded that I should sell him an acre or two of the wooded land on the seaward side of the island, where he could build himself a home within sound of the booming surf. I entreated him to come back to his old quarters; I assured him that our big plantation house, built in ante-bellum days, was over large for a family of two, so he might set up his bachelor establishment in one whole wing, if it pleased him.

But Carew, with all his gentleness of manner, was the least compliant of mortals where one of his pet theories was involved. "When a man lies down to sleep at night," he maintained, "the roof overhead should be his own, and its foundations should rest upon soil that is his. He should have a clear title to the air he breathes and to an outlook straight up to heaven!" In the end, he carried his point, and the Hermitage was builded.

That very year Nathalie came to the Big House. She was the only child of my mother's favorite brother—who had settled in New Orleans and married into a Creole family. Left an orphan, like ourselves, though not wholly unprovided for, she consented to make her home for a time with us. I was very willing—as Agnes seemed determined to sacrifice herself for me—that she should have some womanly companionship; but my cousin's arrival defeated one of my cherished schemes,—which was that David should some day become my brother-in-law. Now I can see that it would never have done, but at the time I was much disappointed when

it became evident that Carew's hopes were directed elsewhere.

To describe my cousin Nathalie is not an easy task. In the first place, there was little sympathy between us; and but for the attraction of kinship, I doubt very much if my sister, either, would have singled her out for a companion. Agnes has always been my ideal of wholesome, lovable womanhood. She is formed, both mentally and physically, in a generous mold; she moves with the free carriage of one who from her infancy has trod the springy earth and breasted the salt winds; her grey eyes have the clear, direct gaze of those who are used to wide horizon lines; she has that simple majesty of mien that is natural to all women who have to play the Lady Bountiful in their little world—even if it be only a narrow island inhabited by negro cotton-pickers. How any man could look at the two women and prefer Nathalie passes my comprehension. My cousin was small and slender, with a mass of lustreless black hair piled over a pale face, and, but for a certain pathos in her soft, red mouth and the wistfulness of a dumb animal in her wide, dark eyes there was nothing in her appearance to invite a second glance. Her mind, when she first came to us, was undeveloped but impressionable; she spoke French with fluency and a pure accent, and she sang very prettily to the guitar. What other gifts or attractions she possessed were apparent only to Carew. It may be that his love gave him a deeper insight into her character—or blinded him for a time to her deficiencies. It is still a problem whose estimate was the truest; indeed, I have sometimes wondered

whether he, himself, did her less than justice in the end.

I remember well the occasion on which Carew first confided his hopes to me. It was an afternoon in early March. The Hermitage had been completed—and named—some five months earlier; Nathalie had been our guest six weeks. In building his house, David had taken no thought for a woman's comfort; it was a man's den—a bachelor refuge. Besides a small wing which held the kitchen and servants' offices, there were but three rooms: a chamber of Spartan simplicity, a dining-room, and a study—the planning and furnishing of which last-named had been David's chief concern. It contained a huge fireplace in which tall andirons, of antique German design, supported the burning logs; thick rugs covered the polished floor, and the walls were lined with books. On one side a deep bay-window looked seaward, and through a vista, formed by two gnarled and over-arching oaks, could be seen the flat, grey beach and the white roll of the surf, backed by a line of dark green water to which the pale blue sky bent down. Here stood David's easiest chair; and the books he loved best and read the oftenest.

It was none of his old favorites, however, that I found in his hand when I opened the study door on that blustering March day, but a rare little volume of William Morris's poems, newly issued from the Kelm-scott Press. He rose to greet me, with his finger still between the leaves, and, motioning me to a chair, read aloud to me some verses entitled "Praise of My Lady," which pleased me very well—until I began to grasp his application of them. Not my sister Agnes did he have in mind with cheeks "hollowed a little

mournfully," and dark hair "heavy to make the pale face sad." But what was I to say to you, David, my friend!—to you whose sympathy I had always found unfailing! I could hear the faltering of his voice as the words came nearer home.

"Her great eyes, standing far apart,
Draw up some memory from her heart,
And gaze out very mournfully;
Beata mea Domina!"

Then, with an outburst of confidence, he spoke of Nathalie as she had sung to us the night before,—how, when her slim hands struck the guitar, it was as though she were plucking at his very heart-strings. And then he read:—

"So beautiful and kind they are,
But most times gazing out afar,
Waiting for something, not for me.
Beata mea Domina!"
"God pity me though, if I miss'd
The telling, how along her wrist
The veins creep, dying languidly
Inside her tender palm and thin.
Beata mea Domina!"

And I listened, thanking Heaven meanwhile for what in months past I had often resented in my sister Agnes—that, with all her friendliness, she seemed to feel so little of the charm that David had for me.

Nathalie felt it,—at least she felt the power of the man's personality; but whether she yielded to his stronger will or to her own heart's pleading, remains a mystery. If she engaged herself to him without loving him—and I do not say that she did—she wronged herself as cruelly as she wronged him.* They became engaged in the month of April, and David was like one transfigured. He no longer walked the solid earth, but dwelt in a kind of rapture, lifted high above all material things. It was a beautiful season, with days of equable tem-

perature and skies transparently blue. In the narrow belt of woods that stretched the length of the island between the Big House and the Hermitage, the miracle of unfolding green was never swifter or more thrilling, and the piping song of birds mingled with the distant organ tones of the ever-rolling surf in a glad, continuous harmony. There the lovers walked together, hour after hour; but of love-making in the vulgar sense there was absolutely nothing. Carew's attitude was that of reverent worship; the cup of his happiness was so poignantly sweet that he scarcely dared to taste of it. He has told me that the mere pressure of Nathalie's little hand, as she bade him good night, threw his pulses into such wild confusion that after leaving the Big House he often walked the beach for hours.

Now it seems to me that a woman, being no angel after all but a very mortal like ourselves, may in time grow rather weary of this strained relationship. I do not say that Nathalie did, however,—only that if she found her pedestal somewhat high and lonesome, she was not altogether inexcusable. Certainly I think that David neglected his opportunities. It would have been no great sacrilege if he had sometimes tasted her little rosebud of a mouth, which she always offered me so frankly after Agnes and I had exchanged our hearty morning kiss. And it would have been wisdom on his part to have speedily set about the enlarging of his house, giving Nathalie some share in the planning of it. Or so it seems to me. Instead of which, he spent those first enchanted days in a confession of faith, as it were, in which he overwhelmed the girl's timid and tender mind

with all his wild theories and beautiful mysticism. To my thinking, there was something fairly cruel in it—as though one should try to print a whole system of philosophy upon the petals of a rose! So matters went until the middle of June, when there came an unexpected interruption.

One morning, as I was riding around my little domain—for my lame knee makes me a poor pedestrian—I heard the chug-chugging of a small naphtha launch close by the island pier, and going down to investigate, I was met half way by a pleasant-faced man in a crisp suit of white duck and the uniform cap of an officer of the United States Coast Survey. He introduced himself as Lieutenant Warren, and explained the nature of his business, which would keep him in our neighborhood for several weeks. I responded, then, with some account of my own affairs, and—because there was something very frank and engaging in his manner—was perhaps rather more expansive than is my wont.

"But what an ideal existence yours must be!" exclaimed Warren. "To be outside of the press and turmoil of business, and monarch of all you survey! What says our friend Horace?—'Happy the man who ploughs in paternal fields with his own oxen!'"

"And is not in bondage to some Alfus of the day!" I added grimly. "Unfortunately, you see, Cotton isn't always king! But on the whole, our life is a pleasant one; and if you care to share it for a week or two—by making this your headquarters—you would confer a favor on a rather lonely man."

This I meant in all sincerity, for of late I had been feeling somewhat

neglected,—David's time for the nonce being devoted to solitary ecstasies and tête-à-têtes with Nathalie. I thought my sister Agnes also would welcome a fresh interest, and I could always count on her preparedness to receive an unexpected guest.

Warren accepted the invitation as cordially as it was given; so I dismounted, and together we walked toward the house. While we were crossing the front lawn, David and Nathalie appeared on the south piazza and I signaled to them gaily. The girl hung back at the sight of a stranger, but Carew descended the steps to meet us. As he and Warren shook hands, I was forcibly struck by the contrast between them. Their very glances were as different as day and night. David's wine-brown eyes grew dark with questioning, as though he would absorb in one steady gaze all the secrets that lay behind the sunny blue eyes of the other. At the very first opportunity I asked him privately:

"What do you think of Warren?"

"A happy-tempered materialist," he replied; and the justice of the estimate impresses me still.

The genial spirit of the new comer at once infused new life into our household. Not only Agnes, but Nathalie also, responded quickly to his outspoken interest in everything pertaining to our island life; and when the fields, the barns and stables, the gin house and negro quarters had been inspected, they took him blackberrying in the woods, crabbing in the shallow waters near the shore, and fishing for sheephead among the rocks. The sweet, June weather enticed us out at all hours; even the nights were too lovely to be spent indoors,

so Agnes made tea for us upon the beach. It was a week of pleasant holidays, and I for one saw no cloud upon the horizon. David, I thought, grew rather wearied of our strenuous amusements; but he cheerfully acquiesced in every proposition that was made, so I supposed that, like me, he was delighted to see the zest with which Nathalie enjoyed herself. She became positively merry, and developed a pretty sportiveness of which I had never thought her capable. As for my sister Agnes, she was, as usual, the bright centre around which everything revolved. I could see that Warren admired her, though to what extent I was unable to judge; for he devoted himself assiduously to both girls, walking with Agnes at one moment—the next, sitting at Nathalie's feet as she sang to her guitar. He filled his camera with photographs, and in the woods it was Nathalie who posed for him—a slim figure in her thin, black dress, with her hands full of flowers; but on the beach, he took innumerable pictures of Agnes, with the waves foaming to her feet, the wind blowing her white gown and the sunlight glistening on her bright, uncovered hair.

The three of them had already set out, before breakfast one morning, on some light-hearted excursion, when David rode over from the Hermitage. He found me at home, however, and together we walked down to the beach to seek for the missing ones. I noticed, then, that he looked hollow-eyed and pale; and when I spoke of it, he admitted that he had sat up half the night over his books.

"I am afraid you begrudge yourself so many idle days," I said.

"No," he replied; "but I had no desire for sleep." He stooped as he

spoke, picked up a shell from the beach and studied it earnestly, his face settling into graver lines. "Curious!" he muttered presently, with his eyes still fixed on the pentagonal disk in his hand. It was only a common star-fish, so I glanced at him in some surprise.

He answered my unspoken question with a singular smile that haunted me long afterward—it had so much of sadness in it; then he tossed the shell away. "I was recalling a theory," he said, "advanced by Novalis, the German mystic, which—if I remember rightly—runs somewhat thus:

"Men travel in manifold paths, and whoso traces and compares these, will find strange figures come to light; figures which seem as if they belonged to that great cypher-writing which one meets with everywhere—on wings of birds, in clouds, in crystals, in the snow, in forms of plants and animals, in shells, in plates of glass and pitch when touched and struck on, in the filings round the magnet, and the singular conjunctures of chance.'"

"And what deep mystery did you read just now in that little star-fish?" I demanded.

His brown eyes met the smile in mine without resentment. "I fancied," he said, "only fancied, of course, that I read a warning there. . . . Have you ever given a serious thought to the probable consequences of your invitation to Warren?"

"No!" said I. "So far, I have only congratulated myself on securing a very pleasant guest." There may have been some irritation in my voice, for David glanced at me keenly.

"You are tired walking," he declared. "Let us sit down awhile—I

want to explain to you what it is that I foresee."

I threw myself down beside him on the slope of a large sand-drift and tipped my hat over my face.

"I want you to look as well as listen," said Carew, and, leaning forward, he drew with the point of his cane a straight line on the smooth white beach. "See here, Boyd! This line—the extremes of which I will letter A and B—represents the bond of affection between your sister and yourself. Now, I will place my own initial C at this point here, and draw the line BC fully equal to the line AB; for I think we have been brothers in the spirit if not in actual ties of blood—" and his eye sought mine for the confirmation he knew well he would find there. "Now," he continued, "on the day when I first met your sister Agnes and was made a welcome guest in your home, this third line, CA, welded us together in a gracious triangle of friendship—which nevertheless is not intended to be equilateral, for I cannot pretend that the relations between Miss Boyd and myself are of the same strength and intimacy as between you and her, or you and me." Again his eyes were lifted to mine with a question in their still depths. I nodded assent, and for a moment or two we both silently contemplated the rude figure in the sand.

"That," said Carew at last, "was before Nathalie came. It was your sister who offered a home to the young orphan and, in bringing her here, changed our triangle into a quadrilateral figure, thus—" and the point of his cane moved over the sand with careful precision as he traced the lines AN and NB. Then, without a word of comment, he drew

the diagonal CN, and glanced at me significantly.

"From the first," he continued, in lowered tones, "that line was inevitable, but it is the only one so far which represents an attachment that is not perfectly reciprocal." I would have made some protest there, but his sombre eyes defied me, and I noted a sudden compression of his sensitive mouth under the soft brown beard as he went on with his drawing. "This is what happened, Boyd, when you went off on a new tack, as it were, and added a fifth to our little company!" and he tapped the completed figure with his cane.

"By the memory of Pythagoras!" I exclaimed, with assumed lightness. "We have the pentagram itself—symbol of perfection and of health. What better omen could you wish for?"

"You don't really suppose I am looking for omens!" he gravely chided. "This, like all other forms in nature, has doubtless its significance—as a letter in the alphabet of the hidden language that records the mysteries of the creation. But what *I* see in it are the lines in which the affections of five human beings are now becoming bound up and interwoven. This—" indicating the perimeter of the pentagon, "shows the attachments formed by mere pressure of circumstance, while these inner lines of the star represent the true heart-reachings. And do you note that there is the same affinity between Nathalie and this stranger as between Nathalie and myself?"

"Or between Warren and my sister Agnes—" I began, when I heard a clear halloo behind me and, starting up, perceived the three truants emerging from the woods.

Nathalie hurried forward in advance of the others and gave her hand to David with a little propitiatory smile.

"I knew you were looking for me," she said, "and I hurried all I could."

"So you have been all the way back to the Big House?" asked Carew.

"No," she replied, "we came straight here."

"Then how did you know I was looking for you?" he demanded.

The color ran into her face and she turned her eyes away. "I always know," she answered shyly, and took refuge with Agnes, who at that moment joined us.

"We thought Nathalie was leading us a wild goose chase," explained my sister, "but she was a true prophet, after all. I hope David is coming back to breakfast?"

"I certainly am!" he answered brightly, and I was struck by the happy change in his expression. On the way home he managed to secure a tête-à-tête with Nathalie, and I overheard him pressing her for an explanation of how it was that she "always knew."

"Aren't you conscious of it when anyone is looking at you?" she inquired. "It's something like that, I suppose. When you—when anyone—thinks of—of another person very intently, they must feel the thought as they would the gaze," she concluded, rather incoherently.

"Even when the other person is some distance away?" asked David, as they reached the steps.

"I don't think the distance matters at all," she declared, and slipped from his side before he could question further.

Now to my mind this was only the pretty fancy of a girl in love;

but Carew accepted it rather as a psychic phenomenon—another proof that Nathalie was only a little lower than the angels. Poor child! With her supersensitive and highly nervous temperament she would have been far happier in the love of some simple, commonplace man. Marrying her to David seemed like mating a moth with an eagle, and I felt very anxious for them both.

Warrén's duties took him away from us at the end of the week, and we settled down into our usual manner of living. But I soon noticed a very marked change in Nathalie: the old wistfulness had come back into her eyes, the pathetic curve to her lips; her very step seemed to have lost its lightness, as though she were all at once weighed down by a load of care. Of course David observed this transformation, and it was immediately reflected in his own face, so I guessed what interpretation he put on it. Yet her manner to him was very sweet and attentive, her receptiveness atoning largely for her timidity and restraint. But neither of them appeared to be happy.

I spoke of it to Agnes at last, and asked her if she could fathom the cause.

"Poor innocents!" she said. "They are both to blame. David would wear on any woman's nerves. But Nathalie is now making herself more miserable over a bad dream she had some nights ago."

"Then you don't really think she was interested in Warren?"

"Interested in Mr. Warren!" echoed Agnes. "What a strange idea! Is that David's notion? If so, you would better tell him the truth,—in strict confidence, however; for Nathalie is a modest little creature, and so far David has never

discussed their marriage. I think he would prefer to remain engaged until some time when they could both be translated to a better world!" she added, with fine scorn. Then she told me of Nathalie's dream, which was certainly a strange one.

It had seemed to the child that her wedding day had come, and that she was being arrayed in all her bridal finery—she could even feel the soft folds of the veil against her face. At last some one led her to the mirror, and when she looked therein, to her horror, she discovered that the veil was black! Next morning, with tears in her eyes, she related the dream to Agnes, who tried to laugh it off as an ordinary case of nightmare; but it had evidently left a deep and painful impression upon Nathalie herself.

By my sister's advice, I confided all this to David. He listened with grave attention; then, instead of making any comment, replied to my story with another of his own.

"Last week," he said, "I went over to town on a small matter of business; and while I was there, it occurred to me that I ought to insure my life in Nathalie's favor. I needn't tell you what a disagreeable shock it was to me when the medical examiner decided that I was a bad risk. Something, it appears, is a little wrong with my heart; and though I *may* live to be eighty and die of something else, there remains the other possibility. Ever since I heard this, I have wondered whether it were not my duty to inform Nathalie of the truth, and release her from our engagement. My anxiety has evidently reacted upon her sensitive spirit. If I thought she really loved me, for her own sake I would keep silence and

spare her years, perhaps, of needless apprehension. But if another man could make her happier—"he broke off suddenly with his face working. And I, unspeakably shocked and distressed, urged him to say nothing, but to hope, as I did, that a long and happy life was before him.

"As for Nathalie," I continued, "Agnes laughed at the idea of her caring for anyone but you,—and my sister is a very wise and clear-sighted woman."

"I think she is," agreed David. And so we decided to let the matter rest.

Midsummer had now come, with its long, glary days and languorous nights, when the wind from the sea was our very breath of life. We laid by our anxieties from sheer lassitude of body and mind, waiting passively for fate to work its will with us.

During the months of July and August we had several brief visits from Lieutenant Warren, who never failed to make port when the launch was in our waters. If, for David's sake, I put less warmth into my welcome, I think he scarcely noticed it, for the two girls greeted him always with undisguised pleasure. He had been aware of Nathalie's engagement from the very first, and in his friendly and unembarrassed attentions to her, there was really nothing to censure. Where his preference lay—if he had any, indeed—was not apparent to the lookers-on. I had my own suspicions, and David had his; but by common consent we never alluded to them.

The end of August, I think, had arrived, when Warren announced that business would take him to Washington for a time. He came once more, to bid us good-bye, and

brought with him a roll of new songs for Nathalie. I observed, however, that he sought an excuse to walk with Agnes, and they were absent much longer than was requisite for their ostensible errand.

"Don't imagine you have seen the last of me!" were his final words, as he shook my hand in parting—and I fancied they were significantly spoken.

The following night, Nathalie, as usual, sang to us on the porch; and after David had called for all his favorite airs, she continued to play on, making sad little harmonies on her guitar. And presently, she sang again, a song I had never heard before:

"The wind blew over the rose
And the rose leaves fell;
But whither the wild wind goes,
Ah, who can tell?"

"The light grew pale in the west
And the shades came round;
But where, O heart, shall rest
For thee be found?"

"That is something new," I said. "Where did you get it?" for I thought it was one of Warren's.

"The words I found in an old magazine," she replied, "but the melody is my own."

A moment afterward, when I turned to address David, I discovered that he had left us—without a word of farewell. For two whole days he held aloof, and I dared not seek him out, for I felt that he would rather fight his battle all alone. On the third morning, however, a letter came for Agnes with the Washington postmark. It happened that only she and I were present when the mail was brought in, and when I laid Warren's letter on her knee a lovely blush suffused her cheeks. "I am afraid, Agnes," I said with meaning, "that I have been harbor-

ing a robber unawares!" Her color deepened to crimson as she shook her head at me, saying that it was far too soon to think of such a thing. "And besides," she added, "you could never do without me, Jamie!" I answered—as any brother would have done in a like case, whereupon she kissed me very lovingly and went away to read her letter. Five minutes later, I had mounted my horse and was riding to the Hermitage.

Half-way there I encountered Carrew, walking rapidly, with the face of a spirit rather than a man. He lifted one hand beseechingly as I drew near. "Don't stop me, Boyd! Don't stop me! I have been unutterably selfish and cowardly—and even now my courage may slink away at a word from you!"

"What are you going to do?" I cried.

"What I ought to have done two months ago. Set her free to be happy with the man she loves."

"But, David, you are making a terrible mistake! It isn't Nathalie—it's Agnes!"

"Agnes!" he echoed, "*Agnes!*" and his face went whiter than ever.

I slipped from my horse and took his arm, for I was alarmed by his unnatural pallor. For two long hours we walked the woods together. I can't begin to recall everything that I said in my effort to comfort and advise him, but the burden of it was this: "You, and you only, have assumed the responsibility for that poor child's happiness. She loves you very dearly, if not with her whole heart. Take her home, then. Marry her soon, and be good to her always. For if your suspicions are correct—and I still do not think they are—she is only the more in need of all the love and

tenderness that you can give her."

He heard me out with rare patience, and wrung my hand when we parted; but there was a dumb despair in his eyes that made me heartsick. A little while before, he had been uplifted by the thought of sacrificing his own happiness for Nathalie's; disappointed of this, he took up his burden again and found it heavier than before. I realized, when I had left him, something of what that burden was. What he had craved in a wife was not a mere fireside companion, but a heavenly being, who would respond to his worship with a divine appreciation of it. And Nathalie had failed him!

It was now the month of September, the cotton was white in the fields and I was absorbed by the cares of the harvest; so I was unaware that a third day had passed by without a visit from David until Agnes mentioned it at supper-time. Then, I thought of going over to the Hermitage; but being much fatigued and troubled by my lame knee, I abandoned the idea and retired early. Sleep, however, kept away from me—I was haunted by a presentiment of evil. For that reason I was the less surprised when near midnight I heard a knock on my door and Nathalie's voice calling to me.

"Dress and come out quickly," she cried, "for something has happened to David!"

"What have you heard?" I demanded, as soon as I could obey her.

"I have heard nothing, but I know!" said Nathalie. "Every night—almost since I first met him—I have fallen asleep with his thought touching me, like a finger on my forehead. But to-night—suddenly—it was withdrawn! Not gently, as usual, but snatched away

—cut off! I can't describe it to you—it is not a thing to be explained—but I know something has happened!"

That I, a sane man, should on the strength of such a statement mount my horse and ride two miles through the night, is a sufficient indication of the weight of my own forebodings.

As I approached the Hermitage, I perceived that the light was still shining from the study windows. I dismounted hastily and tried the door; it was unbolted and the latch gave under my hand. I entered, expecting I know not what. David was seated at his desk with an open book before him, his head supported by his left hand, a pencil in the fingers of the right. I called his name, but he made no answer. I touched his forehead, and it was cold.

Afterward—long afterward—I looked to see what volume it was that had engaged his last conscious moments. It was the "Banquet of Plato"—Shelley's vivid translation. With his pencil, David had underscored a passage here and there. Taken together, they read as follows:

"He who aspires to love rightly . . . ought to consider the beauty which is in souls more excellent than that which is in form. . . . And now, arriving at the end of all that concerns Love, on a sudden he beholds a beauty wonderful in its nature . . . eternal, indestructible. . . . He who dwells with and gazes on this divine, original, supreme beauty . . . becomes . . . if such a privilege is conceded to any human being, himself immortal."

I placed a marker between the leaves and sent the book to Natha-

lie; but whether it had any share in prompting her strange course, I shall never be able to decide. Her grief was very touching; it won my forgiveness, at last, for all the suffering she had cost poor David. For weeks she roamed the woods and beach, with a wan, white face that went to my very heart, and the day that Agnes announced her engagement, she came to tell me of her own decision to enter the Ursuline convent in Quebec. To some people, this may seem but another proof of her love for Warren. But it must be borne in mind that when my sister married, I could no longer offer my cousin a home on the island. I knew, too, that her mother had been a Roman Catholic, and although of late years the influence of a Protestant father had weaned Nathalie away, all her early associations were with that faith; so it was not unnatural that she should return to it in her hour of trouble. It may be, too, that a superstitious memory of her dream gave a bias to her thoughts. And it is also possible that she entertained the mistaken idea that in choosing this vocation she would come nearer to realizing David's ideal. The eagle in his soaring had expired with his eyes upon the sun, and so the poor moth must needs immolate herself before a waxen taper! All our arguments and entreaties were unavailing, and in the month of January, one year from her first meeting with David, she took the irrevocable vows.

And so, for ten years, the two whom David loved have been living their secluded lives, Nathalie in her convent, and I alone upon my island,—for, since Agnes married and left me, I have had neither the desire nor the temerity to ask any other

woman to share my solitude. All the day long I busy myself in the fields, coming home tired out at evening to throw myself in David's chair and turn the pages of some

book he valued. For I can truly say with Montaigne—who knew what it was to lose so dear a friend: "There is no action or imagination of mine wherein I do not miss him."

Mors Rex

By J. S. STEVENS

IT happened once upon a time that a boy of twelve was shipwrecked with his father. When they had been rescued, the father asked the boy what he thought in the presence of death. "Oh," said the boy, "when I thought I was going to drown, a horrible thing came toward me, and reached out a claw-like hand to take me. It was more loathsome than anything I had ever seen before; it had horns and hoofs and scales, and its face was more terrible than I can describe. When I resisted, the thing seemed to hide and skulk away."

At thirty the young man lay in a fever. His recovery was for a time doubtful, but his strong manhood won the fight. When the struggle was on, he had a vision which reminded him a little of his boyhood experience, but it was less terrifying, and some of its hideous features had passed away, and he was conscious of just a trace of fascination for his visitor. But at last his whole being cried out against the vision, and it left him as before.

At fifty the man had sustained an injury which was almost fatal. While his life seemed hanging in the balance, there came to him a

strong, masterful being, who sometimes fascinated and sometimes repelled. For a time the man hesitated, wishing to go with the stranger, and again feeling a strange repugnance for him. At length slowly, and almost wistfully, the vision faded, and the man came back to health and strength.

And at last the old man of fourscore years sat in a garden, bowed upon his staff. It was a summer evening; the flowers were shutting, and the evening birds were singing. The sun went down behind the hill, and the old man saw a being approach him, radiant with light and beauty. On his brow was stamped the impress of divinity, and his bearing was that of a king among the immortals. But yet he did not command; he stretched out his hands and the old man yielded himself to the rapture of perfect peace. "I've been waiting for you," he cried, "waiting these many years. Why have you not come to me before?" And the stranger smiled and took his hand, and together they went over green fields and beside still waters. And the old man was at rest.



John Myles, Baptist

By HENRY L. SHUMWAY

IN the present era of general freedom in matters of religious faith, and of the popular notion that this freedom was the corner stone of civilization in New England, it is not easy to realize that at the outset the phrase "religious freedom" had but a limited meaning; that it meant only freedom for the majority, coupled with no little harshness and oppression toward the minority. For long after New England was quite well settled, and her institutions fully established, "Congregationalism" was the dominant religious creed, controlling civil as well as purely churchly and religious matters. Men of other faiths were looked upon with suspicion, and were ostracized in civil and religious society. Roger Williams, the Baptist, is perhaps the most frequently quoted as an early victim of this ostracism in Massachusetts, although some writers have found cause to attribute a portion of his troubles to his own aggressive and intractable character.

But no charge of this nature rests upon the memory of the Reverend John Myles, the first Baptist minister of Massachusetts, to whose memory a monument was dedicated, June 17th, at Barrington, R. I., on ground which in his day was a part of the Bay State. Not only was he the founder of the first church of his denomination in the state, but he was one of the founders of the towns of Swansea and Barrington, and his service to his people and the general public as minister and teacher were fitly recognized in the erection of the

monument and the exercises attending its dedication.

The monument is located in the Tyler's Point cemetery in Barrington, and is simple and appropriate. It is only a massive boulder of undressed native granite with only the inscription:

JOHN MYLES
1681 1683
FOUNDER OF
THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH
IN MASSACHUSETTS

Its erection was due to the efforts of the Barrington Historic-Antiquarian Association and the Bristol County Historical Association, of both of which the Hon. Thomas W. Bicknell of Providence is president.

For generations the labors of the Rev. John Myles have remained unhonored, and in time even his grave had been forgotten. But a few years ago the singular sweetness and consistency of character in this pioneer Baptist was impressed on Mr. Bicknell, and ever since he has been seeking recognition for the significant part Myles had in founding the great Baptist denomination.

The church which John Myles founded is now the Baptist church in North Swansea, Mass., of which the Rev. G. E. Morse is pastor. The founder was a native of Wales, born in 1621, and the name Swansea for the Massachusetts town was a memory of the place of his nativity. As a young man he was in London, where he embraced the Baptist faith; he acquired a liberal education and entered the ministry in Wales some time between 1640 and 1650.

and for thirteen years he was pastor of the church in his native town, adding two hundred and sixty-three persons to its membership.

Under the reign of Charles II the "Act of Uniformity" was passed, in 1662, and Myles was one of the two thousand Christian ministers who were driven from England and Wales under its enforcement. He came with some of his people to Massachusetts, and in 1663 he organized a church in the house of John Butterworth in Rehoboth, Massachusetts, a locality which is now East Providence, Rhode Island. Its first members were the minister, Nicholas Tanner, James Brown, Joseph Carpenter, John Butterworth, Eldad Kingsley, and Benjamin Alby. All these were soon fined £5 each by Plymouth Colony, for holding Baptist services, and were warned to refrain from further assembling. They therefore removed within the territory of the present town of Barrington, Rhode Island, where they erected a house of worship. In 1667, Mr. Myles and his church united with Captain Thomas Willett, John Brown, and others of Wannamoisett and Sowams in the formation of a town called Swansea in Plymouth Colony. Mr. Myles built a house at Barneysville, which was used as a garrison house during Philip's War. After the war the scattered church returned to Swansea, and the town and church built a new meeting house—"40 feet long, 22 feet wide, with 16 feet posts, on the site of the old graveyard at Tyler's Point" (Tustin), and by the side of their meeting house they built a dwelling house which was given Mr. Myles for money advanced by him to the town to pay the expenses of Philip's War. Here the monument to his

memory is placed. During King Philip's War, Mr. Myles came to Boston and for over a year acted as pastor of a church. He was desired as permanent pastor but preferred to return to his own people when they gathered again at the end of the war.

At the dedicatory exercises the Hon. Thomas W. Bicknell presided, and in a brief address he spoke of the pioneer Baptist as "the founder of towns and the prophet of a liberal faith and of a larger civil and religious liberty," and as "the ideal pastor, teacher, citizen, and founder of a new church in a new and progressive civilization."

The formal historical address was by the Rev. Dr. Henry M. King of Providence. He traced the early career of Myles as an adherent and trusted agent of Oliver Cromwell, and briefly sketched the conditions which, on the reestablishment of the crown compelled the emigration of those who differed from the established faith. The Presbyterians sought to have Charles II recognize themselves as the established church, but the Baptists sent ten representatives to him asking freedom for men of all creeds, in the following petition:

"For as much as it cannot be denied but that our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, by His death and resurrection, has purchased the liberties of His own people, and is thereby become their sole Lord and King, to whom, and to whom only, they owe obedience in things spiritual; we do therefore humbly beseech your majesty, that you would engage your royal word never to erect, or suffer to be erected, any such tyrannical, popish and anti-Christian hierarchy (Episcopal, Presbyterian, or by what name soever it may be called), as shall assume a power or impose a yoke upon the consciences of others; but that every one of your majesty's subjects may hereafter be left at liberty to worship God in such a way, form, and manner, as

shall appear to them to be agreeable to the mind and will of Christ, revealed in His word, according to that proportion or measure of faith and knowledge which they have received."

At first there was hope that Charles II would tolerate religious freedom, but its advocates were disappointed, and by royal decree all clergymen were required to assent to "The Book of Common Prayer" and to submit to ordination at the hands of a bishop of the established church. Two years after, in 1664, the "Five-Mile Act" was passed, prohibiting ministers who had been expelled from settling within five miles of any town, and from teaching publicly or privately, till they had first subscribed to the "Act of Uniformity" and taken the oath of non-resistance to the crown. Mr. King said Charles II was a Roman Catholic, and it is said "made several attempts to grant toleration to his co-religionists, but he always gave way when the anti-popish passion seized the people." During this reign of terror it is said that more than eight thousand persons were sent to prison, many were reduced to poverty, and not a few lost their lives.

Myles came to this country with a few of his people in 1663, forty-three years after the Mayflower and thirty-two years after the arrival of Roger Williams. He brought with him the records of his Welsh church, and a translated copy is still among the records of his church here. The atmosphere of intolerance which he found here was summarized by Dr. King as follows:

"The reputation of the Puritans for religious intolerance and cruel persecution, which had been manifested again and again in formal legislation and open acts of violence, was well known on the other side of the Atlantic. John and Samuel Brown had been compelled to return to England

because they were guilty of the crime of non-conformity, being unwilling to renounce the book of Common Prayer and offer their worship to God in the prescribed Puritan method. Roger Williams had been banished, and his presence in England seven years afterwards, as a distinguished exile, driven out into the wilderness by Puritan authority, must have produced a wide and profound impression among the Baptists of the mother country. Obadiah Holmes, who with his two Baptist companions from Newport, Dr. John Clarke and John Crandall, had been arrested at Lynn for holding religious service in the home of an aged brother, to whom they were paying a visit of Christian sympathy, had been whipped unmercifully on Boston Common, Clarke and Crandall being imprisoned and fined, and the treatment of these worthies by the Puritan authorities had called forth a severe remonstrance from Richard Saltonstall, who had been previously a Puritan magistrate, and was then on a visit to England: 'It doth not a little grieve my spirit to hear what sad things are reported daily of your tyranny and persecutions in New England as that you fine, whip and imprison men for their consciences.'"

The church founded by Myles, Dr. King said, was the fifth Baptist church in America. The church in Providence, founded by Roger Williams, had had an existence for twenty-five years. The traditional date of the origin of the first church in Newport, founded by Dr. John Clarke upon the remains of a Congregational church, is 1644. About the year 1652, there was a division in the Providence church, which led to the formation of a second church under the leadership of Thomas Olney. This church ceased to exist in 1718, after the pastorates of Mr. Olney, and his son, Thomas, Jr. In the year 1656 there was a division in the church in Newport, and a Six Principle Baptist church was formed, which still exists (now called the Second Baptist church), and is in full fellowship with regular Baptist churches.

After a time a spirit of tolerance took the place of the Puritan bigotry toward the Baptists, and they were allowed to go away by themselves and establish a community at Rehoboth, far enough away not to be "prejudicial to the peace of the church and town" of Plymouth. Their later history was fully told in the address, and its close was an eloquent tribute to the service which the New England spirit, absolved from the early narrowness, has accomplished in shaping the character and the institutions of the whole country.

The other exercises of dedication, all interesting and impressive, included addresses by the Rev. H. W. Watjen of Warren, Rhode Island, the Rev. M. L. Williston of Barrington, Rhode Island, the Rev. Dr. W. H. Eaton of Boston and Hezekiah Butterworth of Boston. The latter also contributed an inspiring hymn for the occasion, which was sung to the old Welsh tune, "Men of Harlech":

I

Men of Harlech, in the hollow,
Men of Swansea on the billow,
Men who made the pines their pillow,
'Neath the snow sheets white;
Men of faith who never doubted,
Men whose banners ne'er were ronted,
Loud the cry of Wales they shouted—
"Freedom, God and Right!"

CHORUS

Men of Swansea glorious,
O'er each wrong victorious,
Still, still the air bright and fair
Shall spread your motto o'er us!
Onward then like Cambrian yeomen,
Cambrian spearmen, Cambrian bowmen,
With the motto 'gainst each foeman—
"Freedom, God and Right!"

II

Green the groves that rose to meet them,
Strong the oaks spread out to greet them,
Tall the pines 'mid winds that beat them,
Shone like Cambrian towers.
Wheeled the ospreys there in wonder,
O'er the old rocks rent asunder
In the wiers of flowers.

CHORUS

III

Hail, John Myles, each roof-tree turning
Into cabined schools of learning,
In each falling grove discerning
Freedom's wider light!
Men who read Semitic story,
Men who changed their dreams to glory,
Sang as once the Welsh bards hoary,
"Freedom, God and Right!"

CHORUS

IV

'Mid their axes boldly swinging,
Wars of Hallelujahs singing,
To Llewellyn's legends clinging
In their strength bedight.
Men who gave to men their birthright,
Men who gave to toil its earthright,
Men who honored men for worth-right,
Men in virtue white.

CHORUS

V

Sing with them, your new hopes sounding,
March with them, a new age founding,
With their motto still resounding,
Lead, in Freedom's van.
Theirs the folk-note, theirs in station,
First in counsels of the nation,
Pioneers of education,
For the rights of man.

CHORUS

A Wild Rose

By MARY MINERVA BARROWS

It is only one wild rose
That he fastens in her hair,
While the grey-winged ships slip by,
And the sea-gulls dim the air.
Just one short league of sunshine,
And their trembling life-boats part,
But each recurring June
Finds a wild rose on her heart.



ST. ANTHONY FALLS

The City of Minneapolis

By RUBY DANENBAUM

THE history of Minneapolis has been made so rapidly that it requires several mental leaps to realize that the many vital events incident to the making of a great city of so salient individuality, occurred during so small a span of years.

Fifty-five years ago, the land occupied by the city of Minneapolis was the home of the Indian, the buffalo and every other wild thing. To-day it has two hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants and is one of the three most beautiful cities in the United States, famous for its industries, commerce and wealth, as well as for its beauty. It has become known as "the great city of the Great Northwest," and it has the potentiality of being, within a very few years, the third or fourth largest city in the country.

Until recently, Louis Hennepin, a Franciscan priest, was credited with having been the first white man to

enter the land now called Minnesota. A few years ago, however, some manuscripts found in the Bodleian Library and British Museum, where they had reposed undisturbed for more than two hundred years, proved conclusively that Radison and Groseliers, two Frenchmen, travelled through this and other portions of the Indian country from 1652 to 1684. Du Luth, too, preceded Hennepin by a year, coming in 1679.

While Father Hennepin with his band accomplished good work among the Indians, he is notably remembered by Minneapolitans for naming the city's great water power. In honor of his patron saint, St. Anthony of Padua, he named the falls in the Mississippi River, St. Anthony.

The State has perpetuated his memory by giving the county in which Minneapolis is situated his name, and the city in turn has called

one of its principal business streets and boulevards, Hennepin Avenue.

Many Frenchmen journeyed to Minnesota, and in 1689, Nicholas Perot, with a large body of men, took possession of all the counties of the Dakotas in the name of his king. Perot established the first French post in Minnesota on Lake Pepin, calling it Fort Bon Secours. In 1695, Le Seur built the second post a few miles distant from the one built by Perot.

By a treaty made at Versailles in 1763, the French ceded their land in the Northwest to England. Jonathan Carver, a native of Con-



COL. JOHN H. STEVENS

necticut, was the first Englishman to enter the recently acquired territory, coming in 1766. Carver was a man of great wisdom and foresight and his bright prophecies concerning this territory have been fulfilled.

The site now occupied by the city of Minneapolis has been under the jurisdiction of numerous countries and territories. The land east of the Mississippi included in the Northwest territory was ceded in 1784 by Virginia to the United States. The west side of the river



THE FIRST MILLS

[Courtesy of F. G. O'Brien, "Pioneer Sketches"]

was originally part of New Spain, France purchasing it from Spain. A part of the Province of Louisiana, it was purchased by the United States in 1803, with the seat of government at Vincennes.

In 1834, all the public lands west of the Mississippi, south of the British line and north of the State of Missouri, were attached to the territory of Michigan. The territory of Wisconsin was created in 1836, and



CORA M. O. VANCLEVE

the land west of the Mississippi was then taken by Wisconsin and held until 1838. When the territory of Iowa came into political life, this land came in turn under its jurisdiction. Iowa became a state in 1845, and this territory was thus left without a government.

There was much dissatisfaction among the handful of settlers, but with the resourcefulness for which the inhabitants of Minnesota have become famous, they set about to secure a territorial government. When Wisconsin entered the statehood in 1848, the first public meeting held in Minnesota convened at Stillwater. A memorial was pre-



CHARLES A. PILLSBURY

sylvania was sent as its Governor. In 1858, Minnesota was the means of adding one more star to her country's flag.

To go back to the year 1805, Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike had been detailed by the government to the upper waters of the Mississippi, to explore the country, to expel the British traders who were violating the laws of the United States, and to make necessary treaties with the Indians to secure a site on which a fort could be built. He used excellent judgment, securing a tract of land extending nine miles on each side of the Missis-



PILLSBURY "A" MILL

pared asking for a government, and Henry H. Sibley having been selected as delegate went to Washington at his own expense to present it to the United States government. Franklin Steele labored with Mr. Sibley and Mr. Henry Rice in Washington to gain the passage of this act. In 1849 they succeeded in having the Territory of Minnesota recognized, and Alexander Ramsey of Penn-



THE OLD AND THE NEW GRAIN ELEVATORS



WASHBURN-CROSBY "A" MILL

issippi River, including the Falls of St. Anthony. The government paid the Dakota nations \$2,000 for this reservation, which was called Fort St. Anthony. Later it was learned that this site was not effectually acquired, and in 1837 the United States secured a clear title.

The year 1819 marked the advent of the white men, Lieutenant Leavenworth coming with his troops to build the fort. Colonel Joshua Snelling came as commander in 1822, "to cause the power of the United States government to be

fully acknowledged by the Indians and settlers of the Northwest; to prevent Lord Selkirk, the Hudson Bay Company and others from establishing trading-posts on United States territory; to better the condition of the Indians and to develop the resources of the country."

In 1822 the first sawmill was built by the troops at St. Anthony Falls for cutting timber to be used in building the fort, nine



WILLIAM D. WASHBURN



POWER HOUSE T. C. R. T. CO.

miles down the river. Flour was ground in this little mill also.

When General Scott visited Fort St. Anthony in 1824, he recommended changing the name to Fort Snelling in honor of the founder, whose name it has since retained.

The present city of Minneapolis is the result of an alliance formed in 1872 between St. Anthony, the settlement on the east bank of the Mississippi, which came into corporate existence in 1855, and Minneapolis on the west bank, which was organized as a township during the year 1858.



CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

ganized in 1855 with H. T. Wells president, and Isaac Lewis, William Garland, Charles Hoag, and Edward Hedderly councillors. Re-organized in 1862, it continued until 1867, when Minneapolis was incorporated as a city.

In the early days, the chief source of livelihood was trading. The appearance of a long line of rude Red River carts from the North, was the cause of much rejoicing.



NORTH HIGH SCHOOL

Besides gold, they brought furs of all kinds and the artistic handiwork of Indian squaws, which they exchanged for whiskey and provisions as well as for money.

The early progress of Minneapolis naturally centered at the river, and every important manufactory was located there. The city has developed into a great manufacturing centre with factories of varied character built in numerous quarters, according to the practicability of

the location, but its early development came almost wholly through lumber. The foundations of the majority of the large fortunes in Minneapolis were laid in lumber manufacturing and timber lands. The Washburns, John S. Pillsbury, H. T. Wells, T. B. Walker, the Eastmans, Boveys, Bassetts, Moultons, Morrisons, C. A. Smith, Nelson & Tenney, R. B. Langdon, John Martin, and Bardwell & Robinson were



EAST HIGH SCHOOL

among the prosperous lumbermen.

The result of the Indian treaty made in 1851, when twenty-one millions of acres of choice agricultural and timber land in the Northwest was sold by the Chippewas to the United States, was of inestimable benefit to the lumber interests of Minneapolis, as well as to other portions of the State. Up to two years ago there was more lumber sawed in Minneapolis than in any other



SOUTH HIGH SCHOOL

city in the world, but since a concerted effort is being made throughout the State to save the trees the industry has decreased. The city still retains first place as a distributing and manufacturing point. Her factories make more sashes and doors than any other city in the world. Lumber from the Pacific coast, Washington and Idaho are shipped to Minneapolis for manufacturing purposes.

Two organizations of vital importance to Minneapolis were formed in 1856. A group of men, who were strenuous workers in making the city, incorporated the Minneapolis Mill Company on the



IN MEMORY OF STUDENTS
WHO DIED IN THE PHILIPPINES



UNIVERSITY ARMORY

west side of the river and the St. Anthony Falls Water Power Company on the east side. The last named company was initiated by Franklin Steele, J. Sanford, Fredrich Gebhart, J. S. Prince and Richard Chute, and the west side company owed its origin to R. P. Russell, C. C. Washburn, Dorillus Morrison, M. S. Olds, George Huy, Jacob Elliot, Robert H. Smith, George K. Swift, B. F. Brown and B. F. Friday. Mr. W. D. Washburn, whose

influence upon the development of Minneapolis has been of such beneficent and lasting importance, was one of the partners and chief workers in the development of the water power. "A copper dam was built to hold the water in check, and the solid limestone rock which forms the bed of the river, varying from eighteen to forty feet in thickness, was blasted out and a canal thus formed." Boom companies had organized some years previously, and with the development of the water power mills were



CYRUS NORTHROP



JAMES T. WYMAN



PUBLIC LIBRARY

erected, and the city soon sprang into one of the greatest lumber centres in the world.

The water power companies spent several anxious years on account of the Falls retreating. The water undermined the bed-rock, breaking it off in pieces. In 1867, the milling companies were obliged to build an apron of heavy timber to protect the bed-rock. Some years later



WALKER ART GALLERY

the government completed a marvellous piece of engineering at the Falls, under the direction of Colonel Farquhar, building an apron under the Falls from bank to bank, fifty feet on either side, forty feet high, six feet thick at the bottom and four at the top. Since that time the foundation has been secure, and this great apron is the admiration of the engineering world.

LIBRARY
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T. B. WALKER



GYMNASIUM



LAKE MINNETONKA

Swedish colleges and institutions, and recently completed a church which was erected by his wife and himself.

Minneapolis is more fortunate than most lumbering towns. Her prolific surrounding territory saves her from meeting the fate of the majority of cities built through lumbering. Her citizens realized early that there was a necessary limitation to this as a prime industry, so they quickly found a greater and more lasting one to supplant it. The great flour industry of Minneapolis was founded by men who made their original fortunes in lumber.

A few farmers sowed wheat and harvested a large crop in 1851. But, strange to relate in this city which is to-day, and has been for many years, the greatest flour-producing city in the world, the settlers were obliged to send their wheat three or four hundred miles to be ground into flour or feed!

A small feed and grist mill, started in 1851 by R. C. Rogers, was looked upon as a godsend. Franklin Steele built a second mill the following year. A nine days' wonder, in 1853, was caused by an unusual grist

ground at the Falls, thirty-two bushels brought in by a farmer!

The first merchant mill was built by R. C. Rollins, John Eastman, and R. P. Upton in 1854. There was not sufficient wheat raised in the surrounding country to supply this mill, so grain was transported from Iowa by boat to St. Paul and then by team to St. Anthony. The flour found a ready sale at a good price,



MINNEHAHA FALLS



A PARK DRIVE

but the manufacturers had not yet learned to utilize the bran and middlings. So the bran fed the fishes and the middlings were made into "Red Dog" and sold to the Indians.

In 1859 the first stone mill, the Cataract, was erected by Eastman & Gibson. It was also the first flour mill on the west side, as the completion of the dam and sluices of the Minneapolis Mill Company made the water power ready to be utilized. Shortly afterward other mills were built, and flour manufacturing proved so profitable that in 1865, the canal was extended six hundred feet farther down the



A RESIDENCE AVENUE

in the stricken district incognito, and from his private funds gave assistance where it was needed.

John S. Pillsbury was a real philanthropist. He did much for the benefit of the public, and more to help the needy and deserving individual-unknown to the world. Added to his good work at the University, with his wife he built a home for working girls. Before his death he completed plans for a branch library building on the East Side, which his children finished after his death. He was one of the chief supporters of the Home for Aged Women, and contributed toward the support of every progressive and charitable movement in the city. He built a library in his former home, Sutton, New Hampshire, and while he did not forget his birthplace, he be-

longed to Minneapolis, and Minnesota claimed him as her foremost citizen.

Charles Pillsbury, the nephew of Governor Pillsbury and head of the Pillsbury Flour Mills, which he had



THE NEW ASBURY HOSPITAL



THREE OF THE MANY HOSPITALS



FORT SNELLING

pany, with an eye to greater profit, built an elevator in which they purposed to compel the millers to store their wheat and pay storage. The millers, not to be coerced into submitting to this high-handed robbery, insisted on their rights, citing the laws of Minnesota which decreed that any place to which a railroad built a track was as its own terminus. Finding the law against them, but bent on gaining their ends, and feeling their independence as the only railroad in the city, the railroad company one dark night caused the tracks leading to the mill to be torn up.

Indignation ran high. Mr. W. D. Washburn (before mentioned as one of the chief workers in the development of the water power), im-

mediately took the initiative, for he realized that the city, while at the mercy of this road, could not progress. In company with a group of enterprising Minneapolis citizens, he organized the Minneapolis and St. Louis Railroad, with H. T. Wells as president, himself as vice president,

R. J. Baldwin, treasurer, Isaac Atwater, solicitor and secretary, and



PARK AND PUMPING STATION

J. B. Clough, engineer. The board of directors were besides the persons named, J. S. Pillsbury, W. W. Eastman, R. J. Mendenhall.



THE MINIKAHDA CLUB—LAKE CALHOUN



A LEADING RETAIL ESTABLISHMENT

Levi Butler, R. J. Baldwin, R. P. Russell, Paris Gibson, John Martin, J. K. Sidle, W. W. McNair and W. P. Westfall. This railroad filled a long felt want and has been of inestimable importance to the city and State.

Again, when another railroad laid its tracks in the territory adjacent to Minneapolis, and threatened to take away much business and produce rightfully belonging to Minneapolis, Mr. W. D. Washburn came to the rescue, and with the help of his brother, Governor Israel Washburn, and citizens of Minneapolis, he built

the Sault St. Marie and Atlantic Railroad. This company was organized in 1883, with himself as president, C. A. Pillsbury, vice president, M. W. Hawkins, secretary, J. K. Sidle, treasurer, and W. W. Rich, engineer. The board of directors were, besides the officers, H. T. Wells, John Martin, Thomas Lowry, George Newell, Anthony Kelly, C. M. Loring, Clinton Morrison, W. W. Eastman, W. D. Hale and Charles J. Martin. Later, this line was connected with the Canadian Pacific Railway, traversing the great wheat fields of Dakota, and connecting Minne-

apolis with the Canadian Northwest, besides giving her another trans-continental line. The building of this road assured to Minneapolis in-



THE WEST, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

CHARLES H. WOOD CO., PROP'S.

(It has been called the finest hotel in Minnesota)

dependence as well as commercial supremacy.

At present Minneapolis is connected with twenty railroad lines. Of the seven lines from Chicago, Minneapolis is the terminus of six and the home of the seventh.

William D. Washburn came to Minneapolis in 1857 to practise law. But lawyers were not needed in Minneapolis at that time, so he became instead agent of the Minneapolis Mill Company and instrumental in the construction of the water power. Then he engaged in the lumber business, building the largest sawmill in the country. Later on he entered the flour-making industry with his brother. While he has always been looked upon as one of the most helpful and foremost citizens, his projecting and building the Minneapolis and St. Louis and "Soo" railroads will be always regarded as his most important achievements.

Mr. Washburn served in the State Legislature from 1858 to 1871. In 1864, President Lincoln appointed him surveyor general of Minnesota. He served three terms in Congress, and in 1888 was elected to the United States Senate. While in the Senate, as chairman of the Committee on the Mississippi, he secured appropriations which contributed in a great measure to the improvement of the river's navigation. It was through his efforts that the government dam and locks were built at Mecker Island, now almost completed. This improved waterway will cause Minneapolis to be the head of Mississippi navigation.

Mr. Washburn suffered with the city in its evil days, but never lost his faith in its future greatness. He told the writer that once during the darkest days, a friend from the

East asked why he did not go back to the East. In a burst of enthusiasm he answered, "Why, man, I will live to see the day Minneapolis will have fifty thousand inhabitants." He is living to see his prophecy fulfilled five times over.

A strong factor in the growth of the city, especially in relation to the suburbs, is the Minneapolis Street Railway Company. An unsuccessful attempt was made to establish a street railway in 1873. The project was renewed by Colonel W. S. King in 1875, and the capital of several men from the East enlisted. Mr. Thomas Lowry reorganized the company and two years later secured the controlling stock. Keeping pace with, and often anticipating the tremendous growth of the city, this system has grown from a little one horse power with a mile of tracks, to one of the very best street railway systems in the world. It was one of the first in the country to institute electricity.

Some years ago, it was consolidated with the railway system of St. Paul, under the name of "The Twin City Rapid Transit Company," using the power below St. Anthony Falls for the united systems. Mr. Lowry has, from its inauguration, controlled the system and as its president has attended to the finances. Mr. C. G. Goodrich, the vice president and general manager, has superintended the active operation of the lines of which there are now four hundred miles.

Mr. Lowry has always been a staunch believer in the ultimate greatness of Minneapolis, and suffered with the city in its disastrous times. But he met his reverses with complete faith and is to-day one of the most beloved and wealthi-

est citizens. He encourages every new enterprise and is a contributor to every progressive movement. For many years he was a member of the library board and of the building committee when the present splendid building was erected. He became president of the "Soo" railroad when Mr. W. D. Washburn resigned that office to become United States Senator. Mr. Lowry presented the land on which the reservoir is built to the city, also a park called "The Parade," to be used especially for sports of all legitimate kinds. Mr. Lowry and his wife do a vast amount of private charity besides contributing to the public charities.

The Minneapolis park and boulevard system puts one in mind of the words of the proverb:

"Her paths are paths of pleasantness and all her ways are peace."

Her citizens may be provincial in their pride in these beauty spots, but as understanding strangers from all lands become enthusiastic over their beauty, Minneapolitans are reassured again and again that their pride is warranted. The Minneapolis Park Commission originated in the Board of Trade in 1883. The first draft was presented by C. A. Nimocks and drawn by R. J. Baldwin. Enterprising residents pushed the provision and succeeded in electing a park commission. Several generous citizens have donated land which has helped to make the forty parks that beautify the city. The children of Franklin Steele gave a square in the heart of the city. Dr. Jacob Elliot donated a valuable block of land. Years before the city was incorporated, Edward Murphy donated a square for public use, now known as

Murphy Park and one of the beautiful breathing spots on the South Side. Mr. John C. Oswald and Colonel W. S. King both gave the city large tracts.

Professor H. W. S. Cleveland, the well-known landscape architect, was employed to help lay out the boulevards, and with the unrivalled material at hand, he developed one of the most beautiful drives that could be imagined. Beginning at Loring Park, it sweeps out along Hennepin Boulevard to Lowry Hill, ascends the Heights of Kenwood Boulevard, two hundred feet wide, half circles Lake of the Isles with its verdant islands and grassy shores, then on along the picturesque, sloping shores of Lake Calhoun, through the cool, sweet-smelling woods to Lake Harriet; circling this it continues along winding, gurgling Minnehaha Creek, with its deep glens and wooded banks, passes near Lake Amelia, and reaches the famous Falls of Minnehaha and the Soldiers' Home; returning along the new Riverside Boulevard, it skirts the high beautiful bank of the river for several miles, until the University is reached.

At Minnehaha the city owns a beautiful playground of one hundred and fifty acres, and there the Park Board have a free zoölogical garden. At Lake Calhoun the city provides public bathhouses and a picnic ground at Lake Harriet. At Fairview Park, a handsome stone tower has been erected at the summit of the hill which overlooks the entire city. The city gave the State the site on which the Soldiers' Home is built—adjacent to Minnehaha Park.

There are in Minneapolis many beautiful boulevards, attractive resi-

dences and public buildings displaying a most interesting variety of architecture. Broad-terraced, well-kept lawns and countless trees and flowers have produced a union of city and country that one seldom finds in a great business centre.

Twelve miles from the city, Lake Minnetonka, with its hundred miles of shore, proves an attraction to lovers of the water and of summer sports. With its fine scenery, delicious air, great hotels, splendid villas and hospitable clubs, it is the mecca for thousands of summer visitors, and is a favorite summer resort of Minneapolitans.

Mr. C. M. Loring has well earned the name, "Father of the Minneapolis Park System." Although traveling in Europe at the time the Park Board was organized, on account of his "natural good taste, enthusiasm and love of rural art," he was chosen its president and remained in that position until his retirement in 1890. In recognition of his untiring service in the making of the Minneapolis Park system, Central Park was re-named Loring Park. He has been interested in flour manufacturing for many years. He was four times elected president of the Chamber of Commerce. He was one of the projectors, and has always been president, of the North American Telegraph Company, and is closely identified with many of the most substantial financial institutions in the city.

Minneapolis takes a justifiable pride in her system of public education, which she claims to be the best in the country. At the St. Louis Fair, the public school exhibit received the praises and prizes of the world. The city's forty thousand pupils are taught in sixty large, well-constructed buildings, including four

spacious high schools, furnished with every modern convenience.

Minneapolis is the seat of one of the leading institutions for higher education in the United States. Its inception dates back to 1851, when St. Anthony and Minneapolis together numbered at the utmost not more than two hundred and fifty inhabitants. In that year were appointed regents for a State university, and advertisements were published soliciting a site from public-spirited citizens. Seven offered land, and five acres offered by Franklin Steele were accepted as the most desirable. Mr. Steele with H. H. Sibley, Alexander Ramsey, Isaac Atwater, B. B. Meeker, William Marshall, N. C. Taylor, J. Furber, Abram Van Vores, Henry Rice and C. K. Smith, were elected regents by the State Legislature. When Minnesota became a state, the United States donated one hundred thousand acres of land for both a university and an agricultural college, which have since been consolidated. In 1869 the University proper first admitted pupils. Much of its present efficiency is due to its honored president, Cyrus Northrup. Dr. Northrup came in 1884 to the office from Yale, where he was professor in rhetoric and English literature. At the beginning of his administration there was only one important building and the number of students was equal to the number of the faculty at the present time, nearly four hundred.

The University of Minnesota ranks third in the United States in the number of students enrolled; in its several colleges,—the agricultural, which is one of the best in the country, the law department, its three departments of medicine, lit-

erature and the arts, its colleges respectively of mechanical arts, mining and music,—there are nearly four thousand students. A college of pedagogy is to be established this year.

The Rev. Edward Neill, a public-spirited pioneer and missionary, chaplain of the First Minnesota Regiment in the Rebellion, and historian of Minnesota, was the first chancellor of the University. He was succeeded by Professor W. W. Folwell, who remained its leader for sixteen years and is still attached to the University as dean of the political science department. Added to his effective work at the University, Professor Folwell has been closely identified with the Park Commission as president and boardsman, giving unstintingly of his time and labor. For six years he was president of the Minneapolis Society of Fine Arts.

Ausburg Seminary is an important sectarian college in Minneapolis, doing splendid work.

With the University, the Minneapolis Public Library has been one of the great contributors to the literary reputation which the city now enjoys. The Minneapolis Atheneum, a stock-holding corporation organized in 1859, was the original institution on which the present splendid library system was erected. The first funds of the Atheneum were raised from a lecture given by Bayard Taylor. At his death in 1870, Dr. Kirby Spencer, a resident of the city, left the bulk of his property for the benefit of the Atheneum, the income to be used for the purchase of books.

The public library movement originated with Mr. T. B. Walker. After much opposition he succeeded in having the Atheneum library fee

lowered and a public reading-room opened. When the Public Library was opened in 1889 the Atheneum turned over its fine collection of books to that institution, although the former's interests are still looked after by a board from that society. In falling heir to this splendid gift, the Public Library has become the possessor of the third best working collection of art books in the country, the nature of this collection having been largely determined by the fact that the specifications of the Spencer fund forbade the purchase of dogmatic, doctrinal or ephemeral literature.

The Minneapolis Public Library is absolutely free. It contains one hundred and forty thousand books and supplies forty-one thousand card holders. Besides its spacious reading and study rooms, there is an open book room containing six thousand books, and a free public art gallery, containing a fine collection of pictures and casts. The Minneapolis School of Fine Arts has its rooms adjoining the latter. The library has two branch buildings: one on the North Side, built on land given by S. C. Gale and Judge Vanderburg, and one on the East Side, the building being the gift of Governor J. S. Pillsbury. A reading and circulating branch has also been established in the Salvation Army quarters. Ten stations are located in different portions of the city where books are delivered each day. In addition, there is the "travelling library," which is sent throughout the State, and the libraries which are sent to the factories and exchanged at intervals.

The practical results of the library have been brought about through the exceptional efficiency of its staff of employees. Mr. T. H. Williams

served the Athenaeum twenty years—much of the time gratuitously. He was succeeded by Professor R. W. Laing, who in time was succeeded by Mr. Herbert Putnam. In the eight years of his administration, Mr. Putnam infused new life and succeeded in raising the standard of the library to a gratifying extent. When he resigned to become librarian of the Boston Public Library, James Hosmer, the historian, took his place, and for twelve years filled it in a most satisfactory manner. For the past year the library has been under the administration of Miss Gracia Countryman, whose service began under Mr. Putnam. With her splendid group of assistants—all women—she is accomplishing great results for the institution.

Mr. T. B. Walker has been president of the Public Library Board since its formation. For many years he was president of the Society of Fine Arts. He owns one of the largest private art galleries in the country, containing pictures by the great masters of the world, which is free to the public. For many years the public gallery at the library has been supplied with pictures loaned from his collection. Mr. Walker has been president of the Academy of Sciences for many years, and contributed largely to the museum. He built the city market and the St. Louis Park Railway. He is the owner of extensive pine lands in the city he has helped so much, and made his fortune in.

Mr. S. C. Gale, J. E. and D. C. Bell, M. B. Koon, J. B. Atwater, Professor Sven Oftung, Charles McReeve, G. H. Brackett, Daniel Bassett, C. A. Bovey, Thomas Lowry, W. H. Dunwoody, and a number of other faithful workers, have served

the library as officers. Mr. S. C. Gale and J. E. Bell have served continually since its formation.

Art education in Minneapolis may be said to have had its beginning in 1882 when the Minneapolis Society of Fine Arts was organized and a loan exhibition held. In 1886, the society opened an art school, with Mr. Douglas Volk as its director. With his skill as a teacher and artist, he succeeded in establishing a creditable school which grew rapidly. He was succeeded by the present director, Robert Koehler, who has had charge of the school for ten years. Mr. Koehler instituted the yearly art exhibitions which have kept Minneapolis in touch with the latest work from the great Eastern art centres. He is an admirable teacher, and the excellent work of his graduate pupils has caused the Minneapolis School of Fine Arts to be looked upon as a growing important factor in the American art world.

This autumn, a magnificent figure of heroic dimensions, 'called the "River God," will be unveiled in the new City Hall. It was obtained through the exertions of Mr. Roy Herrick, who saw the figure in the studio of the sculptor, Larkin G. Mead, in Italy. The "River God" was made from the largest piece of marble ever taken from the Carrara quarries, and the work has been the life accomplishment of Mr. Mead. Deeming it especially appropriate for Minneapolis, Mr. Herrick succeeded in inducing the "Minneapolis Journal," A. S. Brooks, S. B. Cargill, John De Laittre, E. W. Herrick, John Dunwoody, S. G. McKnight, Henry Little, C. J. Martin, J. S. and Charles Pillsbury, Jr., Thomas Shevlin and George Piper to unite in bringing the statue to

this country and placing it in their city.

Another beautiful bronze statue soon to be placed here is the fine figure by Theo. A. Ruggles Kitson, in memory of the university warrior students, who died for their country in the Philippines. Professor Arthur Haynes was the instigator and prime mover in causing this statue to be erected.

Parallel always with the development of a great city, and forming no small factor in that development, is the rise and growth of an influential and substantial daily press.

The "St. Anthony Express," the first newspaper, was established in 1851, and edited by Isaac Atwater. At the present time, four dailies and no less than forty weeklies are published in the city. The "Minneapolis Daily Tribune" came into existence in 1869, and has been published continually since that time. It is one of the most important papers in the Middle West. Three editions are published week days, besides a Sunday edition. Its great success is due to Mr. Charles Hamblin, who has been manager and head of the editorial staff for the past thirteen years.

The "Minneapolis Journal" has been published continually since its inception in 1878. It is a publication of which the metropolis might well be proud. For the past twenty

years, Mr. John S. McLain has been the bone and sinew of its editorial staff, and has made it one of the cleanest and most progressive papers in the country.

The "Minneapolis Times" was established in 1889, and has always been a credit to the city. Recently it came under the management of Mr. Albert Dollenmayer, who is keeping it in the foremost ranks of western newspapers.

An important publicity bureau is the Minneapolis Commercial Club, with a thousand members. This club provides a Public Affairs Committee, which is a sort of unofficial city government, with Mr. Wallace Nye as its very efficient mayor. This committee is jealous of every business and municipal interest, and accomplishes an unmeasurable amount of good in the interests of Minneapolis.

During the summer just past, Minneapolis celebrated her semi-centennial, and well should she take pride in reviewing her achievements done in the short span of fifty years. In 1855 an Indian reservation, in this year of grace 1905 she may truthfully be called a city of magnificent fulfillment; and yet compared to what the future holds in store for her—if one may reckon on her wealth of advantage and opportunity—she is even yet but a city of promise.



OLD TOWER, FORT SNELLING

A Matter of Size?

By W. LEVETTE WILSON

AS everybody, who is at all observant, knows, there are two types of little men: those who think they are bigger than everybody else, and are consequently arrogant; and those who think everybody else is bigger than they, and are correspondingly modest. Pettit belonged to the latter class. For some years he had been painfully conscious of his lack of size. He woke up to it just before he entered college, and took as industriously to athletics as to his studies in the hope of encouraging niggardly Nature to greater liberality. But Nature was as stubborn as niggardly, and, though he gained his full share of muscle and skill, the limitations were impassable.

"Clever little devil," said Bulkley, the two-hundred-and-ten pound centre of the 'Varsity eleven, one day as Pettit passed from the gymnasium to the shower room after a stiff bout at single sticks with a man who had thirty pounds the better of him. "He's so chock full of ginger and grit that he'd be a corker if he just had any size to back up his nerve."

Pettit heard, and sighed, but with regret rather than bitterness, for he was beginning to realize the inevitable, and he was too decent a fellow to become bitter about something that was nobody's fault—certainly not his own. For Pettit was "white"; every man in college agreed to that. Little he was in body, but not in heart and soul.

The boys, without a thought of offense being given or taken, called him "Thumb" Pettit; but his parents, who, of course, were unable to foresee to what stature and diffidence their first born would grow up, had started him in life with the name of Bayard Victor Pettit. That this was an appellation rather difficult for a boy to grow up to, never occurred to them; and being, as it proved, their last born as well as their first born, they were as proud of him and as well satisfied with his achievements as if he held every heavyweight championship in the '01 class. Thus he was their idol while they lived, and when they passed to the great beyond, it was a comfort to them to know that in addition to a good name, they were able to leave him a patrimony, which, with any kind of management, would make his material existence comfortable for the rest of his days.

And so, at twenty-four, Bayard Victor Pettit found himself blessed with enough resignation concerning his limitations to make him unaggressive and, on the whole, a very pleasant fellow.

It was, no doubt, this very consciousness, combined with his never-failing good-heartedness, that gave him such an ever ready sympathy for the weak and timid, the imposed upon or the oppressed. And this really is the reason why it all came about:

The afternoon sun was low

enough for everything, except certain diagonal sections of the cross streets, to be in a rather pleasant shadow as Pettit, swinging his stick with the grace and skill that comes of long practice, walked slowly along toward the Palisades Club, where he lived. It had been a pleasant day, and Pettit was as well satisfied with himself and the world as a man can be who can never quite get rid of a placid envy toward the men who naturally lower their eyelids a little when they look at him.

In this carelessly cheerful mood, with only commonplace people on the sidewalks and commonplace vehicles in the street, all quite in harmony with their surroundings, Pettit took scant heed of what was going on about him until he heard a sharp little yelp, a yelp that told of both pain and fear.

Then he brought his wandering wits together with a jerk, and glanced up quickly. Thirty yards ahead of him was a big, heavy-jawed, shabbily-dressed man, dragging a little liver and white spaniel at the end of a piece of rope. Pettit unconsciously quickened his steps and frowned sympathetically, for it was very evident that the dog feared its captor and intuitively feared the place where it was being taken—it was such a timid looking little dog!

Just as Pettit got close enough to see that the spaniel showed some points that indicated excellent breeding, the man turned with an oath and gave the rope a jerk. As he brought the dog within reach he kicked it viciously, and with another yelp of pain and fear the spaniel cowered at the end of the rope as far away as it could get.

"Say!" exclaimed Pettit, with sup-

pressed indignation. "Don't kick that dog that way!"

The man looked around, over Pettit's head, at first, not seeing him. Then, as he dropped his eyes and saw who thus rebuked him, he turned and started on again. Evidently he did not consider the matter worth his attention.

Pettit understood, and flushed hotly. Again the fact that he was only five feet two was painfully impressed upon him. But nevertheless he could not see a timid little dog abused without a protest. Under some circumstances even Pettit was inclined to be aggressive.

The dog, trembling more than ever with fear, still dragged at the rope in a foolish effort to get away. This plainly irritated the man, and again he jerked the dog toward him. Again his foot swung heavily against the little animal, and again it yelped with pain and fear.

Pettit, who was alongside him now, boiled with sympathetic indignation.

"Look here!" he cried, warningly. "You quit kicking that dog!"

The man stopped and looked down at him.

"What's it to you?" he demanded, scornfully.

"It's enough to me to know that nobody's got a right to kick a dog like that!" declared Pettit, determinedly.

"Oh, they ain't, ain't they? Well, what'r' you goin' to do about it?"

"You've got to stop it, that's what!"

"Huh!" The man snorted tauntingly. "May be you'll make me stop it."

Pettit's indignation was now beyond discretion.

"I don't believe it's your dog, anyhow," he said, suspiciously.

"Look here, young feller, you just mind your own business, and I'll look after my dog all right."

"Where did you get it?" demanded Pettit.

"None o' your business, you little runt!" replied the man angrily. "And you better be running right along, or I'll lay you across my knee and spank you."

Pettit's flush ran clear down under his collar, and he gripped his stick tightly.

"Where did you get that dog?" he insisted, through his closed teeth.

The man took a step forward, and aimed a blow, a slap, at Pettit with an open hand.

Now, as big Bulkley had said back in the old college days, Pettit was a clever little devil, especially with the single stick. He stepped quickly back, and the stick which he had been gripping so tightly flashed in a short circle and landed dazingly across the face of the threatener.

The man gave a fierce cry of pain, and, dropping the rope, clasped his hands over his eyes. For the moment he was blinded, and the spaniel, taking advantage of this, fled up the dozen steps of the house in front of which the clash had occurred, and crouched on the door step.

The man, getting a grip on his dazed senses, took his hands from his face, and glared about him wildly for a moment. Then his eye fell on Pettit, who stood his ground with stick on guard.

With a growl the man contracted his muscles for a lunge at Pettit.

"I'll show you, you — — runt!" he snarled, as he started forward.

"What's all this, what's all this, now, Mike?" demanded a deep voice

in his ear, as a powerful grip on his collar jerked him backward.

Heavy as had been the tread, neither had noticed burly Sergeant of Police Hannegan as he turned the corner of the building ten feet away, just as Pettit got into position again after delivering his effective stroke.

"He smashed me in the face with his stick, that's what!" growled Mike, fiercely.

"And what had you been doing?"

Comparing the size of the two men, Sergeant Hannegan assumed that the assault had not been unprovoked.

"I hadn't been doin' nothin'! I was just—"

"Mr. Policeman, Mr. Policeman!" An agitated girlish voice mingled with the sound of wheels grating against the curb, and a slender figure half leaned out of the carriage door. "It was my dog, Mr. Policeman, and that man had stolen it! He was kicking it brutally until this gentleman made him stop, and hit him with his stick. I saw it all from across the street, but I didn't know it was little Pixie at first, and was afraid to come over."

The words of explanation rushed from her, tumbling over each other and trembling with excitement.

"There!" she exclaimed, pointing at the crouching spaniel in the doorway. "There he is!"

Sergeant glanced from the girl to the dog, and looked at the man he still held firmly by the collar.

"How about it, Mike?" he demanded, shortly.

"I didn't know it was her dog," replied the man surlily.

"Well, that'll do for you, I guess, Mike," said the Sergeant. "You've no business up in this end of town. Now, let me see you get out of here without losing any time; and if I

find you in this district again, I'll make it the Island for you."

He released his hold, and, without a word, the man turned and walked rapidly down the street.

Meantime, the girl had sprung from the carriage and run quickly up the steps. Pettit followed her diffidently. She looked up as he approached.

"Poor little Pixie," she said, patting the dog gently, "he was so terribly frightened."

"Yes, poor little chap," murmured Pettit. The situation was unusual, and he was rather at a loss for words.

The dog pressed close to the girl as she stooped, and looked up at her appealingly with its big, soft brown eyes, while it wagged its tail feebly.

"I don't know how I can thank you," the girl went on. "It would have broken my heart to lose little Pixie—"

"Oh, it's nothing at all, I assure you," interrupted Pettit hurriedly. "Really, I'm very glad to—" As he paused for a word, he glanced around and saw the Sergeant starting away. "Oh—er—excuse me a moment, please," he interrupted himself, as he sprang down the steps.

"Oh, Sergeant!" he called.

The policeman turned.

"Here is my card in case there is any trouble about this, and I am wanted for—for any reason."

"Yes, I know," said the Sergeant, as he took the card without looking at it. "You're Mr. Bayard Pettit, of the Palisades Club."

He smiled at Pettit's look of surprise, and went on with the pride of a man who knows his business.

"I've been in this district a long time, you know. But there won't be any trouble unless it's for Red

Mike. If you happen to see him around here though, and let me know, there will be trouble for him. Good afternoon, sir." And the Sergeant resumed his dignified stroll along the street.

Pettit turned again to the steps. The girl was coming down with the dog in her arms. He ran up to meet her.

"Can't I help you?" he asked, eagerly.

"Oh, no, thank you. He has had such a scare that any one else would make it still worse."

"But isn't he rather heavy for you?"

"Not to carry just to the carriage, you know."

When she put the dog in the vehicle it snuggled comfortably down in one corner as if it had found a familiar place of refuge at last.

"He doesn't understand all you did for him—yet," she said, smiling; "but I shall tell him."

"You're—you're very kind, I'm sure," stammered Pettit.

"Home, James," she said, turning to the coachman.

Then with a nod and another smile to Pettit, she stepped into the carriage. He closed the door after her, and stood, hat in hand, and watched the carriage drive away. At the next corner it turned and passed out of sight.

Pettit drew a long breath, and looked about him. He was alone in the street where so much had happened in so short a time. As he put on his hat a ray of light on something bright at his feet caught his eye. It was a woman's purse. He picked it up and turned it about curiously. It was a dainty trifle of soft, dark leather, with gold mountings. Near the clasp was engraved the name "Amabel."

Then Pettit realized what had happened. Giving his hat a pull that settled it firmly on his head—as all boys have done in all time—he sprinted for the corner, and looked in the direction the carriage had turned. Not a vehicle was in sight. He ran rapidly the length of the cross street block, and looked up and down the next avenue. The carriage had disappeared. For a moment he stood irresolute; then, putting the purse carefully in his breast pocket he walked slowly on to his club.

Constantly realizing the handicap that Nature had compelled him to carry through life, Pettit had always been rather shy of girls. So many of them were as tall, or even taller than he; and it emphasized his embarrassment painfully if he had to look up when he talked to them. Now, he remembered with a peculiar thrill of satisfaction that he had looked down a little when he spoke to her just before she entered the carriage. The memory picture was remarkably distinct, too, for Pettit, who couldn't have told the color of the eyes of half the girls he had known all his life. Hers were very large, and that peculiar dark, rich blue that verges on violet. Above them, between her forehead and the projecting brim of her hat, was a heavy roll of hair of the mellowest gold. The cheeks were clearly pink and white—Pettit remembered, vaguely, of reading something somewhere lilies and roses in this connection. The nose was tilted a trifle upward above a rosebud mouth—more reminiscent description!—and there was a dimple in the chin. Ah, yes, it was all very clear to Pettit; remarkably so!

"Pretty name that—Amabel," he thought, as he handled the purse

delicately in the privacy of his own apartments.

In the next morning's papers no one advertised the loss of a purse engraved with the name "Amabel." Indeed, people seemed singularly fortunate in regard to their purses, for none at all complained of such a loss. There were lost brooches, lost scarf pins, lost chatelaines, lost handbags, lost keys, lost umbrellas, lost dogs, and one man even announced the loss of a twelve-by-sixteen, unframed oil painting of goldfish, fruit and flowers, adding the unnecessary information that it was "of no value to anyone but the owner." But none had lost a purse.

All day Pettit bought papers as fast as the editions appeared, and scanned the "LOST" advertisements without avail. Either she had not discovered her loss, or she did not value the purse enough to advertise.

That night Pettit was all but discouraged when a brilliant and original idea occurred to him. He would look in the purse, and see if there were not some clue there! It did seem to him almost like sacrilege, but—really, he had to do something to learn where to return the property, and he could think of no other way.

The purse contained a surprising amount for its size, Pettit discovered when he began to unpack it—with his door locked—under the shaded light of his reading table. There were some bits of silk and ribbon, which he laid smoothly and carefully aside; a little gold pin, which was broken, and a dainty gold pencil with no lead in it; a little square of gauze widely surrounded with lace and exhaling a delicate perfume, which Pettit guessed was meant for a handkerchief; a written memorandum, which he hurriedly refolded,

unread; in a division by itself, some money, which he did not even count—he felt that the amount was none of his business; and in another separate division, what he was looking for—cards! They were engraved: “Miss Amabel Kenton, No. 34 Kensington Place.”

Pettit was solemnly thoughtful as he carefully repacked the purse. Nathaniel Kenton, of Kensington Place, he knew by sight and reputation. Six feet two or three inches tall, massive of frame and severe of countenance, he was a man of such personal force that he had the reputation of being able to interpret, expound, aye, almost to reconstruct, corporation law so that it would fit any cause he advocated. Pettit had always envied this man, but for his size and bulk and force rather than for his high standing at the bar; for Pettit was not really ambitious; he only had the common discontent of wanting to be what he was not. He sighed a little doubtfully as he wondered if she admired big men only.

At ten minutes after eight o'clock the next evening, Pettit, with an oppressingly accelerated heart action, pushed the bell button at No. 34 Kensington Place, and was admitted by a severe looking person, with close cropped side-whiskers, who dressed in evening clothes.

Was Miss Amabel Kenton at home? The severe looking person would inquire. On his card Pettit hurriedly wrote: “A friend of little Pixie's,” and sat down in the drawing room to await, with considerable trepidation, the result of his venture.

Across the arms of a comfortable looking chair near him lay a stick, a rather swell stick, Pettit thought, silver mounted, with a rough buck-horn handle. He leaned over and measured it with his own. It was

at least eight inches longer than his. Pettit sighed again. He wondered if she had any brothers, and how big—

“Mr. Pettit?” The half childish voice had the peculiar rising inflection of extremely formal inquiry.

Pettit jumped to his feet with a start that was far from being easy and graceful. There was the face again—the big, deep blue eyes, the roll of golden hair, the pink and white cheeks, the tilted nose, the rosebud mouth and the dimpled chin—the face that he had seen in his dreams, sleeping and waking, ever since the rescue of little Pixie—but with a difference. The look of tender solicitude as she had leaned over and petted the frightened little spaniel, and of gratitude as she had looked up at Pettit, were gone; and in their place the babyish features were burdened with an expression of severe dignity that would have been amusing to one in a mental attitude different from Pettit's.

“It is very kind of you, Mr. Pettit,” she said, stiffly, “to call to inquire after little Pixie. I am happy to assure you that he has quite recovered from his fright.”

She remained standing and did not ask Pettit to sit down. Little Pixie was safe now in his own home where he would be carefully watched and tenderly cared for. The rescue had been very kind, of course, but this queer little man was a perfect stranger, and really—Ah, how quickly gratitude shrinks under the weight of conventionality, and how soon are benefits forgot!

“I am extremely glad to hear it.” Pettit found some difficulty in using his voice. “I called, however, mainly for the purpose of returning your purse, which you must have

dropped when you got out of the carriage."

He took the purse from his pocket, and handed it to her. She accepted it almost gingerly, Pettit thought.

"Ah," she said, with raised eyebrows, "I had not missed it. I am very much obliged to you, I am sure."

"Amabel! Oh, Amabel! Where's my stick?" The voice that called was big and deep, indicating vast possibilities in the way of lung power. A moment later the figure of the speaker filled the space between the door hangings so full that one of them was half draped over his ample shoulder.

"Oh, I beg pardon," he said, as he saw Pettit. "I didn't know—"

A boy, a mere boy, not a day over eighteen, and, Pettit thought, a little bitterly, six feet and two hundred pounds if he was an inch and an ounce.

"My brother, Mr. Pettit," the dignity burdened divinity murmured. "Little Pixie, you know," she added, glancing toward her brother.

"Ah, yes, to be sure!" He stepped forward, and Pettit found his hand buried in a grasp more ample than cordial. The young man looked down at him in the condescending way of the huge addressing the small. "Deucid clever of you, Mr. Pettit, don't you know. I only wish I'd been there myself. I don't think he'd have—ah, well, never mind."

He shook his heavy shoulders and looked darkly threatening. Pettit would have been willing to stake all

he had in the world that the young man was a freshman, and a freshman with a promising future in athletics, at that. In none other could there be such self-confidence, such arrogance. A rapidly moving picture of a clash between the young man and big Bulkley on the grid-iron passed through Pettit's mind with highly satisfactory effect. That, of course—

"See you again some time, Mr.—er—Petty," the young man was saying. He picked up the long stick from the arms of the chair, nodded jerkily and disappeared through the door amid a flurry of curtains.

Miss Amabel Kenton was still standing and Mr. Pettit was still standing.

"Permit me to thank you again, Mr. Pettit," she said in a tone of lowering temperature, "for returning the purse."

"Not at all," said Pettit, dignifiedly, albeit the dignity had a strong undercurrent of mournfulness. "It is quite a pleasure to me to be able to serve you. Permit me to bid you good evening."

"Good evening, Mr. Pettit."

She touched a bell on the table at her side, and the dignified functionary with the close cropped side-whiskers appeared in the doorway.

A moment later Pettit found himself standing at the foot of the steps outside. He sighed a little bitterly, as he started down the street, though he understood thoroughly that a man deserves neither credit nor blame for his stature.



Her Day

By MARGARET ASHMUN

IT WAS half past seven on a morning in the latter part of June. Breakfast was over and the farmer and his hired man were gone. Both the sink and the kitchen-table were piled with unwashed dishes, and with bright tin pans, on the inside of which greasy yellow rings hinted of the cream that stood ready in the churn for the Saturday's butter-making. The oven was heating for the Sunday supply of pies and spice cake, and Almira Preston was stepping briskly about the pantry, "redding up" the shelves preparatory to her dish-washing. In the sitting-room her mother sat at the window with a peach basket full of red carpet rags in her lap. She was a thin old woman with white hair and gentle brown eyes that looked mildly out through steel-bowed spectacles at the peaceful stretch of pasture and willow-bordered brook across the road.

"It does seem," she murmured sorrowfully, "as if I am the good-for-nothingest piece!"

She had once been the most active and energetic woman in all the township. She managed her household with cleanliness and economy. She was noted for her baked beans and pan-dowdy, and no church social was considered a success without her marble cake. She was up early and down late, never sparing herself, and contriving to shift upon her own shoulders a large share of the burdens of others. But a heavy fall from her back steps one frosty morning had injured her spine and now she was a hopeless invalid; not entirely helpless, in-

deed, and better than she had been for a year after her accident, but still a pathetic contrast to her former self. Almira had been called home from Thompsonville whither, but three weeks before her mother's disaster, she had gone to learn the "dress-making trade," for which her soul yearned. She took the affairs of the house into her own hands, disappointed, impatient, but fiercely determined "to do her duty by her mother" as long as need might be. Mrs. Preston sat all day by the window, piecing worsted crazy quilts or sewing multi-colored carpet rags, submitting guiltily to the dictates of Almira, and eating her heart out with reproaches at her unfortunate condition.

"If I'd only 'a' waited for pa to get that pail o' water, I wouldn't 'a' slipped down, and then I wouldn't be a-settin' here pesterin' everybody," she used to say sadly to herself.

It galled her beyond endurance to be considered useless, and whenever Almira was amiable she seized the opportunity to prove that she could accomplish something still. She even hobbled into the kitchen occasionally and painfully washed the dishes or stirred up a ginger cake for supper. But she stood in constant awe of Almira's sharp tongue and strident voice, and yielded meekly when she was ordered back to her chair. Almira was kind in her perfunctory way, but she suffered no expostulation and brooked no interference. She had her duty to do, and she intended to do it.

On the particular June morning in question, Almira was unusually rebellious against fate. As she swept the bread-crumbs off the pantry shelf she thought of the beautiful lawn and muslin dresses she might have been making and of the "tasty" air she would impart to their crisp folds; her heart swelled with indignation and despair, but she set her lips firmly together and took down her big, well-scoured dishpan.

"Almiry," called her mother excitedly, "there's somebody a-drivin' up here. I do believe it's Delbert Williamses folks. Now what on airth do they want at this hour, do y' s'pose?"

"How should I know, ma?" said Almira calmly, rolling down her sleeves, and smoothing her hair, as the wagon stopped at the gate, full to overflowing with slouch-hatted, straw-bonneted and shock-headed Williamses of all ages and sizes; but her sallow cheeks colored perceptibly when she saw a glittering new "top carriage" driving up behind the wagon. In the carriage sat Delbert Williams' brother Carleton, resplendent in a new crash coat and a flaming red necktie; beside him on the shiny leather seat there was a suggestive vacancy.

Carleton sprang out nimbly and hurried up the path. "Hello, there!" he called out. "Where be ye all? How d' do, Mis' Preston! Hello, Almiry! Ain't this a kind of a early visit?"

"Of all things! Carleton Williams, ain't you got nothing better to do than to go traipsing around the country at this hour o' the day?"

"That's what folks'll be sayin' to you in a few minutes," responded the young man good-naturedly; "I came to get you to go along of us over to Irv' Rogerses. You know

his brother Sam 'n' his wife have just come back from Kansas on a visit, 'n' we're all goin' over there to see 'em. You're comin' along with us. Don't say yeh ain't," seeing her irresolute look. "Yer cookin' 'n' things c'n wait. Can't they, Mis' Preston?"

"Oh yes, daughter, do go. Things'll get along all right. Do go now, Almiry," said Mrs. Preston coaxingly, "I'll get along just beautiful."

"But you know, ma, pa 'n' Hans has gone over to Jim Claflin's to change works 'n' they won't be back till night. You can't stay here all alone."

"Oh yes, I can, truly I can, Almiry. I'd just love to have things all to myself. It'd be a real play spell."

"But there's all this work to do, and not even a clean dish in the house. I do wish you was able to do somethin', ma, but there isn't nobody to do a thing excep' me."

Mrs. Preston winced and flushed. "Now, Almiry Preston, you know I can do a real lot when I git started. You just let me try 'n' you'll see what I c'n do!"

"Nonsense, ma! Don't you go tryin' to do more'n you're able. You c'n just wash up the dishes 'n' don't you touch the kittles 'n' things. Let the fire go down, an' when I come back I'll get the oven het up 'n' bake a pie or two in no time. I guess we c'n get along without cake for there's cookies in the jar. Well, I don't feel right about goin', but I guess I will anyway. I ain't been anywheres for a dog's age."

"That's the ticket! I knew y' wouldn't refuse," said Carleton delightedly, and Almira flew up stairs to put on her best summer dress, her hat with the pink roses, and her black lace mitts.

Mrs. Preston stood at the door to

see them off, shouting salutations and feeble jokes to all the party at the gate. When the last hurried injunction of Almira had died away amid the rattle of the wheels, she turned her back to her chair and sat down to collect herself. Her withered hands shook a little with an almost childish excitement. A whole day to herself! It seemed scarcely credible that she should be left to do as she liked—it was too good to be true.

She took her cane and hastened to the kitchen. "Such a lovely lot of things to do and just the things I like!" she murmured. She filled the dishpan and washed the dishes. She scoured every kettle and pan. She washed off the table, rinsed out the dish towels and hung them above the sink to dry. She refilled the stove and put on a pot of water. "I might as well be steamin' some brown bread while the other things is bakin'," she said as she hobbled back and forth. "Pa used to set a lot of store by my brown bread. I guess he'll be su'prised when I put it on for supper!"

And so the forenoon sped away, to the rattle of tins, the whiz of the flour sifter and the monotonous swish of scrubbing brush and broom. The hot quivering air of noon floated in through the open window and the sound of a distant dinner bell gave notice of the hour. Mrs. Preston stood unsteadily in the doorway and surveyed the results of her toil. On her weary old face there sat a radiance of ineffable content.

"I guess Almira'll see now whether there ain't anybody around to do a thing," she said aloud. "But I am a little bit tired, I must c'nfess. It's nat'ral, bein' as I ain't much used to workin'. I'll set down 'n'

rest a second or two before I take my lunch." She sat down in her calico rocker and folded her swollen reddened hands in her lap. "The Lord is mighty good to give me such a happy day," she whispered softly. "It ain't no more'n right to thank Him for it." Her head sank forward on her breast and her lips moved silently.

Late in the afternoon the "top-carriage" rolled through the wide wagon gate and into the back yard. Almira had persuaded Carleton to bring her home in time to get supper, before her father's return. The ride had been a long one and afforded an excellent opportunity for a private conversation, the nature of which need not here be revealed. Suffice it to say that it was with a new and unmistakable air of proprietorship that Carleton assisted his companion to alight. Almira blushing released herself from his awkward embraces and hurried into the house. The kitchen was in irreproachable order. Its smooth yellow floor was spotless; the stove was cold, black and shining; on the table were half a dozen white covered mounds that gave out spicy odors. Amazed and conscience-stricken, Almira pushed open the door into the next room. Her mother sat in her usual seat at the window, her head bent as if in sleep. The shadow of the vine outside the pane strayed fitfully across her face.

"Why, mother, what made you do so much?" said Almira with a new note of tenderness in her voice. "Wake up! I want to tell you something."

She crossed over to her mother's side and touched her on the shoulder. Then with a low cry she sank sobbing on her knees beside the chair.

The Ruins of Mitla

By G. F. PAUL

MANY Americans who have come to regard the landing at Plymouth Rock as the beginning of civilization on this continent, may sometimes forget that long before this event, or even before Queen Isabella pledged her jewels to promote the spirit of discovery there were, at Mitla, Mexico, palaces to whose splendor, accord-

canons, this region has been inaccessible except by horseback until within the last dozen years. Now, however, General Grant's road, the Mexican Southern, reaches the city of Oaxaca by climbing and sliding stupendous grades.

It is from this city that the journey is made overland to the Mitla ruins. Nothing can be more



ON THE ROAD FROM OAXACA TO MITLA
(Photo by C. B. Waite)

ing to the celebrated Viollet-le-Duc, the monuments of Greece and Rome alone can be compared.

Geographically, Mitla is in the State of Oaxaca, being about 250 miles southeast of Puebla, and about two-thirds of that distance south of Vera Cruz. Owing to the difficulties and expenses attending railroad construction down through the

exhilarating than the ride out on good Mexican ponies. There are enough treacherous streams and rough places to give the trip novelty, while at times long level stretches offer a chance to try the horse's wind and mettle. The motley crowd of marketers met at the city gates recalls the lines from Macaulay's Horatius:



(Photo by C. B. Waite)

HOLY WEEK PROCESSION AT MITLA, MEXICO

"And loads of mules and asses
Laden with skins of wine,
And endless flocks of goats and sheep
And endless herds of kine,
And endless trains of wagons
That creaked beneath their weight
Of corn-sacks and of household goods
Choked every roaring gate."

The road leads on through Santa Lucia, where cock-fighting forms the chief vocation as well as the avocation of the people. Soon the big tree of Tule looms up in the distance—the tree under which Cortez and his army encamped on their terrible march to Honduras nearly four hundred years ago. In the churchyard of Santa Maria del Tule stands this old tree called Sabino, an object of great veneration on the part of the natives, who come from all Central America to see it. This great growth is to ordinary trees what Philadelphia's statue of William Penn is to the man of average height; planted in Trinity Churchyard, it would overtop the spire; placed in an ordinary city street, it would effectually block all passages. The great Baron Humboldt placed on the east side of this giant cypress a wooden tablet which now, with the passing of a century, is nearly embodied in the tree.

Beyond Tule more oxen are met, big, patient fellows that cannot be otherwise than patient. Men and women alike, with broad bands pressing down on their receding foreheads, plod toward the city in single file, even trotting with their 200-pound burdens. In the pack trains, the head burro has his eyes wide open and his ears pricked up, while the others follow along sleepily, contentedly. The Indian woman with the baby at her back shows one of the infinite uses of the Mexican rebozo, or shawl, which now serves as a baby carriage. The

journey to this out-of-the-way spot will undoubtedly ask himself as have others: "How did this brown valley support its thousands in the past? Was it always so barren when it teemed with renowned warriors, skillful architects, and proud nobles? Where are those people now, whence did they come, and when did they rear these vast palaces and tombs?" The answers are to be gained from the ruins themselves. The living can but say with the wondering padre, "Quien sabe?"

A Song of the Links

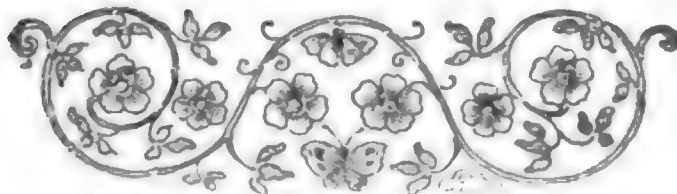
By HELEN GREEN

I drove a ball into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where.
But in my hands my driver new
Was in the middle, snapped in two.

I breathed a word into the air,
And where it fell I did not care.
One little word and that was all,
A word relating to the ball.

The ball I never saw again;
The word it was that cost me pain,
Who could foretell its fatal trend!
It fell on the ear of a lady friend.

I would I might each one recall,
The friend, the word, and e'en the ball.
Ah, gladly would I then swear off,
And never more would I play "goff"!



The Reformation of Lucilla Clark

By LILLIAN M. HOUTS

“WELL, the house cleaning’s done, and I’m glad of it!” said pretty little Mrs. Andrews, with a sigh of relief, as she sank into a chair. “We laid the last rug and hung the last curtain this morning, and now I mean to have a good rest.”

Aunt Faith, who had run in for the afternoon, looked up with a smile from the afghran she was knitting for Baby Alfred and said, “I never hear of house cleaning, Florence, but I think of Lucilla Clark. Did I ever tell you that story?”

“No,” said Mrs. Andrews, “but I should love to hear it. I’m just in the mood for a story. Wait till I get my sewing and we’ll settle down and be real ‘comfy’ while Baby takes his nap.”

Dear old Aunt Faith had spent most of her life in New England, and only during the last year had she been transplanted to the west. Her tales of early days and of the quaint and interesting characters “down east” were a never-failing source of interest and amusement to her niece and nephew.

“Lucilla Clark, or ‘Cilla, as most everybody in the neighborhood called her,” began Aunt Faith, “was one of my mother’s girl friends; and as I recollect her, she still looked a good deal like a girl, for she was round and plump, and her cheeks were as rosy as yours. Time hadn’t dealt very hard with her, or rather ‘Cilla hadn’t let him. For she had what some folks call an ‘easy’ disposition. Whether it was that, or

an easy conscience, I’m sure I wouldn’t undertake to say.

“When it came to housekeeping, though, ‘Cilla *was* easy; and some folks who were very good housekeepers didn’t hesitate to say that she was terrible slovenly. Nobody could understand jest how it was, either, for all her folks for generations back had been as neat as wax. But she was always that way. They say her mother was nearly drove wild when she was a little girl, trying to bring ‘Cilla up jest like *her* mother had done,—‘A place for everything and everything in its place;’ that was her motto. But ‘Cilla’d have her things scattered from one end of the house to the other, and her apron on hind side afore; and after she was big enough to go to school, half the time she’d have her shoes on the wrong feet, if her mother didn’t happen to look at them before she started, which she couldn’t always do, there being eight in the family, besides two hired men.

“Well, that’s the way Lucilla grew up,—no order or system about anything, and nothing her folks said and no amount of punishment seemed to make any difference with her. She’d cry a little after one of her mother’s scoldings and say she’d try to do better. But, lawsy me! In half an hour she’d have forgotten all about it, and be chasing after the boys across the orchard or up the road, with her hair flying behind her and one shoe untied. So at last her mother gave it up and let her do ‘bout as she pleased.

"Everybody liked 'Cilla, though. There wasn't a girl in all the country round that had more friends. She was so kind-hearted and good-natured that nobody could help it; and when she'd look up at you out of those big blue eyes, with that innocent, pleased kind of a smile on her round, rosy face, you couldn't be cross with her, not two minutes at a time, if her collar was pinned as crooked as two sticks.

"She was pretty, too, and always looked nice, in spite of her careless ways. Maybe she had her mother to thank for that, though, or her sister Rachel, after Mrs. Clark died, which she did when 'Cilla was about fourteen. And Rachel, who was the livin' image of her mother in looks and disposition, kept house and looked after the younger children.

"Well, as years went on, they all grew up and got married except Lucilla. It seemed kind o' strange, for all the boys liked her, and would come to her with their cut fingers, when they were little codgers, and to tell her their love troubles, when they grew older. Still none of them ever jest went to work and kept company with her like they did the others. Maybe her careless ways scared them. Rachel married jest as soon as she could be spared from home and got a good, thrifty husband,—a farmer down near Middleport, and they did real well. And one by one the boys settled down in homes of their own or moved away and found wives somewheres else, and 'Cilla was left alone on the old place. Her father lived to be tolerable old and 'Cilla took good care of him, better than she did herself or anything else; and they seemed right happy together, for she was really more like him than

any of the other children, and folks did say that she took after an aunt of his who was a mighty poor house-keeper, but none of us knew her.

"After the old man passed away, 'Cilla was left all alone. She didn't seem to mind it, though. She rented all of the farm except the garden and orchard and hired a man to look after that. Of course it didn't bring in a great deal, but her wants were few and she got along first rate.

"About two years after her pa died, though, she came over to our house one afternoon lookin' more troubled and worried than we'd ever seen her before. Ma and I was settin' on the front porch sewin', for it was a warm day in May. I was sixteen years old then.

"Lucilla had an open letter in her hand and mother mistrusted at once that in it lay the cause of the trouble, and of course we was kind o' cur'us to know what it might be. Lucilla didn't leave us long on the tenterhooks, for without waitin' hardly to say 'Good afternoon,' she broke right out.

"'Sally,' says she (she always called my mother Sally as long as she lived), 'Sally, I'm in a peck o' trouble.'

"'Whatever in the world's the matter, 'Cilla?' says my mother. 'Come and set right down and tell me about it. Faith, run in the house and get the little rockin' chair and bring it out. Is it the letter, 'Cilla?'

"Well, I brought out the chair and a big palm leaf fan and a glass of fresh buttermilk that mother and I had churned that morning, and she sat and fanned herself a few minutes before she could say another word, for she was clean out of breath, she had walked so fast.

"'Yes,' she said at last, 'it's the letter. Sally, Brother 'Bijah's dead.'

"'Oh, is that so, 'Cilla! I'm terrible sorry for you,' says mother, with tears coming into her eyes, for she was always so soft hearted, she could never bear to see anybody in trouble.

"Abijah Clark was one of the brothers who had gone out west before Lucilla was really grown, and as she hadn't seen him sence, I thought she couldn't be feeling really broken hearted on that account. And sure enough she wasn't.

"'Yes,' she went on, 'poor 'Bijah's gone. But that isn't the worst of it, Sally. You know he married soon after he went to Indiana,—married an awful spry kind of a girl, he was always writing. And now she wants to come here to live. This letter's from her. Here's what she says:

"'Seems to me it would make my dear husband feel closer to me if I could go back to the place where he was born and raised, and live among the scenes where he spent his boyhood. So, dear Lucilla, won't you take me into your home, for awhile at least? 'Bijah always said you were so good and kind, and I'm sure we should be happy together.' Or words to that effect. Of course I can't remember just what she said, it was so long ago.

"'Now, Sally, whatever in the world am I to do? I jest *can't* refuse her.'

"'Cilla never could say, 'No,' to anybody that asked a favor of her.

"'It'll be pretty hard for you, 'Cilla,' says mother, 'to have to look after somebody else, now you're gettin' along in middle life, and hadn't ought to have a great deal of care. Then you haven't got more'n enough to take care of yourself anyway.'

"'Oh, 't isn't that,' says Lucilla.

"'Bijah was pretty well off and he left enough to keep his wife, and they didn't have any children. But you know, Sally'—and here she hesitated a little and her cheeks got red as pinies, 'I never was a very good housekeeper. I always was kind o' careless and hated to take a lot of bother about things, like mother and Rachel always did.

"'Well, Jennie, 'Bijah's wife, is almost as fussy and pertikeler as they was; leastways I judge so from what 'Bijah wrote. He was always telling what a fine cook she was, and she was eternally cleaning and scrubbing, although she was born and brought up out west, where they say folks ain't as neat as they be here. And of course she'll expect to find everything here jest the same way, for I know 'Bijah's told her what a good housekeeper mother was. And whatever will I do?"

"And two tears rolled down Lucilla's plump cheeks.

"'Oh, cheer up, 'Cilla,' said mother briskly. 'You'll get along all right. You can have things straightened up a little before she comes, and I'm sure she won't find fault. It'll be lots of company for you, too, to have somebody there with you,—lots better than being all alone by yourself in the house.'

"After awhile Lucilla, she kind o' chirked up and seemed to feel better, but still every little bit she'd groan or give a little sigh.

"Well, for the next two weeks or so things was pretty lively at the old Clark place. 'Bijah's wife had written that it'd take her as long as that to settle up things and get ready to come east, so Lucilla had a little while to prepare. She flew round as nobody had ever seen Lucilla Clark before,—had the house painted and a new side porch built,

and got Mary Gibbs to come and help her clean house. She took up every carpet and cleaned the old house from top to bottom. And even out in the orchard and barnyard she had Jim, the hired man, pulling the weeds out of the fence corners and cleaning up things generally.

"Ma went over to see 'Bijah Clark's widow a day or two after she came and pretty soon she returned the call. 'Cilla was busy some place about home, so Jane came by herself, it bein' only a little ways down the road. She was a pretty sort of woman, tall and slender like, and she looked kind o' pale in her black clothes. I could see that mother liked her right away, and she seemed to feel real well at home with us, too.

"I suppose it seems terrible strange to ye, Mrs. Clark," says mother, 'but you'll soon get used to us and our ways. We've got warm hearts, though we don't always show our feelin's. And I think you'll be a real comfort to 'Cilla. She must have been lonesome, poor thing, after her pa died, although she never let on. I hope you'll be happy together.'

"Yes, I think we will,' says Jane Clark, sort o' timid like. 'But, do you know, Mrs. Andrews,—' and here she dropped her voice almost to a whisper, as though she was goin' to tell some deep secret, 'I'm so afraid I can't please Lucilly in some ways. Of course I want to help her about the housework; I wouldn't for anything lay by and let her do it all; and she's been brought up to have everything jest so and keep every single thing exactly in its place. That's the way 'Bijah always did, and he's often told me how very particular his ma and sisters were. Now out in Indiana, while we try to keep things clean, we're not so care-

ful; and I wouldn't for anything shock Lucilly and make her a lot of trouble. She seems so kind and pleasant, I'm afraid she won't tell me, either, just how she likes things, though I've tried to watch and do just as she does.'

"I could see a queer look come over mother's face and there was a sort of anxious twitch about her mouth, as though she was afraid she might do something she hadn't ought to. Father was setting in the room and he got up and went out sudden-like, coughing until I thought he'd break a blood vessel.

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about it, Mrs. Clark,' says mother, after a minute or so, and her voice sounded a bit choked. 'I'm sure you and 'Cilla will get along beautifully. Of course people brought up in different parts of the country have different ways and don't always do things alike; but then you can learn from each other and I'm sure you won't find 'Cilla critical or hard to please.'

"Well, for awhile nobody talked about anything else but Lucilla Clark and how she had changed and what a fine housekeeper she was getting to be. Used to be, she washed any day of the week she happened to take a notion to; but now every Monday morning, by nine o'clock, you could see her line in the back yard full of clothes. Jim, the hired man, said she got up at four o'clock, so as to get 'em out early. Tuesday she ironed and most of the rest of the week was put in sweeping or baking or scrubbing, or something of the kind. Jim said she washed up the kitchen floor every day, and we could see one of them women out scrubbing the porches before the rest of us had had breakfast. And we wasn't very late risers, either. None of us saw much of them any

other way, though, for it 'peared like they was always at work at home. Once in awhile Jane would go out calling in the afternoons, and when she could, 'Cilla'd go with her; but she'd never run in to set and spend the afternoon, or more likely, the morning, like she used to do.

"*She* was altered, too, as well as things round the old place. When we did see her, mother said it reely made her feel bad, she looked so pale and peaked. The pretty color was all gone from her cheeks and she was getting quite thin. Jane didn't look very well either, but still, she hadn't changed as much as Lucilla.

"It all came to a climax, though, in the fall. Lucilla had been busy as a bee for a week, putting up green grape jelly and tomato preserves and boiling apple butter, because, she said, of course Jane would think all good housekeepers would have a big stock of them things. Then came the time that most of us folks cleaned house. I told you what a big tearing-up she had made in the spring, and all summer she hadn't let a speck of dust rest for a minute, if it happened to settle on anything; and any poor, unfortuate fly that got in was chased until it was crazy. One evening about twilight, she came over and set down in the kitchen while mother and me was putting away the milk.

"Well, 'Cilly,' says father, 'what mischief air ye up to now?' For he always liked to joke her. 'I hear you and Jane air settin' your caps for all the bachelors and widowers in the neighborhood, you're flying around so lively.'

"Poor 'Cilla never said a word, but kind o' sighed, as though she didn't have sperrit enough to answer.

"'Never mind, 'Cilla,' says mother,

soothing like. 'Tell us what you've been doing to-day.'

"'Makin' soft soap,' says she; 'and to-morrow I'm goin' to begin house-cleaning. Of course Jane wouldn't rest unless she cleaned house good twice a year.'

"An that's all we could get out of her, and pretty soon she went home.

"About eleven o'clock the next morning here come Jane Clark running in panting for breath and white as a sheet.

"'Lucilly's fainted!' she gasped. 'Come over as quick as you can!'

"Mother grabbed the camphor bottle off the kitchen shelf and started out as fast as she could go and I went after her.

"Sure enough, there lay Lucilla in the corner of the settin' room, where she'd been takin' tacks out of the carpet.

"We picked her up and laid her on the bed in the spare room and worked with her awhile and presently she came to. Still she didn't seem to have no life, but jest lay there like a wet rag, and presently father came over and he went for Doctor Gray. The old doctor had known her from the time she was born, pretty near, and he kind o' shook his head, after he'd felt her pulse and looked at her tongue and a few other things.

"'Overwork and nervous prostration!' says he to ma, when they was out in the kitchen. 'Some women haven't got any sense, seems to me.'

"Well, it was a good while before 'Cilla got out of bed, and Jane waited on her hand and foot and took care of her like a baby. And 'Cilla got so fond of her, she couldn't bear her out of her sight. The doctor had told her she mustn't work so hard any more, and one day Jane

was a-beggin' her not to do so much when she got up; and at last Lucilla broke down and laid her head in Jane's lap and confessed the whole thing. She told her how careless she had always been, and how she had let things go, especially after she came to live alone; and how when she heard Jane was coming, she was afraid she couldn't stand her easy ways, so she had nearly killed herself to do as she thought Jane had been used to. And Jane, she cried too, and told Lucilla she wasn't a good housekeeper at all, and that she had never kept up things in her own home half as pertikeler as they had sence she had been east, but that she was trying to please Lucilla.

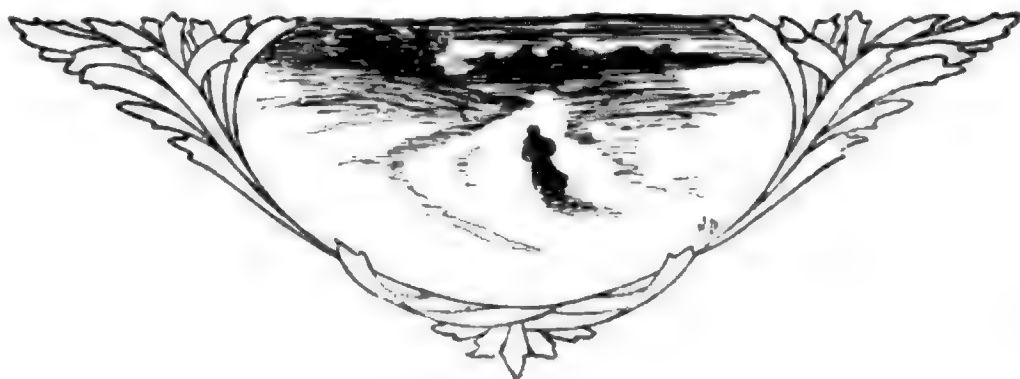
"At last they made a sort of bargain that they would both go back to their old easy ways, and enjoy life and they did. That was the end of 'Cilla's fussin', though she wasn't ever quite as careless as before Jane came. But they didn't do a bit of cleaning that fall, and they washed on Wednesday or Thursday instead of Monday, if they wanted to; and Lucilla used to come in and set by the hour, just like she did in the good old times, as she called them.

"Everybody liked Jane, too, and they was invited around a good deal that winter, and they both began to look real well.

"Jane went home the next spring, for some of her folks in Indiana kept writing for her to come and stay with them. We didn't know at first how 'Cilla would get along without her. But would you believe it? That spring Lemuel Keeps over at Bascom's Mills kept driving over to our place and dropping in occasionally at the Clarks, until at last some of us began to suspect something. At first we thought he was coming to see Jane; and we thought what a good match it would be for her; for Lem had one of the best farms in the county, and was reel kind and good. When he was younger, the girls thought he was a great catch; but by this time, everybody had give him up and thought he had settled down into a regular old bach.

"Howsumever, it turned out that it was Lucilla he was courtin', and at last 'Cilla, she said yes, and jest before Jane went back to Indiana they all went to the preacher's, and Lem and Lucilla were married. And a right happy match it turned out to be; for 'Cilla had never backslid entirely and Lem used to hire all the hard work done.

"But to his dyin' day, father'd never hear anybody say they was goin' to clean house, but he'd look over his glasses and say, 'That reminds me of 'Cilly Clark!'"



The "Speak-Out" Age

By RODERICK N. MATSON

FRANK, open-hearted expression of opinion is becoming more prevalent. The clearest evidence of the truth of this assertion is found in the conduct of our public men. Naturally we should expect the greatest freedom in expression of opinion from those whose avocations and activities place them in that class known as "public" men. Otherwise the use of the term as applied to them would seem to be a misnomer. Undoubtedly the term is a relative one, but certainly no one can lay claim to a place in the class unless his actions and ideas are exposed to the public view to a greater degree than those of the average individual. In this class, with varying distinctness, may safely be placed the members of all the professions, all public speakers and all writers whose productions become public property. As the type of the class should be placed those who, as politicians or statesmen, assume to, or do, control the affairs of government.

Paradoxical as it may seem, for many years, until very recently, these supposedly typical public men have seen fit to involve all their acts and utterances in a bewildering maze of indefiniteness and mystery. Their speeches and writings upon vital questions have consisted largely of meaningless platitudes, and absolute taciturnity has been frequently their vaunted virtue. There have been a few marked exceptions, but I confidently assert that this has been the rule. In

Revolutionary times the rule could hardly be said to have prevailed, for certainly in the main those were quite out-spoken times. But soon after the establishment of the government, such a school of politics began to evolve, and, almost with the dawning of the nineteenth century, obtained predominance. A careful perusal of the earlier political history of this government will bear convincing witness to the truth of this assertion. To ascertain the exact facts as to the political leaders of former days, one has to resort to individual biographies and autobiographies, as the habits, moods and methods of these leaders are never sufficiently detailed by the general historian so as to furnish this information. One has but to recall the attitude and methods of the various local, state and national political leaders, and others prominent in political affairs within his own knowledge, to verify the assertion as to recent political history. Who has not heard it said many times, in commendation of his local political leader, that he "knows enough to keep his mouth shut," or "knows enough not to commit himself?" Why, these local "bosses" are frequently known as "Silent Joe" or "Silent John" or "Silent Frank." I now recall one who is spoken of in this manner, and who has been a very successful leader for many years. In all these years he has always made it a practice never to utter a word that would disclose his plans, except to a few trusted subordinates,

and never to publicly express himself upon any of the issues during the entire campaign. In the last campaign he made several political speeches! Why did he do it? Because he keeps abreast of the times. He is not a man who would hazard his prospects by taking the lead in a movement of this kind. He is, however, a man who "keeps his ear to the ground," and no man can discern a change in public sentiment more quickly than he. In other words, he is the typical successful local leader, and has shown himself unusually capable by so quickly adjusting his methods to such a radical change of sentiment. The alert and progressive local leaders in all sections of the country have observed this sentiment in favor of open methods and are acting accordingly.

What I have stated as to the methods of local leaders is also true of state and national leaders. Many a man prominent in national affairs has so conducted himself that his name has acquired the prefix "silent." Such words as "fox" and "sphinx" have been in frequent use when speaking of prominent national politicians, even in some cases where the men in question have risen to the rank of statesmen. And these expressions have not been used in reproach, but in commendation. Platforms of political parties have been frequently framed with a view to ambiguity upon questions where public sentiment could not be accurately gauged, and in general "gumshoe" methods have prevailed. Candidates for office have been counselled not to speak in their own behalf, unless the exigencies of the situation rendered speaking imperative, and in such case have been admonished to commit themselves as little as possible.

Officers desiring further indorsement from the people have been timid of taking any decided stand upon important questions, lest their entire record of good and efficient service should be forgotten in the presence of one imprudent act or false step. Statesmen, and even presidents, have been spoken of as "splendid political barometers." It has been conceded that they rarely acted until the weight of public sentiment was ascertained, even in some cases where moral questions were involved.

I believe it will be admitted that my statement of former conditions is fair, and at least substantially accurate; that my assertion that "frank, open-hearted expression of opinion is becoming more prevalent" is well-founded. Indeed, not to have observed this, one must be woefully oblivious to the significance of recent events.

The admission that the change has taken place is naturally followed by three questions: First, How was it effected? Second, Is it beneficial? Third, If beneficial, how can we gain the greatest advantage from it?

The answering of the first question necessarily involves that of another, to wit: Why has the change been so long delayed? Why has frankness been a comparative stranger to the vast majority of public men? The answer to this has already been hinted at. The responsibility is divided. In the first place, the people have been too critical of their public men; too disposed to question motives; too inclined to magnify the bad or imprudent deeds; too prone to minimize the good. In the second place, we have been lacking in public men of commanding force, who dared to dis-

regard both tradition and an adverse public opinion,—men of the ability, courage and honesty to lead, and mould, and if need be, defy, public opinion. In speaking of defying public opinion, I refer to a temporary condition. I doubt if the deliberate, sober opinion of the people ever renders defiance essential to honesty and fidelity in public officials. Frankness on the one hand and fairness and justice on the other, have kept pace with each other, and both have enjoyed a perceptible growth in the past decade.

A striking departure from old methods was furnished by the platforms of the two great parties in 1896, when the one declared unequivocally for the gold standard, and the other as positively in favor of free silver. Previous platforms of both parties had contained intentionally ambiguous and meaningless declarations upon this question. The people liked the innovation. It caused some new alignments, but they knew absolutely what the success of each party would mean so far as this question was concerned. This campaign was conducted in a more frank and out-spoken manner than any previous one, but this was only a step, and a rather halting and undecided one, in the right direction. It was one that might easily be retraced. In fact, the campaign of 1900 saw the issues far less clearly drawn than that of 1896. While the democratic platform of that year indorsed its predecessor of '96, it contained many temporizing and vague clauses, which were designed to and did bring into the field many speakers who had either remained silent, or deserted the camp in the former campaign. These orators, in an attempt to remain consistent with their former

position, indulged in meaningless generalities and evasions, and plainly indicated that they were either speaking against their convictions, or had not the courage to admit a change of heart.

Throughout both campaigns, that party presented one figure that stood out in bold contrast with the hosts of evasion—that of the head of the ticket. William J. Bryan has always had the courage to say what he thought. He has written and spoken much, and every word of it is explicit and unmistakable in its meaning. You always know where to find him. There is not a question of any importance which has come, or is likely to come, before the American people, upon which he has not expressed himself clearly and fearlessly. His critics say he talks too much, but too much talking is preferable to that kind of reserve which merely means an uncertainty as to the popular cry. I am not intending to plead the cause of the chatterbox (not intended as a reference to Mr. Bryan), but merely to advocate the direct and unequivocal meeting of issues. About the only thing in Bryan's career which is hard to understand is his position on the Philippine question. At the time the treaty by which the Philippines were acquired was being considered in the senate, he went to Washington and personally labored in the interest of its ratification. Since then he has repeatedly criticized the treaty and the policy which its ratification involved. This action makes his record on this question seem inconsistent, but as I am opposed to questioning motive unless the proof is absolute, I shall refuse to believe that his course in the matter has not been entirely honest and sincere, and susceptible of satisfac-

tory explanation in every particular.

As the vast majority of men are honest, so are the vast majority of public men honest. Some are more evasive and timid than others. One of the strongest influences in promoting this evasiveness and timidity is the remarkable readiness of many of the public to ascribe improper motives to every act whose righteousness is not apparent on its face. If they do not thoroughly understand an act, or the reason impelling it, they are fond of saying, with dubious glances, "There's something back of it." Probably there is, but it is a good, and not a bad motive. They should understand first, and criticise afterward; believe that every act is just, until they know that it is not. Happily this element is being rapidly reduced both in numbers and influence. Conditions are becoming unfavorable to its existence. Confidence and frankness are gaining the ascendancy, and William Jennings Bryan has done far more to bring this about than any other man in the democracy. He has not hesitated to say what he would do if elected to office, and the people have believed him. Those who have agreed with his ideas have been for him, and those who have not have been against him. The alignment has been strongly for and strongly against, with very little lukewarmness on either side. He has acquired a large personal following. It has been demonstrated that his method of conducting a campaign is much more effective than that of caution carried to evasion. His habit of boldly and clearly stating his position on all questions, radical though it be, has been proven a better vote-getter than "sanity" transformed into silence and ambiguity. In this chiefly

consists his contribution to the bringing about of greater frankness in the conduct of political campaigns. Others, seeking political preferment, will naturally say, "Bryan told the people what he believed in, and they gave him a big vote; why should not I conduct my campaign in the same way?"

It is not the purpose of this article to engage in any partisan discussion of politics. Names, parties, incidents and platforms are used merely to illustrate the points attempted to be made. It is, therefore, with no prejudice in favor of or against any individual or party, that I state that it cannot be questioned that the democratic party made a mistake in the last campaign by not declaring in favor of something. A straight-out declaration in favor of the principles of either wing of the party, and against all conflicting ones of the other, would have won more votes than the attempted straddle. An attempt to ignore the main principle, upon which the two preceding campaigns were fought, by not mentioning it in the platform, did not meet with the approval of the people. Neither did the apparent ambiguity employed in discussing other questions. President Eliot of Harvard, a life-long democrat, expressed the sentiment of the people when he said, in speaking of the democrats in the recent campaign, "They have not succeeded in identifying themselves with any important principle."

But this is not all. The time has passed when the people will tolerate such a platform or such methods of conducting a campaign. They have permitted themselves to be trifled with by both parties in the past, but in the future they will insist on knowing just where the candidates

and the parties stand on all important questions.

But Bryan has not contributed so much to the bringing about of this condition as if he had been successful in his ambitions. There is nothing that commends a certain method of campaigning quite so much as success. A large vote carries some influence, but victory carries more. This is one of the things which makes Theodore Roosevelt stand preëminent in his services to the cause. It is impossible to say just how much his influence and usefulness in this regard would have been impaired had he been defeated at some stage of his career, but the repeated and emphatic indorsements of his open methods have unquestionably given them a more general and lasting prestige. He did not expect to be elected when he ran for mayor of New York, and the vote which he received in the three-cornered fight was in reality a magnificent indorsement. In 1898, when he was nominated for governor of New York, on account of the canal scandals, the republican party was in a sorry plight. The people of the state had a pretty good opinion of Theodore Roosevelt. They remembered his good record in the legislature—although some of the younger voters had merely had it handed down to them; they knew that as a member of the Civil Service Commission and as assistant secretary of the Navy he was able, active and successful; but what impressed them most was his fearless and unswerving honesty as president of the Police Board of New York City. They felt that it was a time when they wanted a governor of unquestioned honor and courage. Usually at a time like this the pendulum of public sentiment

swings so far that nothing short of a candidate of the opposite party will satisfy. Roosevelt was the only candidate the party could have named who would have come anywhere near being elected. Even he would have fallen short of the requisite number of votes if he had not made his speaking tour of the state. I was living in New York state at the time, and I well remember with what misgivings the announcement of his contemplated tour was received by republican politicians all over the state. It was well-known that the most influential men in the party were opposed to it. They believed he should either not speak at all, or merely make one or two set speeches. They feared the effect of his direct manner of meeting and discussing issues.

Roosevelt believed he should see the people and tell them just what he proposed to do, and that was what he did. His frank, straightforward way of stating his position on questions was a revelation. Leading democratic orators sought to embarrass him by asking many entangling questions in their speeches, and saying in each case, "Now, I wonder if Mr. Roosevelt will dare answer that"; or, "Why doesn't Mr. Roosevelt say where he stands on that question?" Whenever called to his attention, he never hesitated, dodged or ignored a question, but always gave a plain, unequivocal answer. The people were interested chiefly in his discussion of the canal question, and this was about what he said on that question: "It is charged that there have been gross frauds committed in connection with the expenditure of the nine million dollars appropriated for the improvement of the canals;

that the money of the people has been squandered and stolen. I promise, if elected, to thoroughly investigate this matter, and, if I find that any crime has been committed, to punish the criminals, no matter who they may be. Tammany promises the same thing. Which would you rather trust to do this, Tammany or me?" Anyone who has ever heard Roosevelt speak can imagine how he looked when he asked that question. The effect was electric and convincing. Two of my friends, who were republicans, had said they were going to vote for Van Wyck, because they believed no republican could be trusted to make the investigation. After the Roosevelt meeting in our town they changed their minds. "We have heard Roosevelt, and he's honest," is the way they put it. Just such conversations as these made up more than the seventeen thousand votes he had to spare.

The success of this new way of conducting a campaign opened the eyes of many an old-time politician. As governor he pursued the same direct, open methods, and was never afraid to take the people into his confidence. A promotion to Washington did not alter his course. No other president, in fact no other public man, has quite equalled Roosevelt in out-spokenness. His views on all important questions are known to all. He has acted and spoken as conscience and occasion directed, and without any unnecessary reserve. As John Brisben Walker has said, in writing of his career: "Each morning he asked himself what was the most important work for that day. Having determined this, he acted upon it with all his mind, with all his strength of body and will, worrying little about

next month or next year." He has never waited to see whether or not a move was likely to be popular before he made it, but, if he believed it right and wise, has proceeded to immediate action. He has proceeded a great many times, and the people have not agreed with everything he has done. He has spoken and written a great deal—more perhaps than any other president,—and the people have not always agreed with what he has said and written. Frank A. Munsey said, in his article on "Training for the Presidency": "In the business world the giant combinations reach out for the very highest grade of talent, and pay fabulous salaries for it. The man *who does* is the man to whom the doors are flung open, and to whose hands the life and soul of the concern are intrusted. It is not a question of whether he makes mistakes or not, so long as he can show net results. It is the net that men want. In matters of state, however, the theory is that no government representative—business manager or director, if you please—should ever make a mistake except one of inaction."

The results of the last election show that the people are adopting business methods in choosing presidents. In selecting candidates, parties have been accustomed to look through the writings and records of all persons under consideration as prospective candidates to see if something has not been said or done that might be used against them. In the instance of Roosevelt, a candidate was selected who had been giving public expression to his thoughts since childhood. When not completely occupied with public office, he was writing magazine articles and books. Many of these

contain youthful and even mature-life theories of government with which neither he nor any other twentieth-century statesman would agree—many things that could be used against him, if conditions and sentiment had not materially changed. After a record of such unparalleled open and unreserved character; after issuing the most direct and unequivocal letter of acceptance ever written, and capping the campaign by banishing precedent and telling the public of his righteous indignation at unfounded charges, his record-breaking indorsement at the hands of the people followed. What does it mean? It means that the new method of campaigning has been fixed beyond the possibility of recall; that the era of frankness and publicity has come, and come to stay; that the "speak-out" age has arrived, and that Theodore Roosevelt was its chief founder.

It means a better general understanding between the people and their public servants and officers. Public officials whose tenure of office is in the hands of the people will have less fear of giving public expression to their thoughts. They will know that a change of opinion to-morrow will necessarily be charged to dishonesty. They will know that their indorsement will depend upon the net results of their labors, and not upon the sanction of their every individual act and word; that honest endeavor will be accounted a virtue, even if sometimes mistaken. The people will never tolerate dishonesty, but they have learned to discriminate between this and mere indiscretion. If the service shall have been honest, and in the main, efficient and wise, slight, and even occasional serious, mistakes, will be given no consideration.

This will stimulate activity and lead to greater achievement and progress than would be possible under the former methods of evasiveness, reserve and timidity. The demand of the times is not against conservatism, and not against all due reserve. It is against eternally clinging to the past with a cringing fear of advancing new ideas honestly believed in. It is in favor of constructive statesmanship and originality of thought—and it wants this thought expressed, and not held "under a bushel" until its popularity has been ascertained. The President's message at the opening of the last session of congress furnishes an excellent example of the new idea, especially those portions referring to child-labor, transportation rates, and the reformation of campaign methods.

In diplomacy—ever the velvet glove—John Hay, whose recent death a whole nation has deplored, led the reformation, but there is still less frankness here than anywhere else. In the August "Century," Andrew D. White severely criticized the Czar, and told the plain facts about Russian affairs; so that the ex-ambassador has acquired the "speak-out" habit. The position of ambassador is essentially a delicate one, and just what is thought cannot always be said, but the progress in frankness has already been so fruitful of results that it cannot but result in a still more advanced trial. Direct methods pursued with reasonable tact can only conduce to a better understanding between the governments involved.

The Department of Commerce and Labor is collecting information in regard to the affairs of interstate corporations, which a few years

ago would have been regarded as a strictly private matter. It is true that corporations have always been conceded to be semi-public bodies, but they have been slow to realize the right of the public to inquire into the management of their affairs. Such inquiries as are now considered entirely proper, and the answers to which are understood to be generally given without the slightest protest, formerly would have been regarded as grossly impertinent. That they are greatly in the interest of the public goes without saying. Newspapers and magazines have ever been a strong influence in advancing publicity, but they are becoming much more direct in the style and in the nature of their articles. Among the recent articles, which are decidedly out-spoken in their character and style—and there are hundreds of others—may be mentioned those of Miss Tarbell and Mr. Lawson on the Standard Oil, and those of Lincoln Steffens on "The Shame of Cities" and "Enemies of the Republic." Mr. Steffens is laying bare much corruption, and wherever his pen has been drawn, better and more open conduct of affairs must of necessity follow. His manner of criticism, however, at times seems to partake too much of condemnation and too little of commendation. In such articles credit should always be given where credit is due, and the doubt should always be resolved in favor of honesty. Care should be taken not to blast a reputation containing little of the bad—indeed, if there be anything worse than error of judgment—as against much of the good, and thus a career of usefulness be abruptly cut short, or at least greatly impaired. Mr. Steffens has, of course, done no one an intentional

wrong, but it is intended to suggest that, in some cases, the great work he has been doing has been apparently attended with some unnecessary damage to individual reputations. A good rule to follow in such matters is: Be fair, but strike from the shoulder. There has not been a time in years—indeed I do not believe this government has known a time—when the magazines and newspapers have been so literally teeming with directly-worded, unequivocal discussions of living sociological and economic problems. And these publications are simply meeting the demands of the public.

Preachers no longer confine themselves to far-away talk, but boldly tackle living questions. People are still divided as to the propriety of their actively engaging in politics. They are none the less citizens because they have become preachers, and certainly have not, by reason of adopting their particular profession, lost their right of suffrage. Not only this, but, wherever moral questions are involved, it is their plain and imperative duty to use their utmost influence in the interest of morality; to do something practical instead of eternally talking to the clouds. Great care must be exercised in determining the extent and manner of mingling in politics, lest the permanent prestige be impaired. "How can I accomplish the most good in a lifetime?" is a question the preacher should constantly address to himself. But it should not cause inaction when brought face to face with a moral question. It should rather direct the course and manner of action. In his article on "The Decline of the Ministry," in the December "World's Work," Mr. Everett T. Tomlinson presents data

tending to show that his profession has been deteriorating in quality in recent years. Perhaps this may be true as to the past two generations, the period especially emphasized in his article; but I believe the last decade has shown a perceptible improvement. In all the larger cities are to be found preachers who have caught the spirit of the times, and are taking an active part in the practical affairs of life. There are also similar preachers in many of the smaller cities and towns, but naturally their reputations have not extended so far as those of the larger cities. These men are fearlessly saying what they think of the concrete forms of immorality, which surround them. Their course, where pursued with tact, is widening the influence of their profession, and, at the same time, increasing its attractiveness. The ministers have always been on the right side of the moral questions of their various communities, but it has taken this age of fearless frankness to force open expression of their ideas, and obtain any considerable practical application of their morality. This class of ministers is on the increase and public sentiment is keeping pace with it.

The legal profession in its recent national convention in St. Louis, by its advanced position and explicit declaration on the trust question, has shown that it is not lagging behind in the march of frankness. Its plan of action may be too drastic to win universal commendation, but its candor compels admiration.

Everyone admits that some matters are in their nature essentially private—and I am not anywhere in this article intending to speak of any matters, except those in which the public has a rightful interest. Everyone knows that silence must

sometimes be maintained, at least temporarily, in many matters in which the public has such interest. But the general tendency to the open life, the direct way of stating things, the absence of fear in taking a position on public questions, is a distinct step forward. It is the dawning of a better day. It means more confidence and less corruption. It means that the world is growing better, for America has taken the advance-ground in world-progress.

The era of frankness and publicity is here and is beneficial. How may we best take advantage of it? In what new lines may we advantageously apply and promote it? There are many, but I shall mention but one, as this seems of overtowering importance. I refer to the subject of greater publicity in the conduct of our political campaigns. I shall go into this subject briefly, and shall confine myself to merely making the suggestion, as it is a subject worthy of a full article, written after careful investigation, and the ascertainment of the opinions of those of experience. Greater strides in the advancement of morality could be made in this than in any one other matter. It is a matter which should engage the attention of all thoughtful American citizens. The greater the secrecy in casting the ballot, and the greater the publicity in the methods of controlling and influencing it, the better it will be for the Republic. Who will say that it is not possible to conduct a campaign so that every item of receipts and expenditures may be exhibited to the public? Who will say that it would not be better for the country, if this were done? Who will say that this reform cannot and will not be brought about in the near future? It seems to me that everything is

tending in that direction. The President has clearly and forcibly recommended the passage of such a law by congress, and it only needs a thorough awakening and expression of public sentiment to secure favorable action from that body. Several of the states have statutes compelling the filing of affidavits by candidates, giving an itemized statement of their campaign expenses. These provisions are salutary, but they do not reach the root of the evil. They are rarely explicitly complied with, and enforcement is not insisted upon, as it is generally recognized that they fail to cover the ground. The proposed change will doubtless

meet serious objection from some chairmen who prefer the "dark-lantern" methods, which enable them to make false claims of great astuteness and sagacity. Such men are fond of involving themselves in an air of feigned cleverness and mystery, and saying: "No matter how I did it; I did it." These men would lose capital and prestige, but that cannot be permitted to interfere with the progress and welfare of the nation. It would certainly go a long way toward eliminating corruption. Is there anyone who is willing to stand up and object to it, and furnish the reasons for his objections?

The Peabody Bird

By HELEN M. RICHARDSON

It lured me on to the edge of the wood
Where whispering pines in their grandeur stood;
And there in the dusk, as the night wind stirred,
I heard the call of the peabody bird.

Again, when the dew of the morning lay
Over the meadow, and far away
Tinkled the bell of the browsing herd,
Chimed in the call of the peabody bird.

There came a day when I wandered far
'Mid the city's turmoil and strife and jar;
When I felt the magic of music's spell,
And my ear was charmed for I loved it well;—

Then back to the mountains, heartsick, to rest
My head once more upon Nature's breast;
And down to the wood where of yore I heard
That haunting call of the peabody bird.

And there, with a feeling akin to pain,
Over and over and over again,
Urging the farmer up, up and on,
I heard: "Old Joe Peabody, plant your corn."

Matters in Alaska

By A. G. KINGSBURY

Nome, Alaska, August 5, 1905.

BI-CENTENNIALS and centennials have become common in the United States, but in these rapid days there are some people who cannot wait for even half a hundred years before they want to organize a celebration. The latest development of taking time by the forelock, indeed of reaching for his whole scalp, is seen in a plan which is already fairly under way for an Exposition to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of the acquisition of Alaska by the United States, which occurs in 1907. Eastern people, who naturally have but little idea of the rapidity of "the march of progress" in this unpromising section of the world where natural conditions are especially unfavorable for material development, will perhaps rub their eyes when they read such an announcement, but a second look will convince them of the fact.

Another surprise comes in the announcement that the plan for the celebration of the acquisition of Alaska contemplates the location of the affair outside the territorial limits directly concerned. The Alaska Club of Seattle, Washington, is sponsor for the enterprise, and the celebration is under arrangement in that city. Alaska is a country of such magnificent distances, and its conspicuous business centres are so widely scattered, that while there is "room enough" in the territory there is no centre available. The narrow coast-strip along the Canadian border in the southern section, of which

Juneau and Skagway are the leading points, the vast area about the upper waters of the Yukon and the Tanana rivers, and the Seward Peninsula with Nome as its heart, might each aspire to the honor of a local celebration, but they are far, far apart, and with no means of extensive intercommunication, while all three districts have their best outlet and inlet through Seattle, which while geographically an outsider is practically the only available location for a general assembly of Alaskan products.

Mr. Godfrey Chealander, of Skagway is credited with the original conception of the idea, and he has so stimulated the patriotism of the Alaskans in Seattle that they have taken hold with the energy and enthusiasm which is characteristic of this twentieth century. He is now on a tour which will cover the upper Yukon and the Tanana, and down the former river to the Seward Peninsula and Nome, to secure co-operation of the various mining, trading and transportation companies, and to collect material illustrating the resources and the present development of the country.

In my letter in the August number of the New England Magazine I told in outline the prospects of tin mining in Alaska. This spring's developments fully justify my conception of the importance of this new mineral wealth of the peninsula. A group of tin placer claims covering over two thousand acres in the York region of Seward Peninsula where

the first discoveries were made, has just been bonded to an English syndicate for \$5,000,000, and other smaller but important enterprises in this line are also under way. Discoveries of gold in this tin district are quite frequent and several very promising ventures are under way. The competition of tin and gold for popular interest here promises to be quite a prominent factor in the development of the near future.

The Congressional party headed by Speaker Cannon, which came to the Pacific coast for the opening of the Portland, Oregon, Exposition extended their trip to southern Alaska, visiting Juneau, Skagway, and several other interesting points. They did not come so far north as Nome, nor did they get a glimpse of the Yukon district, and their area of observation was accordingly greatly limited. They might as well "observe" the Atlantic states by a brief stop on Long Island. They were evidently impressed by this fact, for, while they were dignified and reticent in expressions of opinion there was manifest a sentiment that the country deserves well of the general government, and that they would favor the sending of a special committee next season to make an exhaustive inspection of the territory. Congressional aid, for the construction of the harbors and docks, and for highways, is considered necessary and equitable by all the people here, and if such a committee should come it will be generously enlightened.

A new wrinkle in the Alaskan salmon fishery has been inaugurated. An enterprising Minneapolis merchant has contracted to deliver two thousand and four hundred tons of salmon to parties in Japan, and to save the expense of canning he has secured an ocean tug and a ship in

which he proposes to pack the fish with a moderate quantity of salt, "just like cord-wood." The fish are not yet caught, but their fate is certain, for, if reports are true the purchaser has so much faith in the new venture that he has advanced a considerable portion of the purchase money. To get the fish is easy; to get them to Japan by the new method—well, that's another story.

That the authorities here have full faith in the permanence of Nome as a commercial point is shown by their plan, already under way, for the improvement of the harbor. Up to the present time all shipping has to anchor a mile or two from shore, and all freight is lightered through the shallow water. Half a million dollars is already in hand with which to begin the work of dredging and the construction of jetties and piers. A ship channel two thousand feet long will thus be secured, and commerce will be greatly facilitated thereby. This work is understood to be only the initial enterprise, the full scheme, which will take years to complete, contemplating much more extended dredging and construction.

A considerable delay in the work of the open season will follow a terrific storm which covered this district the last week in June. Heavy rains fell for several days, and much of the work on the numerous water-courses in this district—bridges, dams, sluice-boxes, etc.,—will have to be replaced, before advanced work can be begun. Thousands of dollars worth of construction and machinery has gone down stream, and a larger sum will be lost through the delay of reconstruction before the real work of the season, all too short at the best, can be resumed.

Water courses are abundant all through Alaska and the Klondike region, and in the short summer season there is little difficulty in securing adequate supply for sluicing and other mining purposes, but winter work is sadly handicapped because all surface water is hopelessly congealed. Nome people are therefore watching with much interest the progress of an experiment now going on at Dawson, to find a water supply from below the frost line, by artesian wells. Eastern people, who are annoyed when their water-mains, four feet under ground, are frozen in winter, can hardly appreciate the conditions when a bore of one hundred and eighty feet in depth is still in frozen earth and rock, and no indication that anything else is farther down. This is, however, the condition at Dawson. The projectors of the enterprise have already expended about three thousand dollars, and are prepared with machinery to go to the depth of five hundred feet if necessary. After going through about sixty feet of alluvial and glacial drift, the drill encountered solid mica schist rock, which with the exception of two belts, each of about three feet in depth, of iron and sulphurets has proved continuous to the present depth of the well. If they ever get through the frost and strike a fissure in the rock containing water, similar enterprises will be in order here.

There was considerable excitement and wrath here, just before the close of navigation last fall, by a combination of the steamship lines to Seattle to raise passenger rates from fifty dollars to one hundred dollars for the trip. The matter went to the courts and was declared to be a violation of the inter-state commerce law by an unlawful "trust." The

companies receded from their position, and rates are back again at the old figure. Now the same companies have doubled their charges for the transportation of gold, and there is another excitement but a similar result to that in the raise in passenger rates is looked for, as soon as the question can be adjudicated. Meanwhile there is considerable uneasiness among the producers, as the banks cannot advance on shipmeats until the cost of transportation is settled.

When the mine owners started in to clean up their winter dumps, early in April, the banks agreed to accept the gold dust at the same low margin that they had always taken it. This they did under the belief that the rate of transporting it to Seattle would be the same as in former years. Although the cable was in working order, no advices were received in Nome during the spring of the advanced rate. In fact, not until the first boats arrived, about the middle of June, did they know of the raise.

One man who left on the steamer due at Seattle June 27th, ignored the transportation company and packed \$400,000 in his state-room rather than pay the exorbitant charges. He took a risk, but I hear that he landed his "baggage" at Seattle all right.

The situation became so serious here that the Nome Chamber of Commerce took up the matter in the interests of the miners and mine owners, and sent a delegate to interview the steamship companies at Seattle, with a view to having the old rate of one-eighth of one per cent. re-established. Although every pressure available was brought to bear, they were unable to break the combination. The companies stated

that they were bound by an agreement to enforce the increased rate on gold shipped out. This action is a great injustice to the mining and commercial interests of the camp, and the people generally at Nome feel justly indignant. At this time it is hard to predict what the outcome will be if the steamship companies refuse to recognize the rights of the people. One thing is certain, however, and that is that Seattle will be the loser, although the city itself is undoubtedly an innocent party in the transaction, for the steamers direct to San Francisco will get the business.

The first steamer from Nome, due at Seattle July 10, carried about a third of the winter's output of gold from this district. It was in rough bars and was valued at \$1,250,000. Such a "pile" displayed in the window of a Seattle banking house was well calculated to excite the wonder and ambition of the hundreds who were there securing outfits for the season's work in this district. The "pile" was the outcome of the winter work by Nels Peterson, who, with two associates, secured a "lay" or privilege of working the claim of the Pioneer Mining Company on the Portland Bench, a short distance back of Nome, with five assistants and a cook. The company was astounded at the result, but their "rake off" of forty per cent. with no expenses, is not so bad. Besides, they have the assurance, from this result under the difficulties of winter work, that with the opening of the season work under their own auspices will give a profitable return.

Mr. Peterson's experience is the

typical one of this country. He was one of the pioneers in the Klondike region and made a fortune near Dawson. Then he was attracted to transportation on the Yukon river, and inaugurated a big enterprise, which proved disastrous and he was reduced to poverty. He has "made good" again, however, and is ready for other ventures.

The richness of the Portland Bench district is further illustrated by the luck of "Joe" Brown, last winter, on a claim adjoining that of the Pioneer Company. In a single day's work of twelve hours he cleaned up \$15,000.

Later shipments to Seattle, as the result of the winter in Alaska swell the total to \$2,786,000, including a \$25,000 "brick" destined for the Portland, Oregon, Exposition. This winter output has given a great impetus to plans for next winter's mining, and the indication are that especially in the Little Creek district where rich deposits are so fully demonstrated, the Arctic winter will not be an insuperable obstacle to systematic work. Extensive ditch excavation in this district is well under way, and the wise ones are eager to secure claims, while the gossips are already forecasting the results of this summer's work. Already "sluicing" has begun, and the steamer "Senator," which sailed from here for Seattle, June 14th, took \$400,000 as the first instalment of this season's harvest. Water is not yet plenty and the work is hindered, but every one is confident of an exceptionally successful summer's work.



Infelice

By MABEL AVERY RUNDELL

INTENTION started me for a month's rest at a northern lake resort. A disabled engine and a chance whim gave me six weeks of Olmstead and my memory of Infelice.

We were running through rolling brown prairies, crossed occasionally by the winding emerald lines of willow-fringed creeks. The August sun shone hot and low against the car windows. I was wrestling with a refractory blind, at the request of a woman in front of me, when the train shuddered with a grating jar, gave a succession of backward jolts, and came to a standstill.

There was no station in sight. The half dozen women in the car all asked questions at once. The men, I with the rest, went in search of information.

The train crew was gathered about the engine. "May be a couple of hours, may be longer, before we can get her fixed up," was the curt reply of the conductor. "Olmstead, just over the hill about a mile; plenty of time to get supper there, if you want to."

The men with domestic responsibilities went back to the train. A group of commercial travellers started briskly down the track. Having no one's convenience but my own to consult, and not looking forward with eagerness to supper at a third-rate hotel, I followed, slowly, alone.

The sun was hiding, a blazing disk in turbulent clouds, as I reached the top of the incline and

looked down at Olmstead. The square frame buildings straggled off from the main street, in the unabashed ugliness of the small western town. A thin belt of forest which topped the rise beyond already threw the village into shadow. As I neared the box of a station, the clatter of crockery and the odor of bad coffee came out to me. I walked past and on up the track toward the wood.

The breeze was rising fitfully, now cool, now warm from the sun-baked earth, and it brought to me suddenly the high tones of a girl's voice, singing. She emerged from the darkness of the trees and came down the slope through the field. Dressed in black, slim and light of motion, she passed over the brown grass like a shadow. One arm encircled a sheaf of wild red lilies that blazed when the last sun-rays pierced through the tree-tops. In her free hand she waved, in time with her singing, one torch-like blossom. The tune was an old French cradle song, but the words were lisped like the speech of a little child, and she sang with a defiant abandon that had a note of challenge.

When she caught sight of me she was silent at once, and went swiftly past without looking up. Even at that distance and in the gathering dusk, her face gleamed pearl-white, framed in the blackness of her hair.

Had I been young, I should prudently have continued my walk; but, safe in the security of my fifty years,

I turned and kept in view the dark figure with the red lilies nodding over one shoulder. She went down a side street of the town and in at the back door of one of the larger buildings that faced the main thoroughfare. Walking more slowly, I went around to the front.

A swinging sign announced, "Jacob Schulz, Groceries." Through the open door I could see the stout figure of a man in his shirt-sleeves, reaching up to light a hanging kerosene lamp, his bald head tipped back. I passed by, but paused as I saw the garden at the side of the house. It was large and laid out with borders and beds of old-fashioned flowers, interlaced by narrow gravelled walks that led to nowhere in particular. In one corner was an arbor, overrun with a wild grapevine, while rustic tables and seats had been built in the shade of the trees. A German garden,—a country grocery—and a girl who sang in French! I went back and entered the store.

The proprietor, his head and shoulders in a sugar barrel, did not hear me. At a desk in the back of the room, a pink-cheeked girl bent over a ledger, the strands of her flaxen braids gleaming in the lamp light.

"Guten abend," said I. "Sie haben einen sehr schönen Garten."

The man straightened instantly turning upon me a face beaming with kindness. "Ach, it iss not that you are Deutsch, but you like it, isn't it?"

He grasped my hand in his, that was fat and warm and gritty with sugar. Just then a slender figure in black slipped across the back of the store, said a word to the girl at the desk and disappeared again. My resolve was taken. Why should I go

on if I found it pleasanter to stay in Olmstead? When I made my request, fifteen minutes later, Mr. Schulz and I were already old friends.

"You vant a few tays to smoke in our garden and tream you are in Germany? Vell, I vill ask the vife what she say. Ve haf room plenty, yes, but ve take not people in mostly. She vill like to hear you speak of Nürnberg. It iss good you were at Nürnberg. The vife she hass yet that heimweh, always."

Half an hour later I was at supper with the family, in the big living room back of the store. Mrs. Schulz, round and rosy, had welcomed me at once when she found I knew something of Nuremberg. Blonde Minna smiled serenely and listened with her bright eyes fixed on me in frank amiability. But the dark-haired witch who had led me here, and whom they called Infelice, sat silent; only occasionally lifting her black lashes to look at me incuriously, then letting them fall again.

After supper my host went back to the store, where the farmers were already dropping in. Minna was busy with the housework, while her mother proudly showed me the garden. We sat down at last upon one of the benches. The round, yellow moon was coming up, making the shadows in the garden sharp and black. Suddenly there burst out again, from somewhere in the house, that bright, high soprano; this time singing a German folk song. Mrs. Schulz laughed comfortably with a note of pride.

"It iss Eenfaylees; the child hass a beautiful voice, do you not think?"

"And a beautiful name," I answered, "but not a German one."

"Ach, no! It iss not a German woman who would give to her baby

a name so sad. She wass not always ours,—Eenfaylees. It iss like yesterday,—now that you haf known our Nürnberg and we haf talked of it again. It iss eighteen years since we left it; our little Greta died there, and to come to the new country wass harder yet. It iss on the ship, one comes to know people soon. There wass a woman, she wass poor and sick but she must haf been once very beautiful, as beautiful as the little child, that was Eenfaylees.

"It wass a strange little one that danced and sang but never smiled, and when it danced most the mother caught and held it and said it should not dance so, but should grow to be quiet and sweet, like my Minna. She wass French, the mother, and had been an actress, she told me, and would be an actress again in New York, where they would find the father of Eenfaylees.

"But efery day her face wass whiter and her eyes more bright, and one morning she wass quite still in her berth; they could not waken her and there wass Eenfaylees. My arms were empty for my little Greta, so when there wass no address and no way to find anybody, we took her to be Minna's sister. It iss eighteen years, but they haf not grown more alike, as the mother wished it.

"Sometimes it seems she iss not happy, Eenfaylees; but she hass a lofing heart and it will all come right. She will marry some good man after awhile and when she hass the home and the little children to think about, it will all be different."

The gentle, half monotonous voice stopped and we sat silent. The crickets chirped in the grass; from the soft darkness of the shrubbery came the fitful, greenish gleam of fireflies. There was the smooth roll of wheels on the road and a horse

and buggy drew up at the gate. A man sprang out, speaking to the horse a low word or two as he tied it. He did not see us in the shadows, as he swung quickly up the walk and knocked at the door, which was open on the garden. For an instant he stood outlined, big and broad-shouldered, against the yellow lamplight; then Minna appeared and he went in.

"I think she will be betrothed, my Minna," said Mrs. Schulz, "and she will be doing well. He hass been at Olmstead only a year, John Graham, but he hass bought a farm and he will pay for it, if eferything goes as it should."

While she talked, the two young people appeared once more in the bright square of the doorway and came down the walk. Again, that tantalizing voice hummed a snatch of a tune. At the first note, the young man turned his head sharply, glancing back at a dark upper window. They stood for awhile at the gate, Minna's soft laugh heard occasionally, then the man drove away. As the girl came back up the walk she called to her mother about some household matter and Mrs. Schulz followed her. I sat in the scented stillness until my cigar was finished, and then I, too, went in and to bed.

The next morning before the household was astir, I stepped into the garden. As I opened the door, there was a swift clatter of hoofs, and Infelice, slipping from the saddle almost before her horse stopped at the gate, threw the reins over his head and led him around to the back of the house where he plunged his slim nose into a trough of water. I approached with a tentative greeting, but the girl's mood seemed to have changed. Her eyes were softer:

and over the pallor of her cheeks was the faintest flush.

"Early?" she answered me gaily. "Oh, we don't call anything early or late, Roderick and I. We go galloping all times of day and night, don't we?" She laid her cheek against the horse's smooth brown shoulder, then twitched the rein.

"You mustn't drink so much. I'm afraid you haven't any judgment. Prudence and moderation are very beautiful virtues, aren't they?" looking at me mischievously over the horse's neck. "I was telling Roderick so this morning, when we went over the hill. The breeze was just getting up, and saying things; there was a bird on every fence post, singing to split his little throat; and the sun was coming up a perfect blaze. Roderick always thinks just as I do, and we went over that hill as hard as we could go. Then we jumped a ditch three times to see how it felt."

"Eenfaylees!" Mrs. Schulz stood in the back door. "Will you come and set the table?"

"Yes, mother," the tone was changed. "Come, Roderick," and she led the horse away.

At breakfast all her aloofness had returned, and for several days I could get no opportunity to talk with her. I would catch a glimpse of her, busy about the house, sometimes for hours; then I would see her climbing the slope to the wood, or she would lead out Roderick and be off down the road, in a cloud of dust.

"Is it safe to let her go off alone like that?" I asked Mr. Schulz, one evening when Infelice had galloped away, long after sunset.

"Oh yes, she iss quite safe on Roderick, and then she hass always done that way. It is that she hass not

grown up yet, I guess." He smiled fondly. Infelice had caught him suddenly about the neck as she passed through the store and kissed him hard on both cheeks. I had noticed in her before these swift moments of an almost fierce tenderness. He added, softly, as his wife had done, "She hass a lofing heart, Eenfaylees."

But for a chance circumstance, the girl might have remained to me, always, an enigma. She took me into her confidence with the same sweeping abruptness that she did most things. Going back to the arbor one afternoon for the volume of Tennyson that I had forgotten, I found Infelice with the book in her lap,—one finger between the leaves, her eyes dreamy. She looked at me quite impersonally.

"Don't you think," she began, "that Arthur was too cold, too perfect? Was Guinevere all to blame? She could not breathe; she was beautiful and human." She broke off suddenly, conscious perhaps of my surprise, and rose from her seat laughing carelessly.

"You like Tennyson?" I said, in my most matter-of-fact tone.

"Oh,—I like it,—because it sings; for other reasons, too, but that most of all. I have not had so many books, so I know my Tennyson."

"I have some things you might enjoy seeing. I will bring them down some time."

"I should love it!" Her face was all at once childishly sweet and eager. "You see, I cannot sew all day long like Minna, and the housework—well, it isn't exciting. Sometimes I think Roderick and I will go galloping, galloping, until we come out,—somewhere else. Only there's always—" She stopped again. "Yes, I shall like the books."

And so began long walks and talks, and longer intervals of quiet dreaming, when we sat in the garden or under some tree in that belt of woodland from which she had first come down to me, carrying her scarlet lilies. Infelice had the rare gift of silence, but when something roused her to speak she expressed herself with the intuitive insight of a woman and the unconscious directness of a child.

We sat one afternoon in a place we often chose, under a big oak on the hill. A semi-circular coppice of hazel bushes shut off the sight of the town, but the view to the west was free where the sky was crimsoning. Infelice threw her hands back of her head with a gesture of abandon and quoted from what we had been reading:

"Red cloud of the sunset, tell it abroad;
I am victor. Greet me, O sun,
Dominant master and absolute lord
Over the soul of one!"

"I suppose there are men who love like that," she said.

"Plenty of them," I answered. "It is not a particularly high type, is it?"

"Perhaps not; after all there is a sound about it that is worth while. It is what the birds and the sunrise and the little winds say, when Roderick and I go fast down the road in the morning. John Graham will ask Minna to marry him in the fall, if the crops are good. Imagine being married because the crops are good!" She laughed, the light laugh that I never liked to hear.

"John is a fine fellow." I said it a trifle resentfully. I had grown to like, thoroughly, the big, handsome man, whom Minna watched for with such eagerness and greeted with such pride. I had fancied that Infelice avoided him and that he felt it. He looked after her rather wistfully at times.

"John is a fine fellow," I repeated. "He is much too considerate to expose Minna to any unnecessary hardship. He will make the best of husbands."

"Yes, he is good, isn't he? They are all good. How good they are! Do you think I don't know it? But did you ever think it was tiresome,—goodness? Sometimes I am more tired of it than of all the rest. Then I sing my little French songs. You say they are lullabies, some of them. I am glad I don't know what they mean. I can make them mean anything." She sang a line or two; the lisping childish words, the smouldering protest in the girl's eyes, the strange wild cadence of the woman's voice,—it is with me yet. She sprang up suddenly.

"Let us go home; I want to help mother get supper."

The days slipped past and yet I stayed in Olmstead. Infelice was unusually equable and especially tender to Minna. She was so industrious that I often took my walks alone, leaving the girls together with their sewing. Though Infelice looked at me sometimes, with a whimsical smile, as I took up my book, she vouchsafed no explanation.

One hushed, bright afternoon, I lay on the grass under the big oak in the shelter of the hazel coppice. I had been thinking, as usual, of Infelice; I missed her. This new phase of domesticity was no doubt a most hopeful sign, but it certainly was not interesting. I must have fallen asleep, at least I was aroused suddenly by the sound of a man's voice on the other side of the copse:

"Yes, I followed you. Why shouldn't I? I ought to have done it long ago. You always ran away, but I believe you knew,—women

always know, and a man—a man knows but one thing. You thought I loved Minna? How could I when you were there? If I could ever have been with you,—but you were always out of sight. No! you are going to stay where you are and listen. You belong to me, do you know it? You little wild thing!”

“I, belong to you, John Graham!” It was the voice of Infelice, lightly scornful. “I belong to no one, least of all—”

The girl’s sentence was left incomplete, just as I was wondering if I could slip away without their seeing me; they must have passed on.

I lay still and looked at the sky. In a leafy branch over my head, a bird fed her nestlings, twittering softly in answer to their sharp cries. I thought of pretty, pink-cheeked Minna, in the garden with her sewing, and I was conscious of a dull anger against Infelice. Just then the girl herself appeared; she had come back alone. When she saw me, she stopped; then accepting the situation, with a half bitter smile, she came directly toward me and sat down.

“You heard,—something, of course; you could not help it. Well, John will marry Minna, in the end, and he will be good to her.”

“But it is not Minna; it is you!”

“It will be Minna. A man does not forgive a woman for laughing at him.” There were hard lines about her mouth.

“The woman who does that does not deserve to be forgiven.”

She did not look at me, but a slow, deep flush spread over her face and neck, then died away. She rested her little chin on the hands that were clasped about her knee, and her eyes were on the sunset as she said, quietly:

“Unfortunately, I happen to love him.”

We were silent. At last she rose, but as I made a motion to accompany her, she shook her head. I stood and watched her go down the brown slope of the field alone. She had on the same black dress she had worn when I first saw her, and the memory of the scarlet lilies that had filled her arms that day struck me like a pang. I slept ill that night.

In the morning, my first thought was to find her. I went out to Roderick’s stall, but it was empty. I started for a walk, but soon turned back. As I came in view of the house, I saw a group of men at the garden gate; they were bearing something between them. They halted, and one of their number went ahead to the door. I had reached them now; it was Infelice they were carrying. The doctor was with them; I do not remember what I asked him. He answered:

“No, she is alive, but I am afraid—” he broke off, then added, “she went under when the horse fell.”

As they laid her on the bed there was a quick step, and John Graham came into the room, his face gray.

“Infelice!” he said.

She opened her eyes, wide and dark, then raised herself on her elbow, with all the love-light of her woman’s soul, shining in her face. Minna sobbed sharply. Infelice glanced at her, then back at John and the light died. Her features seemed to wither, as the old, baffled protest smouldered once more in her eyes.

“No! no!” she cried. “It is Felice!” and dropped back on the pillows.

Even as we bent above her, the lines of struggle faded, and over the dead face crept a strange, new look,—a look of happiness.

THE EDITORS' TABLE

The Chicago teamsters' strike is ended, and the strikers have absolutely nothing to show for their effort. It was in force for 133 days, during which nineteen lives were lost in riots and assaults and 462 people were injured by similar unlawful acts. Over four thousand teamsters were out of work, and the loss to these and to business houses that were embarrassed by the strike is computed at ten million dollars. Labor organizations at large contributed nearly \$100,000 to aid the strikers.

As is not unusual in these days the strike was a sympathetic one. The teamsters had no grievance. A firm of garment manufacturers saw fit to discharge nineteen women from their employ. The teamsters employed by the firm demanded that the women should be reinstated. This was refused, and the strike of the teamsters followed, first of those employed by the firm; then those employed by the firms with which the clothing firm did business, and afterward the expressmen who were serving any business house which would not boycott the clothing firm, until there was a general paralysis of business, with no end of tumult, disorder and crime. The sentiment of sympathy was so pervasive that several thousand school children struck against school attendance because the coal-bins of the schoolhouses were being filled by non-union coal teamsters. The sympathetic strike extended to the third or fourth degree from the original source of trouble, and nearly all lines of business were embarrassed. In the meantime the police had been striking heads promiscuously in their efforts to maintain order, and in the exuberance of their sympathy the union men mauled some individuals to death. Anything so hotly and brutally sympathetic has never before been seen, not even in Chicago.

Some six thousand strike-breakers were brought into the city to take the places of the strikers, many of whom were colored men. This precipitated another feature of the strike—a general race riot, the strikers assuming that no colored man had any rights a striker was bound to respect. The mayor was too nearly in sympathy with the law-breakers to act vigorously against them, and the police were less efficient than their position demanded. The Federation of Labor resolved that the action of the Board of Education in compelling school attendance was "pseudo-plutocratic cringing of ignorant lackeys to capitalism," and none of the labor unions could see any impropriety in the conduct of their fellows in Chicago; many of them supplied money

to encourage the strike. It was disclosed in court that the unions were employing "slugging committees" to assault non-union workmen and several confessed their crimes in mitigation of penalty.

A serious feature of the strike, not new but now brought conspicuously before the public, was the employment of a professional strike-breaker. There are several such men, but one John Farley seems to be the representative man. He has had experience, having participated in breaking at least thirty-five strikes, and boasts of success in every instance. He claims to have thirty-five thousand men enrolled, whom he can throw into any locality, and that he has applications from twenty-five to a hundred men a day for positions. As a rule these men are reckless, courageous, and not averse to a fight; in short they are quite like the strikers in temperament, but they feel that the law is on their side. He gets a "rake-off" or commission from employers to whom he supplies workmen, and it is said he has already grown rich in his unique business.

He handled the recent strike on the New York subway and electric lines, and had five thousand men under his control. His income from that single strike is said to have been equal to the annual salary of the president of the United States. Besides this, many companies pay him an annual retainer, so that he can be commanded to manage their strikes if they happen to have any.

As might be expected, the frequency of labor-union strikes has led to the organization of employers. One of these is the American Anti-Boycott Association, and another, the direct outgrowth of the Chicago teamsters' strike, is the Employers' Union. These associations do not disclose their membership for obvious reasons, but they are ready to meet emergencies affecting individuals in their membership with abundant means to employ Mr. Farley's army, or in any other way to meet emergencies. One feature is an insurance fund to protect members from losses by strikes. The Employers' Union is reported to have \$750,000 in hand with which to protect its membership.

It appears that the managers of the labor unions are slow to recognize the fact that their constituents are responsible to law as are all other citizens. They have full right to organize and to act collectively, but only so as to keep within the law. Riot, lawlessness and assaults are not among the "rights of labor," and a few more experiences like those of New York

and Chicago should thoroughly and permanently teach the lesson. Aside from this they will learn, too, in time, that they are at a practical disadvantage in a struggle with their employers when the latter are equally well organized. Workmen cannot live without wages, but the employer usually has means by which he can exist, even if the union closes his shops. That he can live longer without work is his great advantage. Both parties have concessions to make, and sound business policy demands that both should recognize this. Until this is done the laboring man is at a disadvantage, but he will not advance his cause nor win general sympathy by such unconsidered and unreasonable outbreaks as that at Chicago, nor in any movement in which the purely sympathetic strike is a dominant factor.

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Mr. Dalrymple of Glasgow came here to show Mayor Dunne of Chicago how to municipalize American public service corporations, but he found the conditions here "so unlike those at home, you know," that his visit was not very helpful. And now Robert Crawford, an ex-town-councillor of Glasgow, has come over to lecture on "Municipal Socialism and its Practical Working in Glasgow." Civic improvement is more than a hobby with him—it is a passion—and he has spoken on it in every part of the United Kingdom. Wherever a town undertakes a fight for public benefit as opposed to private profit Mr. Crawford can be counted on to lend a hand. And he hopes to be able to help along the same cause in America. But he is academic rather than practical. In a recent letter relative to his visit he says he prefers to deal with broad principles concerning the question of the public ownership of municipal services and utilities apart from the hurly-burly of the fight over concrete instances. That is, he would deal with theories rather than conditions. He, like Mr. Dalrymple, will prove interesting, perhaps, but hardly helpful, for the concrete instances are too various and self-characterized to admit of Scotch generalizations. Mr. Crawford says he has "always been intensely interested in the growth and development of the capacity and desire of people in one community to combine and organize themselves for communal ends. I see no limit to the possible good to be done in this way provided that good, honest, capable men are found with civic patriotism enough to serve their fellows without fee or reward in carrying on these public services as part of their duty to the community among whom they live. So long as the aim of civic government is clean, the tone high, the ideal lofty and the object is to foster and create better conditions of

life for every citizen alike, high or low, rich or poor—apart from all sectional or political interests—then and then only I hold the control and extension of municipal enterprises of all kinds is a blessing and will be always successful—toward this end civic reformers in the States must work." We agree with all that, but the perennial revelations of greed and graft in public office in nearly every considerable city in the United States do not encourage the hope that he is near the consummation of his ideal. He has taken Emerson's advice to "hitch your wagon to a star," but that involves a very long journey among new and complicated surroundings. It may land him somewhere, on some Utopian star not yet visible to mortal eyes, but it will take time; it will take time.

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Boston's population in 1890 was 446,507. Its present population is 621,000, an increase in fifteen years of about 25 per cent., but this fact fails to indicate the real growth of the city, for with improvements in transit the residential limits have been extended far beyond its borders. "Boston bed-rooms" are in every direction within a radius of twenty-five miles of the State House. During the same period the assessed valuation of the city has increased over 50 per cent. while its total length of streets has increased by seventy-four miles. The number of city parks has increased from six to forty-one; their area is now about 2,200 acres, and their cost has been about \$18,500,000. But, just as Boston's population extends beyond its borders, its park system has a similar expansion under the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan Park Commission, which controls reservations and park-ways in thirty-nine adjacent cities and towns, with an area of over 10,000 acres, acquired and developed at a cost of over \$12,000,000. The ocean commerce of the city has more than doubled both in exports and imports in fifteen years, so far as entrances and clearances are concerned, while exports have increased 21 per cent. and imports have increased 30 per cent. in the same period. The export figures are, however, not a full basis of comparison, as last year's exports were below the normal; in grain alone the amount being only 7,000,000 bushels last year, while in 1901 it was over 39,000,000 bushels. In the same period customs receipts increased 11.7 per cent., and internal revenue receipts increased over 50 per cent. Postal receipts during the period show an increase of over 99 per cent. While the national bank capital has decreased from \$52,600,000 to \$29,200,000, the bank surplus has increased over 27 per cent., deposits have increased over 69 per cent., and clearing house exchanges

have increased over 29 per cent. The financial situation should include, however, the growth of the trust companies, which increased from nine to nineteen in number; their capital increased over 125 per cent., their surplus and profits over 555 per cent., their deposits and liabilities over 297 per cent. and their total assets over 292 per cent. From all this it appears that Boston is not yet decadent.

Recent investigations in Great Britain point to a physical deterioration of the people which is attracting general attention. The first disclosure came from the military authorities, who discovered not only that an increasing proportion of recruits was rejected for physical unfitness, but those accepted failed to meet the requirements for continuous service in so large a proportion as formerly. A movement was undertaken to improve the physical condition of the children in the public schools, but it was soon discovered that there was nothing at hand showing the present condition upon which a suitable scheme of improvement could be based. To meet this defect an investigation was ordered in various parts of the United Kingdom. One London school showed that only ten per cent. of the pupils were capable of proper school work, and in other large cities from fifty to seventy per cent. were found to be defective. Mal-nutrition is given as the leading trouble, and it is asserted that in the poorer districts a very large proportion of the children are growing up so deteriorated by starvation and improper food that they can never become normal citizens, but must be a permanent and prolific seed-bed of disease and crime. While the school boards, public health authorities and military managers have become satisfied that this is the true condition, Parliament has as yet taken no action. One committee, indeed, reported that they found no deterioration, but the report was based on the fact that there was no standard of comparison extant from which the relative condition of the pupils could be inferred. This lack of evidence seemed comforting to the committee, but they felt compelled to admit a large decrease in the birth rate in the upper and middle classes; that the race is being perpetuated by its least fit part. Infant mortality, too, is reported as alarmingly increased. Lax and conflicting authority in sanitary and relief matters is pointed out, and the need of a radical awakening and intelligent and persistent reform is urged by those who best understand the situation.

Ever since the discovery that milk is an important agency in the conveyance of

disease germs into the human system, scientists have studied to secure some form of sterilization. Salycilic acid, formaldehyde, and other deleterious chemicals have been used, but their dangers are as great as the troubles they attempt to cure. Heat has proved to be the least harmful sterilizer, but a sufficient degree of heat produces such changes in milk as to unfit it for the use of infants and others who are delicately organized. The attention of electrical experts has been called to the matter, and for several years, in Italy and in Belgium, experiments have been conducted. Numerous failures resulted from the coagulation of the milk if a sufficient electric current was applied, thus confirming the ordinary experience of the unlearned dairy-maid, that a thunderstorm will sour the milk. The latest reports, however, promise success, if the following conditions are observed: The milk must be traversed by an alternating current of sufficient frequency to prevent the decomposition of the liquid; the density of the current must be sufficient to electrocute the microbes; the alternating current must be of a sufficiently high tension to overcome the somewhat high resistance of the milk. If only an alternating current of low tension is available, a salt or an acid may be added to the milk in order to render it more conductive. In this case there would be required a much greater current intensity. The apparatus for the process is very simple, and consists of a well insulated receptacle and two electrodes, say of platinized carbon. Two factors evidently intervene—the duration of the treatment and the intensity of the current. Since the use of electricity is daily becoming more general, it may be that the process will be adopted to a certain extent, since it gives absolutely sterilized and in no otherwise altered milk.

Boston was incorporated as a city in 1830, and her first mayor was John Phillips Reynolds. He was buried in the Old Granary Burying Ground on Tremont street. His grandson of the same name has just marked his resting-place with a tablet to his memory on the antiquated Phillips tomb. He was born in 1770 and sent to Harvard University after his academy education at Andover. He studied law after his graduation and was then made the first town advocate of the first municipal court of Boston in 1800. He was successively a member of the Court of Common Pleas, a member of the lower house of the Legislature, and then was elected twenty years successively to the Senate, and presided in that body from 1813 to the year of his death.

Victoria, which is the southerly tip of Australia, and its earliest settled portion has just voted the electoral franchise to women. The state has a population of about 1,200,000. There are some 7,500 Chinese and only 652 aborigines. Aside from these the two sexes are practically equal in the population the males preponderating less than one-half of one per cent. Of the whole population over 44 per cent. are classed as bread-winners. Universal manhood suffrage has prevailed in election of the Legislative Assembly, the lower house of the Parliament, the number of electors in 1902-3 being 256,635. The number of electors on the roll of the Legislative Council, the upper house, was 136,142, under a property qualification of the possession or occupancy of property of the rateable value of \$50 a year, if derived from freehold, or \$125 a year if derived from leasehold or occupation of rented property, with exemption of certain classes. For the year ending June 30, 1902, the state's revenue was \$34,988,960, and the expenditure was \$36,994,160. It seems rather startling that this new and far-away country should be so advanced in its enlightenment. Our state of Wyoming was the pioneer in allowing woman suffrage, but that the imitative response should come from the antipodes was hardly expected.

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The popular idea that the country towns in Massachusetts are losing in population is not justified by the results of this year's census as compared with that of ten years ago. Eighteen towns have made a net gain in population during the past ten years of 753. Only eight towns, namely, Orleans, Sandisfield, Sheffield, Stockbridge, Deerfield, Wales, Enfield and Norwell, show a loss of a total of 629, or an average percentage of 11.12; and ten towns, Norton, Cottage City, Tisbury, Wenham, Wilmington, Norfolk, Hull, Pembroke, Sterling and Westminster, show a gain of 2,382, or an average percentage of 20.64. The largest gain was made by the town of Hull, which added to its population 1,016, a gain of 97.32 per cent. The old remark concerning elections, "As goes Hull so goes the state," has ceased to apply since the town began to grow as a summer place. The smallest gain was by Westminster, which shows an increase of thirty-three persons, or 2.51 per cent. The greatest loss was in the case of the town of Orleans, which has 146 persons, or 12.19 per cent. less than it had ten years ago.

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The "Official Gazette," published weekly at Manila, by authority of the insular government illustrates in an interesting manner the social condition of the Philip-

pine islands, and the progress of law and order under the new regime. Among the public laws recorded in the issue of May 10th, we find an authorization of Manila to incur a debt of \$4,000,000 for a sewer drainage and water system, one for a loan to aid a railroad in the province of Cavite, and another for a loan for road construction in the province of Cebu; one restricting the fees and expenses of public officials; one for registering and controlling the slaughter of cattle, etc. A dozen or more decisions of the Supreme Court, in serious criminal cases, indicate not only that the laws are well enforced, but the criminals are treated humanely and their rights as fully respected and guarded as in the Massachusetts courts. Customs and immigration regulations, and schemes for civil service examination, etc., are published and suggest that substantial progress toward a higher civilization is well inaugurated with good promise of beneficent results.

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If anything could justify Dr. Osler's notion that elderly men are useless it is the attitude of many eminent clergymen who are past middle life toward what is known as "the higher criticism." The "Nation" reports that at a recent religious conference the venerable Rev. Dr. T. L. Cuyler, Presbyterian, expressed regret that the people are given the knowledge that such views are held by Christian ministers. He would apparently put the papal limit on all teaching of faith and morals. In marked contrast to his opinion is the recent petition of over a hundred English clergymen of the established church, pointing out "the important results of this 'higher criticism,'" and asking that "the clergy, as Christian teachers, may receive encouragement from their ecclesiastical superiors to face the problems which arise with entire candor and reverence." If the pulpit is to teach doctrine at all it should be free to study and discuss all phases of reverent thought, and all suggestions of reverent and intelligent scholarship.

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It is an unusual if not unique tribute to Elinor Macartney Lane, that ever since her novel "Nancy Stair" was written the Boston Public Library has been haunted with people who want to consult "Burke's Peerage," and the "Lives" of Robert Burns and other contemporary material, to secure additional information concerning the irresistible "Nancy." The novel is so cleverly written that a large portion of the public accepts "Nancy" as a reality, and the book as history embellished perhaps by the author's fanciful enrichment.

BOOK NOTES

WORLD ORGANIZATION. By Raymond L. Bridgeman.

It seems a long look ahead even to generalize on any idea of the unification of the nations of the world in one legislative, judicial and executive body. The conception is as old as the New Testament, but its consummation is usually referred to the millennium. But Mr. Bridgeman, who is a ripe student, as well as a thoroughly trained journalist, has worked out an argument which justifies a hope that such a union is possible in the very near future. He premises that mankind is one, and that above the sovereignty of nations is the sovereignty of the world as a single political body, and that the realization of this idea will annihilate all divisive forces, hold mankind together by unbreakable but unburdensome bonds, and bring permanent peace and universal prosperity. Already he discovers that national sovereignty is not absolute, but is influenced and quite largely controlled by the action and judgment of other nations, and, more than this, he points out that joint action without definite organization has already been had in several important matters, in the Chinese troubles, the Hague Court of Arbitration, etc. More than this, formal endorsement of the principle of world legislation has been practically recognized by the organization of the International Postal Union, the establishment of a common prime meridian, sanitary conferences, the Red Cross society, and various other world-wide legislation. With these foundations Mr. Bridgeman points out the urgent demand and the present possibility of a world legislature, and lays down some broad principles which will be essentially declared in the world constitution and bill of rights. He does not look for all the details of a world political organization at once, but urges the beginning of the work. The coördination of the individual states in the United States unit is his ideal, and the practical federation of the world certainly seems nearer as the little volume is thoughtfully read, as it deserves to be by every intelligent citizen.—(Ginn & Co., Boston, for the International Union, 50 cents.)

A. C. McClurg & Co. of Chicago announce with considerable gratification that the eighth edition of "My Lady of the North" is now on the press. This means a great deal in these days, because Mr. Par-

rish's story was published only last fall, and to print eight large editions of a novel in six months is a decided indication that the public has been calling for the book, and keeps on calling. It has been the most successful of the rather remarkable books of fiction published by Messrs. McClurg in the last few years, including Mr. Parrish's first book "When Wilderness Was King" and Miss Liljencrantz's two very striking romances of Viking days.

THE ALBERT GATE MYSTERY. By Louis Tracy.

The lover of detective stories will be interested in this latest production from Mr. Tracy's thrilling pen. Reginald Brett, barrister-detective of former renown, ferrets out a mystery unusually baffling and wonder-fraught. The case is briefly this:

The Sultan had diamonds of great value which he wished cut in England for reasons of safety and expedition. The British government allowed his agents a place and means for this end, placing in charge of the affair Mr. Jack Talbot, a talented young man of the foreign office. All seemed to be going well until one morning it was discovered that, in spite of seemingly impossible obstacles, so closely were they guarded, the diamonds had been stolen, the Turks in charge murdered and Mr. Talbot had vanished.

This is the mystery which Mr. Brett's alertly analytical mind probes unhesitatingly to its merciless conclusion.

It is a pity that, with so auspicious a beginning and so clever and well-sustained a treatment nearly straight through, the author should have allowed his too-evident taste for melodrama to get control of him in the end. The pursued and the pursuers meet at last in a bunch and a free fight ensues and that, together with Mr. Talbot's hand-to-hand combat with his especial enemy in which he appears, in the manner of his revenge, more of a barbarian than an English gentleman, makes the story degenerate into mere buffoonery.

And yet, with this defect to be deplored, the fact still remains that it would be hard to find a detective story which, once in hand, one is more loath to lay down unfinished than "The Albert Gate Mystery." R. F. Fenno & Co. New York, 1904.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

MAINE'S HALL OF FAME, by Frank Carlos Griffith.

Under the above title, Mr. Griffith has compiled, in a tasteful pamphlet, a list of the men and women born in the State of Maine who have risen to prominence.

It includes governors of states, government officials, United States senators and representatives, army and naval officers, authors, editors, publishers, educators, lawyers, actors, etc., and its length indicates a productive record of which the "Pine Tree State" may well be proud. Mr. Griffith has performed a real service for the people of Maine, no similar collection having ever before been attempted. The edition is limited, but copies may be had by sending twenty-five cents to the author, Maine State Building, Poland Spring, South Poland, Maine.

THE ACCOMPLICE By Frederick Tudor Hill.

This is a mystery story, a murder, a puzzle in which several people were entangled, and an explanation which is kept well concealed until the final chapter. It contains several clever character studies, and the foreman of the jury, who tells the story, is himself a well-drawn character. Of course, there is a love story interwoven, and the murder trial and the love story are so complicated with each other that there is abundant and well-improved opportunity for the development of an absorbing double plot. (The Harpers, New York: \$1.50.)

EVERY DAY LIFE IN THE COLONIES, by Gertrude L. Stone and M. Grace Fickett.

This little volume will be very welcome to the children, for it tells in simple language much of the life of the Mayflower pilgrims, their faith and their sufferings. Their every-day life is pictured, Sunday austerities, domestic habits, soap- and candle-making, letter-writing, clothing, and the many phases of the hard life of the little people of early Plymouth. It is hardly more than a kindergarten story of pioneer life, but if the older people get hold of it the little people will have to wait, it is so interestingly told. (D. C. Heath & Company, Boston.)

AN IDEAL CANOEING COUNTRY.

To the enthusiast in summer sports and pastimes, there is nothing so thoroughly delightful or more genuinely beneficial than a canoe voyage far up in the northern Maine woods. Thousands of men and women have already tasted the ecstasies of this sort of an outing and found supreme enjoyment in it—in the swift, noiseless gliding down lake and winding stream, or the exciting runs down stretches of turbulent

water, or camping out in God's own country amid scenic environments of the most charming sort. Northern Maine with its fifteen thousand square miles of water-crossed playground, offers unlimited possibilities for canoeing, the hundreds of connecting and contiguous lakes, rivers, streams and brooks making canoe progress feasible and easy in practically every direction, even though one's route lies in the very heart of the untamed forest where no road or trail has yet been cut and where the canoe offers the only practical means of travel.

There are several particularly attractive canoe trips here which have been singled out of the many because of the ease with which they can be made and the comparatively short time it takes to make them. The list includes Allagash river trip (about 203 miles), Penobscot West branch trip (about 80 miles), Penobscot East branch trip (about 118 miles), Fish river system trip (about 11 miles), Allagash lake trip (about 99 miles), and the St. John river trip (about 231 miles). Special information concerning these, or any of the other popular canoe trips to be made in northern Maine, can be had promptly and in full by addressing C. C. Brown, G. P. A., Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, Bangor, Me.

SUMMER EXCURSIONS.

VIA BOSTON & ALBANY AND NEW YORK CENTRAL.

Reduced rate tickets are now on sale to principal Summer Resorts reached via the New York Central Lines, operating twelve thousand miles of the finest railway system in America.

The Berkshire Hills are penetrated by the Boston & Albany R. R., ten trains a day leaving Boston westbound, and Albany, eastbound, traversing this picturesque region of New England. Stop-over at Niagara Falls without extra cost.

Pullman Sleeping, Parlor and Dining Car Service to this world-famed wonder is unsurpassed, and numerous trains leave Boston morning, afternoon and evening. "Westbound" folder, mailed on application, gives detailed schedules and train service.

Adirondack Mountains are reached from Boston in through Pullman Sleepers, leaving Boston daily, except Sunday, at 3.32 p. m. Twenty minutes' stop at Springfield for supper, with early morning buffet service on train; due Saranac Inn 6.45 a. m.; Saranac Lake 7.40 a. m. and Lake Placid 8.10 a. m. Close connections for Northern Adirondack Mountain points.

For additional train service, illustrated literature, etc., address A. S. HANSON Gen. Pass. Agt., Boston.





raising region is rolling, with wide stretches of plateau, or comparatively level prairies. This basin is almost entirely surrounded by mountain chains or high ranges of hills. It lies just North of the Lewis and Clark trail. This region is popularly known here as the Inland Empire, a region, where, less than a quarter of a century ago, "rolled the Oregon and heard no sound save its own dashings."

This couplet by Bryant was wonderfully descriptive of the country prior to the advent of civilization and is yet of the unsettled portions. There were but few varieties of birds or other animal life and even the few native birds and animals are of the silent kind. Save for the chirping of the gopher and chipmunk, the shrill whistle of the pine squirrel or cry of the nighthawk, no sound was heard in all the long summers, while the winters were one unbroken silence save for an occasional yelp or howl of the coyote. Even the whip-poor-will, whose sweet but mournful call comes dropping out of the hush of a summer evening in New England, is voiceless here although numerous. But with the coming of the settler the establishment of homes and cultivation of the soil, song-birds of many kinds have found their way to this region to nest among the orchards which now dot the country on all sides.

A study of the geology of the country has shown that in the early formation of the earth's crust, this great basin, covering a territory almost as large as the New England states combined, was a vast lake surrounded by eruptive volcanoes. The Columbia river by erosion through the ages, aided perhaps by a cataclysm of nature, cut its way

through the Cascade Mountains, thus draining the waters of the lake into the sea. That this region was covered by water during the carboniferous age is evidenced from the fact that no coal is found except on the higher elevations along the east slope of the Cascades and in the northern portion. Another evidence of the conditions described is found in the soil which has made this region famous for its productiveness. This soil is a volcanic ash which in the form found to-day could have been preserved in no way except under water. Following the volcanic age and the emptying of the lake into the sea came the glacial period. The frozen rivers of the North moved down over the lake bed from the Northeast to the Southwest, leaving gigantic channels in the surface of the earth. These deep channels are known as coulees and are a marked feature of the country. The Grand Coulee, situated one hundred miles west of Spokane in the heart of the great farming section known as "The Big Bend," extends across a gently rolling prairie for over two hundred miles. When first seen, its effect on the beholder is most startling. The chasm is from one to five miles wide and from one thousand to two thousand feet deep with almost perpendicular sides. A small pebble thrown out over the chasm curves and disappears apparently under the thrower's feet.

Scattered over the country from east to west and as far south as the Snake river are the remains of terminal moraines. A remarkable example of the titanic forces of nature which broke up great rock masses and moved them many miles to throw them into a heap, each boulder rounded and polished, is









No other section of the continent has a finer summer climate. The nearby mountain lakes and rivers teem with trout and are unsurpassed for beautiful scenery. Big game abounds in the forests and foothills, easily reached from Spokane. These attractions make Spokane and vicinity an ideal place in which to enjoy a summer vacation. Whether seeking rest, health or recreation the tourist will not be disappointed by a visit to the Spokane country. R. E. Strahorn, formerly of Boston, after spending four summers in Spokane decided to locate here permanently. He has erected a \$30,000 residence and is now engaged in promoting electric power projects backed by New England capital.

Among the interesting features of the country from the tourist standpoint are Pend d'Oreille and Coeur d'Alene lakes in Northern Idaho, Chelan Lake in the Cascades, Medical and Granite Lakes, Mount Carleton and Moran Mountain in the Spokane Valley, Gardner Cave on the Pend d'Oreille river, Steptoe Butte in the Palouse section, and the Grand Coulee of the Big Bend. Mount Carleton is a little over six thousand feet above sea level and situated seventy-five miles North-east of Spokane. The apex of the mountain is shaped like an egg and differs from most other mountain peaks of like elevation in that it stands alone, thus affording a magnificent panoramic view of the country in all directions. As a site for the location of an astronomical observatory its advantages cannot be equalled in this latitude.

A trip up Coeur d'Alene Lake and St. Joe river will afford the tourist and sight-seer a scenic panorama unsurpassed on this continent. Medical Lake is one of the wonders of

the world. To bathe in the waters of this lake is like rolling in velvet. Soap is not necessary to cleanliness by the use of Medical Lake water. Salts extracted from the water are used for various medicinal purposes and are regarded of especial value in the treatment of rheumatism. Indians, even down to the present day, resort to the lake for its healing properties, and relate legends old as the race of the wonderful cures effected. Fish cannot live in the water, but the lake teems with a most wonderful creature, resembling both a fish and a frog, known to science as the Axolotl. The head of the Axolotl is a reproduction of the common catfish indigenous to the waters of the lakes and rivers of the Eastern states and middle West. Instead of pectoral fins, the Axolotl is provided with a pair of legs similar to the forelegs of a frog, and like the frog, can exist for a considerable period out of water. The water is relished by live stock, but is anything but ambrosial to the taste. The lake is without a visible outlet and is fed by subterranean springs. There are numerous springs of delicious water flowing into the lake and another peculiarity is that wells sunk within a few feet of the shores of the lake yield clear sparkling water, having no characteristics of the lake water. Another remarkable feature of the lake is that the water has been steadily rising for the past seventeen years. There is an Indian legend to the effect that the water will continue to rise for a period of four hundred moons or thirty years and will then gradually recede. A sanatorium and hotel erected here would make the place one of the finest resorts in the West. The lake is located sixteen miles west of Spokane and is reached by the





tribes who inhabited districts in which wild game abounded. They also have a word very similar, but pronounced "Spo-kan-ee," which means "The Sun." From the two words "Spokan" and "Spo-kan ee" the early settlers evolved the name Spokane, (pronounced "Spo-can") which was given to the Indians as a tribal name and by which they are known and recognized by the United States government to-day. The original tribal name of the Indians is "Sin-co-mahn-nah," the meaning of which has long since been lost.



On Passing the Island of San Salvador

(The first land sighted by Columbus)

By H. L. MENCKEN

Low lies the puny ridge of glistening sand,
Flecked, like a long-lost path, with tufts of green,
Helpless it seems against the waves, and lean—
Yea, like forgotten offal of the land:
Few watchers pace the measure of its strand,
Few gleaners in its surge-plowed gardens glean;
Silent it sleeps, the mocking seas between,
That on the Day the world's great chasm spanned.

Yet, where the fretful breakers battle there
Time was the Dreamer saw the palms and knew
The victor's joy! To him the land was fair,
And doubly fair to all his weary crew:
So holds it now the charm of all most rare—
The deathless beauty of a dream come true!

Piano Playing: Its Limits and Drawbacks

By MILO ELLSWORTH BENEDICT

MR. JOHNSON, in his admission that music not only gave him no thoughts, but prevented him from following his own, showed beyond doubt his failure to appreciate the self-sufficiency of a beautiful art. It may be said with truth that music is an entertainer when all else fails and we are weary with our thoughts.

The piano player, which it is the object of this paper to consider, may be a live person endowed with genius and extraordinary digital volubility, or a machine, which under the skillful manipulation of an expert operator, is made to yield a wonderful semblance to life. In either case the player is not properly a creator, but a reproducer. The time may come when, who knows, music may be piped into all our houses under corporation management, and our pianos played from a central power station, and in that day perhaps it will commonly be thought that genius turned solely upon the keyboard is to a degree misguided. We recognize already the growing modern impatience of any sort of confinement to a narrow compass in art, however brilliant, and the positive abhorrence of all forms of slavery, even though they result in creating modes of the beautiful. For the exclusive pursuit of the beautiful is thought to be not particularly noble, but rather leading to enervation and other disastrous states.

We do not need to examine the causes that have tended to draw the

pianist from his supposedly impregnable position as a ruler in his chosen field into line with the thought of the day. We may note an increase of his interest in the things that are more on a level with general human culture. He has seen the advantage to himself of modifying his methods in many ways in order to embrace more of the life around him. He realizes also that the astounding player finds his audiences smaller, if not coarser, than formerly. The critics take occasion often to remind him that technic runs in the street, and that those who have the most of it often have the least use for it, a statement needing only to be mentioned to have its truth realized. There is also noticeable in the attitude of certain pianists toward their instruments an air of impatience. We may cite as a case in point Joseph Hofmann, who, after being refreshed by a dip into the marvellous electrical world, declared in print that he would rather be Mr. Edison than to be the greatest pianist alive. This new experience made him covet a daily contact like Edison's with the actual, physical forces of the world in which we "move and have our being," a privilege which his fine pianism practically prevented him from enjoying. For the pianist plays himself into a world beautified in its own way; but he cannot easily play himself out of it.

With no design of dethroning the player or his sovereign instrument, we may perhaps with good effect

disclose some of the limits of that way of life which extends itself upon the keyboard, and show in what direction the player's ideal is most at fault. My subject, I am well aware, has so long been submitted to the bias of a profession, that any writing bearing upon it uncolored by the present-day professional cant is in danger of being regarded with some misgivings. We expect the pianist to extol his art, to make it irresistible, and be honest about it beyond dispute. But we wish to assure ourselves that his experience makes his word a safe guide. We may be skeptical of the pretensions of his *El Dorado*. Having once accepted his vocation seriously, has he not for the most part committed himself to silence upon numberless questions, questions often of much weight, which he will not allow to be handled at all as reason sees them? His attitude to his art can hardly be said to be critical. It is usually prayerful. He falls quite readily into line with the many voluminous espousers of the cause, pleading for the surrender of all to music, while thinking as little of the active instincts and capacities he has slighted as a preoccupied traveller in a Pullman thinks of the possible dangers ahead of him.

One should desire to get the best from art, and not be overloaded; for are we not here mainly to live? The strongest votaries of an art are often persons whose feeling for life and nature is limited in an unusual degree. As votaries they are persistent and worshipful. They "enjoy" a kind of false existence, and often play admirably with reflections of power—a kind of second-hand activity. As is proper to their ecstatic state, which is the realm of

the artificial, they always see the candle brighter than the sun. Moreover, they are consistent with their experience when they urge that the one thing necessary is a closer confinement to art, the narrowing down of one's practice in order to do certain small things extraordinarily well. That one bent upon the attainment of small perfections alone cannot grow according to natural laws is easy to see. He may attain a highly accentuated specialization wonderful to contemplate, but wholly divergent from the spirit of great art. It must have been on this principle that Ruskin based his familiar declaration that a painter who could paint but one thing painted it worse than anyone else. That the specialist in music is a person peculiarly withdrawn from the enlarging experiences of life, living mostly within a narrow radius of reflected feelings, is a fact needing little insistence. Within the limitation of an exclusive heaven he may fancy himself useful and happy, while knowing little of human privileges and possibilities.

At the present day it may be said that piano playing has too many bogus endorsements, and is taught by too many careless lovers of cleverness. Mere marvels of skill are oppressive, and though costing great effort, do not always show an effort well spent. In our devotion to technic we have lost our power of flight. Herbert Spencer, it is said, once declined to play to the end a game of billiards with a "crack" billiard player with whom he had accidentally been thrown in company, on the ground that such extraordinary skill as his opponent showed was nothing short of vulgar, and indicative of a wasted

youth. We can imagine with what disfavor he would have looked upon those vainglorious shows of technic, so supersubtle and abnormal, with which many pianists of the day create a furore. Through the long nascent stage of promise the player focuses his strength upon the dynamic side of his art, and sometimes is so long engrossed in the progress of laying its mechanical foundation that he fails to gain any marked individuality of style. It would seem sometimes that he had neglected his general development with gallant perseverance.

The price he must pay for a certain requisite order of skill let us now consider for a moment. Mendelssohn, while in a happy mood, wrote his famous little spinning song, one of the gems of his much played "Songs without Words." Presumably, there was no great burden on his mind when he wrote that delicate piece of hand embroidery. Yet, simple as it is in structure, and light as it is in spirit, it has laid a burden upon the hand of whoever would play it properly quite terrible to think of. I have heard it played perfectly by only three pianists, one of whom confessed that he had practised it daily for twelve years before venturing to place it on a program. Why? Because in all that time he could never get his hands to do it perfectly at the desired moment. Now granting that the pleasure derived from listening to the perfect performance was considerable, who would not shrug his shoulders at the thought of an intelligence that could consent to a purely rotary toil covering upwards of thirty-five hundred hours in order to attain the necessary smoothness and delicacy required of the piece? Would any-

one not bereft of reason spend so great an amount of time upon the recitation of a poem of equal artistic merit? Why make such absurd sacrifices for a musical composition? A spinning song may not lack a full expression of domestic felicity, but can it be worth taking thirty-five hundred hours out of a man's life for a satisfactory rendering of it?

In the Beethoven Sonatas there are numerous passages that overtax the most respectable technic, passages that no one would regard as particularly weighty or important—that is, valuing them for what they express, and not on the basis of an idolatry of Beethoven. Indeed, may we not suppose, without doing Beethoven an injustice, that they were conceived in a spirit quite careless of their exactions? Out of doors, where we may easily imagine them to have been written, they may look feasible enough. The difficulty may be contained in only a few notes; but see what the player finds in the passage! Here are things that can not be done without building a power equal to the requirement. And in shouldering the difficulty the player imposes upon himself for an indefinite period a *regime* that may be compared to penal labor. Thus he misses countless opportunities for advancement in order to execute faultlessly a few handfuls of notes of no extraordinary value, which have become to him a daily challenge and a fetich. He sees not the littleness of intrinsic good in such a procedure. One expostulates in vain; for do not the conservatories uphold him?

It is well to be reminded of the principle that repetition deadens consciousness. Having done a thing once well, why should one care to do it again? Was it not

Novell's who argued that to do a thing twice over, when one might employ oneself in a higher undertaking, was foolish? Surely, in no art or occupation does repeated effort count for so little as in piano playing. The pianist's costly treasures disappear like vanishing clouds. His technic is like a leaky bellows, which it is impossible to fill, and relaxes the instant the blower stops work. A pianist loses incalculably in a night's rest. That well-known saying of Dr. Hans von Bulow is no overstatement. He said: "If I stop practising one day, I notice it; if I stop two days, my friends notice it; if I stop three days, the world notices it."

I may devote six weeks of toil over a concerto and approach reasonably near the pitch of virtuosity required, only to find myself reduced to the normal level of inadequacy after a few days' absence from the piano. And yet my knowledge of the concerto is not impaired, but it is without the smallest value when the hand has lost the keen edge of its supersensitive touch. The air having insidiously leaked out of the bellows, I go out to lose my humiliation and cool my wrath in the breath of the morning which awaits no audience.

Labor to keep one's head above water is experienced in many vocations, however. By far the most trying feature in the pianist's life is the state in which he finds himself upon his arrival at the real summit of his attainments. He finds that the way marked out for him by the foremost practitioners of this nineteenth century art is not merely a laborious one. Labor is wholesome. What he finds is a demand that can not be met in any simple way. If he would play powerfully

upon the nerves of his audience like a veritable wizard—and if he be not a wizard, little is thought of him,—he must exalt, depress, goad and tease his senses till he attains to a hyperæsthetic condition of body and mind. He must accept an overwrought state as his portion, and not try to correct it by a pail of cold water.

The social side of the pianist's life has also its disadvantages. The thought of entertaining others is naturally attended with more or less exalted emotions. To be committed to a life of entertainment is less exalting. Indeed such a life, though spent for the exclusive delectation of the cultured, is always more or less exposed to some loss of dignity. Toward those who are lavish with their skill at entertaining the public, society seems to show a certain mild contempt. And so it remains for him who steadfastly refuses to let go the satisfactions of a full-orbed life for the thin attractions of a stage career, often calling for only a parasitical development of energy, to escape much superficial admiration. It is the humble citizen choosing the normal levels, who really receives the greater homage, though it may perhaps, never be more than tacitly expressed. Against the pianist's human development, to speak broadly, many appear to be strangely opposed, and in his unspoken desire for certain possessions beside those special ones he has acquired, the pianist uncovers, to his certain surprise, the veiled selfishness of society. No one likes to hear of any of his exploits beyond the keyboard. That is a fact he may as well accept first as last. To please others it becomes his single duty to keep himself in readiness to give to lovers of

novelty that pleasurable shock to their nerves by his incredible sleight of hand. If the cost of sinew be considerable, if the *regime* threatens to destroy him, if it wears him down to small dimensions, he should show no dismay.

To shine at the piano costs a price. No less than eight of "the greatest" pianists of the present day are conspicuously undersized. It may be reflected that the climb begun in childhood up the steep slope of technic, being by the hand, and consuming thousands of hours of the severest toil, left its effects upon the body by retarding the growth of the lower limbs. The absorption of the mind in this engrossing pursuit also may hinder one's enjoyment of a full vitality. Not infrequently that part of the player's knowledge which is really of the greatest importance to him remains through life the most rudimentary and undervalued. Children especially, who are entrusted to the hands of accredited safe guiders of talent, often suffer certain of their faculties to be nipped in the bud even before they can gain attention. We see that delicate affair—the life—not properly taken into account. Obviously, no child's mind dominated for hours by the sound of the piano can develop a healthy inquisitiveness. The young virtuoso does not see things as other children. He is trained away from them, and little foresees the things lost to him by making it his crowning aim to excel in finger technic. For him man's estate is a kind of foreign territory. He is reprimanded for wanting to do things like other people. He feels that even strangers are interested in the restriction of his intelligence and quite unconsciously attempt to set up an authority over him.

Over all these besetting troubles, exasperating and comic as they sometimes are, there smiles, however, a fine irony. For when the player approaches his ready advisers on a matter that touches the nerves of their pockets, he generally uncovers a surprising indifference to his most effective art. Without a certain novelty and a foreign name, piano playing, it hardly need be said, excites in the mind of the average person no great amount of enthusiasm.

Here, then, is a serious objection to the claims of the piano. Why should we encourage young talent into taking up an art for a life vocation with a false idea of its lucrative-ness? There are not a dozen thriving concert pianists in Europe and America combined—concert pianists, I mean, who are exclusively such. Without subsidiary revenues a concert pianist in any country is exposed to greater privations than almost any other highly trained expert. Teaching is his one main prop at all times. That small company of accomplished concert players, found in all great centres, who do not play but teach for a living, is composed of talent that has been early deceived as to its prospects. It has found teaching the nearest approach to steady employment within its range, and having, therefore, no ulterior advantage over external need, has resolved to make the most of its profession. The teacher's strong appeal to the prospective pupil is made, to be sure, in the sole interest of culture: but does not the teacher also help on the deception he has experienced so much to his own dismay? No one, least of all the present writer, would attempt to dispute the place music should

hold in any liberal scheme of culture, but the course of the virtuoso with its tremendous tension, its consuming exactions, its barrenness of reward, is one we cannot see urged indiscriminately upon the young without feeling that the act is something of an imposition upon the innocent. Surely there can be no argument favoring such a course upon practical grounds, and from the point of view of art the virtuoso may be rightly regarded as an esoteric, the product of a severe school, and for the most part pointing his steps into the void.

Since Rubinstein's, the only tour of great financial interest was Paderewski's. Happily for Paderewski his extraordinary talents, his abundant technic, his picturesque name, his hair, his propitious arrival, all conspired to make his success what it was. But the indefatigable toilers of the keyboard are, it seems to us, somewhat too readily moved by the spectacle of his triumph, and indulge the hope that it may be repeated as often as there are abilities like his to be exercised and put forward. They hold to the delusion, notwithstanding the inability of any of the famous Polish pianist's distinguished rivals to wring out more than a fair increase from their laborious tours. And without the return of similar conditions it may even be doubted whether Paderewski himself could again create that interest which rose in some places to fanaticism, whenever he appeared.

How many fine qualities of art are lost by the wayside by converting art into coin! Mr. Howells has said a word on this matter that deserves repeating. "I do not think any man ought," he says, "to live by an art. A man's art should be

his privilege when he has proven his fitness to exercise it, and has otherwise earned his daily bread, and its results should be free to all." Again he says: "Work which can not be truly priced in money can not be truly paid in money." Shall it be said that Paderewski's artistic conscience faltered before the distractions of large receipts? In the opinion of some his last performances were less memorable than his earlier ones, having become more sensational and less poetic. But it would doubtless be rash to assume that the virtuoso was to that extent affected by the dream of prosperity. From all accounts he was much overworked. To expect any man to ravish the world from year to year, under all circumstances, without loss of intensity, is to forget that man's inner spirit is not always equal to the display of a spontaneous ecstasy. Under a strain it was not unnatural that the player's art should show perfunctory effort. There must follow on the heels of a great endeavor a certain inevitable exhaustion, and we would explain Paderewski's falling off on this ground, rather than think that the divine afflatus, of which he appeared to possess so much, was chilled by cupidity.

Viewing the careers of our wonderful players from the beginning, we see that in most instances they committed the management of their talents to those whose aim it had been to hasten their brilliancy by every possible means, to develop their immensely attractive energy, making it shine at the cost of ultimate power. If we detect in them too much attenuation and etheriality, we can easily distinguish the forces, social and professional, that have forced them into the shallows.

They are besieged to sink the luxurious into deeper luxury, to add perfume to an already perfumed air, to refine the refined, and these extremes, I believe, they never would have reached, if the natural operations of their minds had not been so early interfered with.

But to-day it can fairly be declared that the stock notions and habits of the great piano-playing world are undergoing a change through the self-assertive power of a new rationalism. We are weighing the things that are worth while; we are opposed to any slavishness that cripples; we require that art of any kind shall fully merit our philosophic respect. We cannot regard life as existing solely for art and be happy. Art exists for life. On this sound basis devotions like those of the composer Bruchner, who wrote that "ten hours a day for the piano, three for the organ," was his daily business, find more critics than admirers. The many modern devices used to-day to accelerate the progress of the player are proofs of a healthy determination to obviate as far as possible the evils of prolonged practice. Only those who suffer from the tyranny of a talent are satisfied to see their lives evaporate in flights of sound. The real workman gets at his object with the simplest

means, after having satisfied himself as to its importance, and does not let the object rule him.

To the Pianola we have reason to be grateful for its setting piano playing in an entirely new light. There can be no question that it has helped us to measure the contents of many pretentious pieces, and to detect the musical emptiness of much writing that is foisted upon the player's patient hand—as things written chiefly to give the pianist a tremendous amount of trouble, with no higher object in view. The Pianola helps us to refine our endeavor, it sets before us the folly of trying to compete with a machine, and from it we turn to higher works with a keener sense of their intrinsic interest.

I well remember one master whose playing was free from the overwrought style of the modern virtuoso. It was the noble playing of Brahms himself. He was as free from the artificial as a mountain peak is free from parlor ornaments. His playing was robust without ostentation, and satisfied the mind and the emotions without overloading the senses. Too broad to care for display, he gave unexpected prizes, a sense of chaste beauty, of fresh air, though he fell short of Paderewski's incredible sleight of hand.



Candace

By ARTHUR COLTON

THE haymaker pointed with his knotted finger to the right hand road, and looked after me resentfully. He was a conscientious laborer in the glaring heat, and I but a loitering idler bound for undeserved cool shadows. His hump-backed raking machine passed on, scraping a scanty crop with skeleton fingers, and I left the hill-top, the clicking grasshoppers, the gray stone walls and scented hay, and entered, unworthy but grateful, the downward dipping cavern of the wood road. Scarlet splashed fungi were here and there, and little, portly, comfortable birds that made no noise. Only now and then a far-away singer would pipe softly and stop, as if it were but an incident in his green meditation.

It was a pity about the haymaker. One would wish to make his journeyings on the highway symbolic of his pilgrimage in the world, and so be companionable with all men. I was even walking in New England highlands, making love to the blue-eyed month of June and thinking her not indifferent to my passion. I desired a confidant, and the haymaker would not do.

The end of the green vault was not because of the end of the woods, but because of the ground's sudden falling away. The sweep of the tree-top surface was so inviting, so billowy, that it seemed meant for sliding down upon in a breezy, dryadical manner. A brook ran through meadows at the bottom. Slender spires of smoke arose, like the half

visible pillars of an invisible palace. Meadow and tillage lay blinking in the heat. Candace Hollow was a secluded spot and difficult to reach. "Here," I thought, "he was born, that John Candace, that restless radical, that pessimist in debate, whom we used to call 'Candy' after our intimate college fashion in irony. How he would have eaten his soul out in such a motionless Arcadia, if the stony little fates had kept him home-bound."

* * * * *

It was in the autumn of 188- that Candace brought his inquiring face and hungry mind to the University. Knowledge seemed to some of us a sufficient salvation in those days, and Candace took the gospel of the young man's Renaissance in intenser fashion than any; the gospel, namely, that to live more excellently is to know more things, to comprehend more ideas, to transfer to one's private closet from the public storehouse of accumulated culture as many as possible of its silken bales and jars of precious ointment.

But this was not all of the Renaissance, as practiced of old by the *cinque cento* young Italians' nor of late by the pupils of Academe. We were not, the most of us, overtroubled with grave purposes. In the main, we were merely pleased by the stirring life of the University, into which one falls easily, and with a few years becomes old in its experiences. Through our stirrings and indefinite aims, ran a thread of equal contentment. In the main we

held a bland, Olympian attitude toward life and recitations. It was our gift to practice the art of loafing to a fine success, and to have faith in its passive invitations to the soul. "If a man does not invite his soul to whatever banquet he sits down to," we argued comfortably, "he is an inhospitable churl. Let him not be always ploughing, harrowing, and planting with edible things. There is John Candace, who is always ploughing, and looks harrowed, and is going to seed."

To "go to seed" is a phrase of importance, whose meaning may be consulted in any garden. It is to lose the aspect of conformity; it is to be no more a pleasant flower, palatable fruit, or immediate vegetable served on napery; it is to have a gaunt, absent, weather-worn and troubled look; it is to forget to be agreeably present; by the way it is to bear seed. Which seed has been said to have three chances out of four to fall by the wayside, or on stony ground, or among thorns.

In the six years of his University residence, Candace grew from a crude, bony output of a New England farm, to a large man, with high shoulders, and a dogmatic manner. His hair was stiff and black, his head large and square, his voice harsh. Latterly he grew sour and unsocial. He was not a comfortable man.

I saw him last on a hot June day toward the end of examination week. The leaves of the elms were dusty. The Olympian undergraduate lolled out of windows, or stretched himself under the trees. The long, arched, leafy streets were noisy with old-clothes men, with expressmen coming and going, noisest of all with street urchins full of life and profanity, full of admira-

tion for the golden Olympians who flowed small cash and condescended to be amused with them.

The entrance of the Hall that fronts the familiar corner, has groups of polished pillars about it, and the little stone faces of alien nations look down from the capitals of the pillars. A number of undergraduates sat on the steps, under the sad little stone faces. Below on the pavement the street urchins played marbles fiercely. The reek of the Olympian pipes went up.

Candace glowered at them across the street.

"They're good-looking animals," he said.

"The Olympians?"

"The Olympians. Ho! The Happy Immortals! Yes, they're on that plane where the wickedness of the little devils on the pavement amuses them. The gods sit midway between the little stone fates overhead, and the sinful human imps below. The business of the gods is to enjoy themselves. I leave tomorrow. Shall I see you again?"

"You're going to Germany? Let's hear from you over there, John."

He stared gloomily ahead and was silent. Finally he asked:

"Have you read Turgenieff's 'Fathers and Sons'? The sons are in a bad way unless,—"motioning across the street to the Olympians,— "they accept some such solution as that. Their fathers have set their teeth on edge."

He went down the street with his high, awkward shoulders peculiarly prominent. I did not know what he meant, and thought it probably of little use. "Fathers and Sons!" The children's teeth were said to be set on edge by reason of the father's diet. There was some acid in Candace's mouth by which the sweet-

ness of the world was not sweet to him. What might his progenitors have eaten? The New Englander was said to have an italicized conscience. Candace was not a Puritan, however, in his cast of mind, I thought, but a Radical. He came from that interior land of high hills and falling streams, a certain Candace Hollow in the town of R. He held the "Beekman Scholarship" now, one of the best in the University. Where was he going next? Probably to some German university, whither the young man, hungry after knowledge, was likely to take his way in those days, for the rumor went that deeper delving after buried truth was done there than elsewhere. By and by a new scientific luminary would appear, haply a university professor, or a strident iconoclast and scorner of the meek habits of conventional thinking, a famous name and mounting career. Candace was no common man, and doubtless would find life sweeter than he thought. The Olympian opinion of it was not so far off after all. The small impish humanity on the pavement was more interesting than the little stone fates on the pillars, and it was by no means proved that when Olympians grow anxious and troubled about the vicious urchins, the fates are any less stony.

One of the urchins pegged his top at my feet, and swore at me for being in the way, and the Olympians on the steps were pleased with the exquisite unreason of it.

* * * * *

That was four years earlier than the year of the blue-eyed June and the day when I found myself going down the steep pitches of the road to Candace Hollow, wondering where John Candace might be and nothing heard of him these years.

"In Vishnu land what avatar?" Surely we had need of incarnations among us. We were a commonplace generation.

A low, red house with button-ball trees in front, stood in the midst of the valley. The road ran past the door. The green fields around were shadowed, though the sunlight was still yellow on the hill-tops. An ancient well-sweep stood at one side. In general it seemed a well-kept farm. There were roomy barns, and cattle clustered for the milking. I walked up the rough flag stones, raised an iron knocker, and heard some one call from a few yards away.

"Here, you vicious hobo! Come over and hoe potatoes."

It was no other than John Candace. He leaned on his hoe in the nearby garden, and looked at me sociably. Without more ado, we bent over the potatoes. The vines seemed to be in no very luxurious condition and rather bug eaten. From the standpoint of a dilettante, I thought them below the standard of ambition and philosophy, and said so.

"It's the potato bug," he said. "Some years ago he appeared in the world, or became apparent to the American farmer, spotted and slimy in the grub, and developing at maturity a picturesque shell. Some years from now he will disappear, and the universe and the American farmer will know him no more. It's the common history of parasitic species. Notice the conditions of Time, Space, and the other categories as they appear to the bug. Time lies between eighteen sixty something or thereabout, and nineteen hundred and something. Outside in both directions lie the Eternities. For reasons unknown to

him, he appears to be now and then smashed, separately, or in batches. The origin of evil seems to him an insoluble problem. He maintains a certain consistency which he calls the moral law, and wonders why the destinies respect it so capriciously as to raise potato vines for his benefit and then poison his daily bread with Paris green. Some bugs maintain the doctrine that there are two Overpowers, a benevolent one who raises the vines, and an evil one who is responsible for the Paris green. Some hold that there is but one who is wholly benevolent if bugs could understand the mystery."

We fell silent for a while, and then I asked:

"What have you been doing these four years?"

"What you see."

"I thought you were going to follow knowledge like a sinking star."

"I came here."

"What's the star?"

"I don't need any to hitch a farm wagon to."

"Oh, come off! You've buried yourself. Why, rust and ashes and disillusion? they're all right enough, but there are decent limits to that sort of thing."

He laughed shortly and did not answer. When the potato hills were all hoed, we left the garden, and he walked ahead to the door of the house, with his head bent and shoulders high. At the door he stopped.

"You won't find my family group cheerful," he said. "My mother is blind. My brother is insane. Come in."

* * * * *

It was a long, low, white-curtained room. My feet were hardly on the threshold when a sharp voice cried from within:

"There's some one with you! Don't you touch Bert, you! Don't you dare!"

A little, withered old woman sat by a further window. Her lips quivered like a child's. Her eyes were pale and dead, her face painfully alive with flitting expressions. We went across to her, and Candace gave her my name and the circumstances of my coming with patient detail and reassuring tone. She listened, making curious motions with her hand,—unconscious, I thought, and expressing, if one could interpret them, what the eyes of the seeing express unconsciously. I fancied that they expressed some fear or suspicion of Candace himself. When he had finished, she sank back and turned away. He motioned me to follow and went toward the door of another room, and opened it. The room within was scented with lilacs. The lilac bushes outside half filled the windows. A short, stocky man, wearing a linen duster, sat up by the window, startled, trembling, staring at us intently, suspiciously, with narrow frowning forehead. His hair was thin, his face pendulous and fleshy. Candace went through the same explanations, with the same careful detail and more repetition, the circumstances of my presence, its reasons and purposes. The other listened with a kind of lowering anxiety, and unconscious motions of the hands, oddly resembling the mother's. He made no comment at the end either, and turned away to hide his face, or to sniff the lilacs in the window. We went back to the other room, and found a maid servant laying the table, and Mrs. Candace rocking and murmuring.

* * * * *

In the evening, we sat under the

button-ball trees, lit our pipes and blew smoke at the moon and stars, sending speculation climbing in the wake of the smoke, much as of old the custom was, under the college elms.

"What do you find worth while, then?" he asked at last.

"The month of June," I said.

"The what!"

"June, she wears blue and green for my benefit by day, and purple and silver by night. She is worth while. And then I find health and tobacco worth while, and beef and coffee, and honest old men, and women with quiet eyes. Besides, there is the next book I shall read, and the next turn of the road, and the next day-break. Also, mine empty purse is interesting to me. So is the problem of the character and destiny of J. Candace."

"I see. I'd forgotten about you. Am I good literary material?"

"Fair, only fair."

After a time, he began again abruptly.

"Bert has always been that way, but my father died about the time I left the University. An iron, Cromwellian kind of man he was, who stood by 'the sword of the Lord and Gideon,' and took Bert to be a proof that he had personally sinned against the Most High. Maybe he had, or some forebear of his,—or mine. Your rutted Calvinist took snapshots pretty close to some hard sociological facts. *Requiescat in pace*. He was a just man, and more. He did his level best by me, and dug a college course for me out of the old farm, and died. Well—I thought Bert had better be in a hospital. It was what you might call an interested idea. However it was a mistake. They never got over it. You see?"

"Some."

"They think I'm plotting it day and night still, but I gave it up—pretty soon. It wouldn't do. Bert's mind runs in grooves, what there is of it. My mother has been blind ten years. They've both dropped into a cañon of an idea about me, which—was my fault. I've never been able to fill up the cañon, though I'd like to make my mother feel that—that it's all right, you know. She was right about it in the first place. It wouldn't do. It's a bit mixed, of course, but after all they must be better off with me."

He seemed relieved somehow to get the cover off his mind, as if there were a dim, confused state of affairs there craving for light and interpretation, irksome to a man of positive opinions; and yet as if he felt it were more decent to keep the cover on. He fell silent again, and I to thinking of Mrs. Candace, working out the situation, fancying how one who was blind would become morbidly suspicious, if naturally in that way of feeling. One groped in the darkness and was afraid. She was wrapped up in Bert, like a mother hen in her maimed chick. She would always even have understood, and felt for and with him, more than for or with the other son, whose mind long ago began to swing away in the distant orbits and become alien to her sympathies. Weakness bands with weakness against strength. Bert and his mother had certain likeness of feature. The knowledge that John was sacrificed somehow, was shackled and warped from his bent and ambition, would be a rasping knowledge to the mother, to whatever straining instinct of sympathy, if any, she had for him.

So here, in Candace Hollow, a spot fair enough by day to woo content-

ment in and build a willow cabin at her gate, and by night an amethyst cup full to the brim with liquid moonlight, here was that old grey witch, Destiny, holding to the lips of a man as bitter a cup as she knew how to brew. It seemed so. The distrust that was Candace's daily portion must be a sharp ingredient. He was no *cinque cento* Italian, but a man with an italicized conscience, which, after all, was a thing of dignity. The Renaissance gospel, thought, lacked solidity. Two ideals strove within us to-day for mastery, the ideal of duty and sacrifice, and the ideal of a full life, full, that is, to its limit of capacity and time. "Pagan" and "Christian" were not terms to cover these ideals, being specialized terms; nor were "the world" and "the soul" seeing that duty walked visibly in the market place, and unselfishness was one of the queens of the drawing-room. Yet John was throwing away large possibilities, I thought. Two sad, meagre, bat-like creatures distrusted and clung to him with painful claws.

But by this time he had long since dropped the subject, and was now laying down the law on some great German's last great book—"Grundsätze der Socialpolitik," or the like, speaking of something he called "the Mühlhausen-Lieber theory."

What sharp analysis he had, what vigor and earnestness, what dominance and assertion! One of those minds that gather power from their own motions, that flow with mass and speed, wherever allowed to follow their natural direction.

"Why, Marx was no fool, at least. 'What is equality?' he asks. 'Is it where all men get coats of the same size, or where each man gets a coat that fits him?' A searching ques-

tion. If they all get coats of the same size, few will be well fitted; if all coats that fit, that is a pleasant dream of happy inequalities; if you must have both fit and sameness, you must have a tailor for the men and cut them to a fashion as well as the coats, an artificial humanity as well as an artificial environment. The tailors themselves must be re-tailored. Ha! Must they? Man "must be born again." What? that's no sociological operation that I know of. Well, Marx was as much of a crank as Mühlhausen, but no more so. You can't put him down with a copybook formula. I say, this is no quibbling of the schools, and no striker's irrational brick heaved at a policeman either. I'm a Radical, am I? That means nothing. Radically what? No, I'm a sociologist who means business."

"Do you think you're going to find that calling effective and compatible with farming, in Candace Hollow?"

He was silent some moments, and then said harshly: "No!" and rose, and we fell to pacing to and fro in the yard.

"No! But you needn't hamstring me like that."

"I beg your pardon, John. Go on with your categorical imperatives, which are interesting and foolish."

"Oh, you rosy hedonist!"

So he talked on, his longing for the big, intellectual world glowing sultrily through his talk. The moon shone through the button-ball trees, as we paced the yard from the garden of depressed potato vines to the well with its lofty sweep, and our pacing brought us past the open door to which the flag-stone path led up from the dusty road. Candace's voice stopped in mid-sen-

tence. We stood on the flagstones looking in at the door.

Mrs. Candace sat in her chair by the white-curtained window on the further side of the room. Bert crouched at her feet, hunched and passive. His head was in her lap, and she crooned, and rocked the dull, mal-formed and heavy head, crippled and degenerate. Her face was uplifted in the dim lamplight. The night breeze stirred the curtains. There was no audible sound for some time, save the crooning and the rocking. Then Candace turned away.

"I know what you think," he said, "but you're wrong there. It's very well with me, though it took me some time to see the point, but 'the root of the matter' is here."

I was not sure that I understood him, and yet seemed to see a glimmer of light in his odd use of the old Puritan theological phrase, 'the root of the matter.' "The root of the matter," the essential thing. What was the essential thing?

If it was true that the battle-line of our time's humanity lay where two ideals of duty and self-culture met and took issue, how then could John Candace be said to be side-tracked and out of the big current? Knowledge was good. Well, the two figures by the white curtained

window were a university which appeared to offer certain courses, these maybe in self-culture. A subtlety-penned Frenchman once wrote: "All experience is a book, and it makes no difference whether you open to page fifteen, which is the Integral Calculus, or to page a hundred and twenty-one, which is hearing the band play in the gardens." Even granting a difference, my inclination had always been in favor of the band. Indeed, if John thought it very well with him, he probably saw reasons.

* * * * *

In the morning I left Candace Hollow and climbed that magical green avenue again. Portly little silent birds slid through the underbrush, and now and then a distant singer would utter a liquid phrase or two, thoughtfully. At the top of the hill came the open landscape, and the sunlight dusty with the scented dust of the hay. The hay-maker drove his raking machine a-field, the very curve of his back protesting against life's mal-adjustments. The grasshoppers clicked their one dry reiterant comment. The road led forward over the bare uplands toward more distant hill-tops, promising clues to the heart secrets of the month of June.



Characteristics of the Japanese

By BARON KENTARO KANEKO

YOU have no doubt heard and read much about Japan, and my country is already familiar to you, but we have so far been misrepresented in many ways, even in the circle of scholars and learned communities. We have been often called a race of imitators or a race of copyists. To be sure, we have copied many things entirely foreign to our own institutions, but in so doing we follow always a certain principle. This misrepresentation arises from the fact that a foreign observer fails to distinguish between the outward appearance of human activity and the inner workings of man's mind.

Many travelers come to our country; they pass through from one end of the Empire to another; they go through the streets and squares; they see the people and buildings, and when they come home they say "the Japanese are copyists and they are a race of imitators," because they only see the outward appearance of our activity, but, unfortunately they never study the inner workings of our minds; therefore I have selected tonight this subject to present before you—the inner workings of the Japanese mind. The subject is rather gigantic—you might think too gigantic—but I will try to explain as clearly as I can.

The Japanese have a peculiar char-

acter. When they come in contact with a foreign civilization they always go through three stages of evolution: First, they pass through the stage of imitation. At this period they imitate everything that comes from a foreign source, and I might say that they blindly copy. But after some years of imitation they arrive at the stage of adaptation; then at last they reach the stage of origination. These three stages are clearly shown by our history, if we only examine into the inner workings of Japanese mind.

About 1,500 years ago, when we introduced the Chinese civilization into our country, we copied everything after Chinese fashion. At that time we had no national alphabet. There were some sorts of signs to express ideas in writing, and even these signs differed in different parts of the country. The Chinese had a highly developed type of hieroglyphics to express their ideas; therefore at one time the Chinese hieroglyphics took such a hold on the mind of the Japanese that we adopted them as our national language. The imperial edicts were written in Chinese hieroglyphics and government records were kept in that language; even Chinese scholars were employed in the government service as clerks and secre-

This interesting exposition of Japanese history and purpose was delivered by Baron Kaneko of the House of Peers of Japan, before the National Geographic Society, at Washington, last January, and is reprinted by permission from the National Geographic Magazine. It presents a lucid and comprehensive outline of the leading facts and factors in Japanese progress, showing that the nation's aspirations and purpose is based upon well-considered principles, which promise symmetrical and continuous national developments.—THE EDITOR.

taries, and the Japanese language was almost on the verge of destruction and ruin.

This same phenomenon was found even in England when she introduced the Norman-French civilization. The Norman-French language was taught in schools and was spoken at the palace, as well as in the upper circles. The legal briefs in the courts were prepared in the Norman-French, and the judgments of the court were given in that language. Take, as an example, meat. When an animal is found in the field it is called an ox; but when it is prepared and served on a nobleman's table it is called beef, which comes from "beuf" of the Norman-French. So, again, when prepared on the table it is called mutton—"mouton," from the Norman-French; but when found in the field it is called sheep. In Japan we went on exactly in the same way as the English people. Among the upper classes, as well as at the court, we used entirely the Chinese hieroglyphics. Every document of the government was kept in Chinese hieroglyphics, and the Japanese language was only spoken among peasants and in a remote part of the country, where the Chinese civilization did not reach.

Therefore this period might be called the era of imitation. Did our country remain long at that stage? Fortunately there came a scholar—the most famous scholar we ever had—by the name of Mabie, who returned from China in 735 A. D. He was in China many years for his education at Chinese schools. When he came back he saw what was most needed in his native country, and he invented out of the Chinese hieroglyphics the forty-seven characters of our alphabet, founded upon the principle of phonetic language. As

you know, the Japanese language is phonetic, whereas the Chinese is hieroglyphic. This alphabet is called Shin Kana, which means a genuine alphabet, in order to distinguish from another and later invention of alphabet called Kata Kana. This period might be considered as the dawn of our era of adaptation, for we did not remain long in the stage of imitation, but soon began to realize the future of our civilization, and became conscious of the necessity of our national linguistic independence. Therefore the invention of the alphabet of forty-seven letters is always considered to have given birth to the Japanese literature, and is reckoned as the beginning of Japanese civilization.

After passing through the stage of adaptation, we soon entered into the stage of origination. In the year 757 A. D. a collection of old Japanese poems was compiled in the newly invented phonetic language. Again, in 798 A. D. the history of Japan was for the first time written in the new language—not in Chinese hieroglyphics as formerly.

In the early part of the eleventh century "The Tale of Prince Gengie" was compiled by Murasaki Shikibu, a lady-in-waiting to the Empress, and about the same time another book, "The Scrap-book Under the Pillow," was written by another lady-in-waiting by the name of Seisho Nagon. This lady while on duty, observed everything going on in the political as well as the social circle of the imperial court, and at night when she retired she used to write whatever she saw during the day in a scrap-book which she kept under her pillow. This custom she kept up during her life-time, and afterward the scrap-books were compiled and published in book form. These two

books. "The Tale of Prince Gengie" and "The Scrap-book Under the Pillow," are considered even now as our Japanese classics, and are studied in our colleges and universities as much as Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" and Spencer's "Fairy Queen" in your colleges. So you see that our women took a first rank in Japanese literature, and men (unfortunately for them) must be contented to occupy a second position, for men did not prove themselves capable of such a literary work, and those ladies fully mastered the new language and wrote in a most beautiful style, which had never yet been excelled by any man or woman. This period is called the era of origination in our literature.

Next we come to the subject of religion. We have passed through three stages in our religion just as much as in our literature.

Buddhism was first introduced into Japan through Korea in the year 552 A. D.—that is, 1,353 years ago. At first Buddhism was embraced by the higher classes, particularly among scholarly circles, but the lower classes or common people still clung to their old faith of Shintoism. Those who believed in Buddhism went so far as to copy the ceremonies and ritualisms. The doctrine of Buddhism was written in the Chinese language, and the believers offered their prayers in that tongue. At one time Buddhism made such a stride as to become almost a state religion, but the common people still opposed it, with a determination to uphold their own Shintoism. Consequently a most terrible struggle began between the two religions—Buddhism in the hands of the upper classes and Shintoism in the hearts of the common people. Such a contest as this

blocked every step in Japan's progress, but finally the statesmen and priests began to understand that they no longer could force upon the people a blind imitation of Buddhism, and they changed their policy and tried to find out some means to meet the requirements of the time. Here again we reach the stage of adaptation.

They invented an ingenious theory of explaining and interpreting the religious principle of Buddhism. They adapted the theory of Monotheism as well as Polytheism by saying that there is only one Supreme Power, which is personified in the form of various gods and goddesses, according to the different countries and different institutions. Thus they reconcile the principle of the one Supreme Power in Buddhism with the Polytheistic theory of Shintoism.

In order to convince the popular mind with this theory, Emperor Shomu patronized a movement to erect a large bronze statue of Daibutsu or Buddha at Nara, and this statue was erected in 752 A. D., after fourteen years in casting and construction. No doubt some of you who have visited Japan have seen the statue, but no foreigner has so far ever examined into its history and investigated why it was erected at the ancient capital of Nara. Thus Emperor Shomu succeeded in reconciling the two conflicting religions of Shintoism and Buddhism. This period might be called the era of adaptation of the Indian religion in Japan. Henceforth Buddhism swept from one end of the country to the other, converting a large number of people by the theory that "Shintoism is for the living and Buddhism for the dead," or, in other words, that while we are living on this earth the

Shinto gods protect us, but when we die our soul returns to the last repose, where Buddha reigns.

In the beginning of the thirteenth century there was one priest by the name of Shinran, who is considered in our religious history as a Japanese Martin Luther. He revolutionized the fundamental principle of Buddhism by a new doctrine, for up to that time Buddhism strenuously upheld a monastic life, and the priests were compelled to live in celibacy and abstain from eating any animal food. But this famous priest, seeing the popular mind already turned toward Buddhism, started a new doctrine that a priest, being human, is just as much susceptible as laymen, and abstinence from human wants is against the law of nature; moreover, a priest must live among the people so as to understand the real nature and feeling of man and woman; therefore a monastic life should be given up and priests should eat animal food and get married, if they desire so to do. From this period the progress of Buddhism with this new doctrine was wonderful and took complete hold of the popular mind. Even at the present time this Shinran sect of Buddhism has the largest number of believers in Japan. Thus the Japanese have gone through three stages—of imitation, of adaptation, and of origination—and in the last stage Shinran was the originator of the new form of Buddhism just as much as Martin Luther was of the Protestantism of the Christian religion of the West.

Next in the sphere of government and law we find the same three stages of evolution. After the introduction of Chinese civilization our governmental organization was moulded after the fashion of the gov-

ernmental system of the Tō dynasty of China. In the year 701 A. D. we reorganized the departments of our government in accordance with the principles and forms of the Chinese system, and adopted the Chinese law in every branch of our national affairs. At the palace the Emperor as well as the petty officials wore the Chinese headgear and gown. We blindly imitated everything Chinese. This new regime for the organization of the Japanese Empire was embodied in the laws of the Taiho era (701 A. D.); but this wholesale change in the political institution was too much for Japan to carry out at that time. Therefore those laws were only executed around the capitol of Kioto and were not carried out in the remote parts of the country.

But the Hojo dynasty, the second military Shogunate of Japan's feudalism, discovered the weakness and defects in the laws of Taiho, because the laws of a foreign country could never be executed in toto, for the simple reason that every nation has traditional laws of its own which every law-giver must not disregard. Therefore Takatoki Hojo, a great statesman, investigated the old customs and traditions of Japan and modified the Chinese-imitation laws of the Taiho era so as to meet the requirements of the country.

This modification is found in a compilation of the custom and tradition of old Japan, which was promulgated in the fifty articles of Tei-yei era (1232 A. D.). This is something like the Justinian Roman laws compiled in the reign of Emperor Justinian. This period we call the era of adaptation in our legal evolution.

No doubt an American audience will be much interested to know that

as long ago as the year 1232 A. D. a Japanese statesman made the laws in touch with the popular feeling, for by the laws of the Teiyei era he established a council of state with twelve judges, the same number as the English jury. These twelve judges sat in the council chamber, before whom all litigation was brought for investigation and decision. The plaintiff and defendant had their spokesmen, who argued and defended the case; and afterward the twelve judges retired into a closed chamber, where an oath was administered to them as follows:

"During the deliberation of a case, and the decision afterward between right and wrong, neither family connections, nor sympathy with or antipathy against, the party shall influence. Fear not a powerful family, or favor not a friend, but speak in accordance with the dictates of truth. Should there be a case decided wrong and redress refused to a man, we shall be punished by all the gods and goddesses of the realm. Thus, we swear and affix our signatures."

This is the oath they take before they deliberate and examine the case. Here we have the law, whose spirit and principle are exactly the same as the Anglo-Saxon common law. Again, in 1336 A. D. the laws of the Kenbu era were promulgated by the Asikaga dynasty. This era, combined with that of the Hojo dynasty, might be called the stage of adaptation; but the era of the origination begins later on with the Tokugawa dynasty, because the Shogunate of that family made for the first time the distinction of the laws between the sovereign *de jure* and sovereign *de facto* by promulgating "The Seventeen Articles for the Imperial Family" and "The Eighteen Arti-

cles for the Military Ruler," and then again they made the laws for the people, which were denominated as "The One Hundred Articles of the Tokugawa Regime." Thus the laws—imperial, military, and common—were executed throughout the whole country without an intermission until the imperial restoration in 1868. With this theory of the characteristics of the Japanese people in our minds, we will find the same three stages of evolution throughout the whole course of our national progress in arts, architecture, industry, commerce, etc.

Therefore, when we were confronted at the time of the imperial restoration, in 1868, with a new type of civilization, the western civilization, we were fully equipped by our individual strength and national power to assimilate the foreign civilization with our own, for we had gone through many hard and persevering struggles—religious, social, and political—for many centuries, and without fear could welcome the modern culture and science.

Here I might refer to one fact, that the Japanese are a little different from the western people in regard to their respect for the past, for they adore the past and the history of their ancestors much more than occidental people do. As keenly and as profoundly as we look toward our future and our prosperity—the future of our nation—we cling still more keenly and more delicately to our past—the tradition of our forefathers and our nation. We always look ahead in search for something higher than our present condition for our descendants. Our present welfare and happiness is nothing to us when compared with an illustrious past and a great future for our family and our nation.

Thus looking forward to our future, we constantly strive to mark out "the grand policy for a century to come." This is a rather high-sounding word, but when we examine our history we always find it underlying in our national movements—social, religious, and political—because the Japanese from time immemorial have shown their peculiar characteristic to mark out what they will do for the future. In order to establish this grand policy they always study the problem with a far-reaching foresight. This trend of mind is the characteristic of our race. When they contemplate a great problem for national affairs they never think of themselves, but always look forward through the labyrinths of the future to find out the surest way to attain their ultimate aim and goal. According to Japanese notion, compared to this grand policy for the future the present welfare and happiness of ourselves dwindles into nothingness. This policy was clearly and positively marked out by our Emperor on his ascension to the throne, in 1868. Upon that memorable day he swore before the nation in his "Five Articles of the Imperial Oaths": "Seek knowledge in the civilized world, and discriminate the good from the bad and adopt the best; and finally establish the national assembly where all the important affairs of nation shall be decided by public voice." This is the fundamental principle of our national aspiration, closely followed by the Emperor himself and down to the meanest peasant. In order to carry out this policy we must first bear in mind and maintain the past traditions of our country and then engraft upon them the western culture and science.

With this view we began to re-organize our country in 1868. Since the imperial restoration we have studied the systems of government of the United States and European countries. As you have divided your government into different departments, we divided our government into similar departments. We adopted a compulsory system of national education, exactly on the same plan as your common-school system, of eight years of compulsory education. A boy and girl must attend school as soon as they attain the age of six, and remain there until the age of fourteen. The first four years we teach them the Japanese and Chinese languages, and the latter four years we add English; therefore when a boy and girl graduate from our common schools they can read and speak English. By teaching the Chinese and English languages besides our own we bring up a new generation prepared to seek knowledge in the outer world, as commanded by the Emperor.

In the organization of our army we copied the German system, and in our navy the English and American. In our code of laws we imitated La Code Napoleon, and afterward the German principle and method. In finance we copied your system by adopting your gold, silver, nickel, and copper money, and we went so far as to copy the greenbacks from you. Our first paper money was made and printed in New York in 1870, and if you will take up those old Japanese greenbacks you will find them exactly the same as yours, and no difference except in the writing.

When we come into contact with a foreign civilization we at first blindly imitate it, because that is, according to our idea, the shortest

cut to our ultimate goal; but we are never satisfied to remain forever in the stage of imitation. This is clearly shown by our progress during the last thirty-seven years since the introduction of the western culture and science. Our recent evolution differs from the case of our forefathers in this respect, that our era of imitation after 1868 was very short, and the stage of adaptation began very soon after, and even the latter stage was simply a passing phenomenon before we reached the stage origination. The proof of this fact was fully shown by our constitution. If you examine the constitution of Japan from the first article to the last you will find it quite different from those of American or European countries, yet its frame and foundation are in accordance with the principles of the western constitutions. Therefore I might say that the constitution of Japan is a living monument of the origination of Japanese statesmanship.

Again, in the realm of science, we have already reached the stage of origination by Dr. Kitasato's discovery of a new bacteria. He discovered it in Germany and was decorated by the German government; and Dr. Takamine, who is now living in New York, discovered adrenalin, a medicine which is used to stop bleeding, particularly by oculists in operations on the eye. Next comes Baron Ito, whose untiring investigation in botany made his name recognized by both American and European scientists.

Major Shimose's smokeless powder is a Japanese invention, and is acknowledged far more powerful than the English lyddite or the French melinite. This powder is by an actual test five times as strong as the European powders. When a

shell that is filled with lyddite or melinite is fired it will break into ten or fifteen pieces, whereas the same shell filled with Shimose's smokeless powder when exploded bursts into 2,000 to 2,300 pieces. It is now considered the most powerful smokeless powder ever invented, and its inventor is a major in the Japanese army. Thus we have already entered into the era of origination.

In closing I may here sum up in a few words that although we dearly cling to the memory of the past, yet we eagerly hope for a great future, and in order to realize this hope we mark out the "grand policy of a century to come" with a far-reaching foresight. For means to carry out this policy we come to Europe and America. We go to Germany to study the German system of exactness, for they are noted for thoroughness in everything, but their system was found by our experience to be too stiff and inflexible. As exact and thorough as their system is, it is handicapped; therefore we come to America, for the Americans are the most practical people in the world. They cannot mark out such an exact system as the Germans, but they always use their common sense and come out successfully whenever they encounter a difficulty. They do not care so much for academic principles, but they have the tact to solve any question from a practical point of view; thus in Anglo-Saxon practicability we found our indispensable rescue.

This "grand policy" for our national affairs, marked out "for a century to come" by our far-reaching foresight, coupled with German exactness and American practicability, will be the future course of the Japanese people. Then you will ask, What are your aims and aspirations?

To this question I answer that our national ambition is by engrafting the western culture and science upon our own institutions to blend together and assimilate the two types of civilization—oriental and occidental—and by doing so to bring forth a new type of civilization, in which the culture and science of the two hemispheres will meet, not in

conflict, but in harmony, so as to enable us to share the inheritance of Christian religion, oriental philosophy, Greek art, Roman law, and modern science.

Thus we hope in the course of the twentieth century to have at least one fruit out of our earnest and persevering efforts to contribute to the progress of mankind.

The Marrying of Jimmy

By RAE HATTON HARRIS

“I’LL tell you what, Jake,” said Mrs. Jenkins, “I’ve thought on a new plan, and if that doesn’t work, I’ll hev ter give it up as a bad job.”

“Well, Mary Ann, what is it now?” returned Mr. Jenkins, as he raised his eyes from his newspaper, lowered his spectacles, and looked over the rim at his wife, who sat busily knitting on the other side of the table.

“Well, it’s jist this, Jake, what do you say to takin’ the new school missus to board?”

“The new school missus!” repeated Mr. Jenkins in mild astonishment, “Why Mary Ann, I don’t ’xactly see what you are a drivin’ at.”

“Now, Jake,” returned Mrs. Jenkins somewhat testily, “I thought you could see what I mean without needin’ ter hav the matter all explained each time. It’s Jimmy that I had in mind, of course.”

“Of course,” repeated Mr. Jenkins, on whom a new light appeared to have dawned.

“You know, Jake,” pursued his wife with a new energy, as she laid down her work and looked fixedly

at her husband, her small, bright, black eyes shining with a new brilliancy, “They say the new missus is pretty and comes from a good family. She is second cousin to Tom Rankie’s wife. I thought that if Jimmy was to meet a new girl who had some attractions, and was to see her enough, that perhaps he might take a fancy to her.”

Mrs. Jenkins paused as if waiting for the accustomed word of approval.

“Yes, yes, to be sure, of course,” returned Mr. Jenkins in the same mild tone as before.

“You see, Jake,” continued Mrs. Jenkins in explanation, “that Jimmy is tired of the same old girls he has knowed all his life. Knowin’ about that farm, the girls hev been too sweet on him. They overdone it and I know Jimmy was disgusted with all of ’em. So if we are to get him married, the only thing is to hev him meet some one else. As he won’t go any place to meet any one any more, what do you say to havin’ the teacher here for awhile?”

“Just as you say, you know best, Mary Ann,” returned Mr. Jenkins,

as he raised his spectacles to their accustomed place, and lowered his eyes to his newspaper, thereby signaling his acquiescence in the proposition.

There was indeed nothing further to be said. When a plan had once ripened in the fertile mind of Mrs. Jenkins, her good spouse deemed it best to allow her full scope for its development. Moreover, he had been for so many years subject to her guidance that it had eventually become second nature to him to agree unquestionably with whatever she proposed.

In the present instance, Mr. Jenkins' assent was the readier because he saw not only the determination by which his wife was swayed, but the wisdom behind this determination. It was a question of the marrying of Jimmy, his sole offspring, who, up to this time, had clothed himself in a steely armor of self-defence against all the wiles by which he was attacked. Whereby, as the mild, old man was forced to acknowledge, Jimmy was standing in his own light. He himself had married late in life and had not been the gainer thereby. Beyond this consideration was one of vital moment; across the way lay the two-hundred-acre farm of his bachelor uncle, Tom Jenkins, the deed of which, on the day of Jimmy's marriage, the uncle had promised to hand over to him.

But it was the strong-minded mother who took most to heart the dilatoriness of her son. She saw clearly that Uncle Tom might marry, or that very many things might happen to turn the current of his interest in another direction, before the deed fell into Jimmy's hands.

In reply to his mother's remonstrances, Jimmy only shook his head

and laughed in his good-natured, rollicking way, a laugh which resounded through the house; for Jimmy possessed a chest in proportion to his six feet of stature.

"Oh, let me alone," he would say, stooping to kiss her wrinkled face. "Am I not well enough off as I am? And who ever heard anyway of a mother wanting to get rid of her son? Not much of a compliment. Eh mother?"

"But Jimmy ——"

"Yes mother, I know what you are going to say. I am standing in my own light and running the risk of losing a good farm. But never mind. Better that than to marry the wrong girl."

Jimmy would say no more. Mrs. Jenkins saw clearly that remonstrance was of no avail. Perhaps an excuse may be found for her, if, in the excess of her mother's affection, she deemed it wise to resort to other means in order to further the worldly prospects of her son.

The vacation days were over. The new school teacher arrived and to the complete astonishment of the neighbors, was duly installed in the home of the Jenkins', which henceforth became the centre of interest of the parish. What object could Mary Ann Jenkins have in taking the school teacher into her home, she who had refused on so many past occasions to open her doors to this servant of the public? It was clear that she had an object, and that was what the gossips deemed it necessary to understand. For the maidens who had been worsted in the contest, there was attached to the event a double interest.

The new teacher, Miss Jennie Parkers, was tall, slender and graceful. Her regular features, pale complexion and masses of auburn hair,

having from her broad brow, gave her an appearance of distinction. In her clear, gray eye sparkled a merriment which suggested her appreciation of the ludicrous. She had been away at school in the city, while preparing for her teaching career, and added to the refinement of her appearance a graceful ease of manner.

She was not slow to grasp the situation which met her in her new home; the abrupt indifference of the son, offset by the almost subservient attentions of the mother, while in the background the mild interest of old Jenkins, representing the temperate zone between these opposing climatic influences.

"Indeed the indifference of the swain must be overcome," thought the girl, who saw for herself a certain amusement and relief from monotony in this undertaking.

A certain conversation which she happened to hear threw a peculiar light on the circumstances surrounding her and increased her relish in the task which she had given herself.

After an evening spent in teaching the intricacies of chess to the delighted Mr. Jenkins, the teacher had retired to her room and was leaning out of her window, drinking in the pale, moonlight rays of the mild September night. The voices of Mrs. Jenkins and her son reached her from the piazza below.

"I don't know as you need ter act the part of a bear toward a young woman stayin' in the house," said the mother, in reproachful tones.

"May I ask why you had this young woman come here to board?" demanded the son coolly.

Mrs. Jenkins' reply was apparently evasive and failed to satisfy her interlocutor.

"It is nothing of the sort, Mother," he returned more decidedly, "you have set the whole neighborhood wondering and supposing. They all have their eyes on me and are waiting to see what will happen. I wish that they would mind their own business."

"Well, Jimmy, if it hadn't been for the farm they might not a been so busy. But then when a nice lookin' young woman comes around where there is a handsome lad like you, people are sure ter talk. But let 'em. Only I want you to treat this young woman with more politeness and cordiality. Don't you think she's a fine lookin' one?"

"Oh, bother your fine looking ones," returned Jimmy impatiently. "Leave me alone where women are concerned. That is all I have to ask."

In truth, Jimmy was going through a mental process which was far from agreeable. His fancy had been appealed to. Jimmy was not of an obstinate nature, but he had come to a tacit understanding with himself to be firm and unbending when it was a question of the fair sex. He did not mean to be so easily impressed by his mother's new boarder. The fact of an over-anxious mother and a two-hundred-acre-farm to give a touch of the pecuniary to these considerations, may have added to Jimmy's natural perversity.

But it was no easy matter for the youth to present an exterior of indifference against the beauty and graces of this charmer, who had come to quicken his pulse with a sense of pulsating nature around him. Jimmy found a new music in the song of the birds, the sky was bluer, the breezes were softer than in former times. He found himself

unconsciously looking forward to the meal hour when he would see her again. And indeed the meals had become invested with a new interest and charm. Another tone had been given to the conversations. Formerly the chief topics had been the crops, the markets, and the gossip of the neighborhood. Now Jimmy watched with interest, as he saw his mother's face light up with admiration and his father's quiet content, when Miss Parkers related a story of the world beyond his own ken. Jimmy began to feel that his world had been a very narrow one. Hitherto, his aspirations in the scholastic field had been satisfied by his graduation from the district school, but he now experienced a sense of his own deficiencies, a self-abasement, which, among the females who had flattered and cajoled him, would have been impossible.

The manner of the teacher, far from flattery, and equally removed from indifference, was one least apt to excite his suspicion or disgust. On the other hand, it did not speak encouragement to a youth who daily felt his interest in this lovely creature increasing.

But unfortunately as his sensibilities became quickened, Jimmy's self-abasement increased disproportionately. He was suffering under the consciousness of his unworthiness. Never before had he realized his own failings and the meanness of his acquirements.

So the young man, whose manner was naturally so free from restraint, began to suffer under a painful reserve, which was not lost on his mother. She saw with displeasure that her scheme was not succeeding. A change had come over her son which was not for the best. She was convinced, however, that Jimmy

cared for the teacher, in spite of an inscrutable exterior, due she believed, to a persistent masculine opposition to her feminine interference.

Finally a consoling idea came to Mrs. Jenkins. She would relieve her mind by discussing the matter freely with her husband.

"Well, Jake," she said one evening, as they sat alone, "I see that my plan is not aworkin' very good. Jimmy is losin' his appetite and looks as thin and miserable as can be. I believe that he's in love with the missus, but he is a stubborn lad, and will never give in. It was a mistake for Uncle Tom to offer him the farm on those cornditions, Jimmy is a proud lad and hates ter 'peer to be marryin' fer a farm, but when he meets the right girl he ought ter marry, farm or no farm."

"But are you so sure that she is the right girl?" asked the old man timidly.

"The right girl!" repeated Mrs. Jenkins scornfully. "How can you ask the question? What do you mean?"

"Jimmy has not showed any signs of bein' in love, has he, Mary Ann?" ventured the old man.

"Signs!" said his wife as she waved her arm in a gesture of impatience. "A lot you know of signs. You hev prob'bly forgot how you felt yourself when you was in love, if you ever was," she added with a piercing glance of her sharp, black eyes. "You hev not noticed I s'pose how thin and pale he is. He has lost his appetite and hez nothin' to say. I give it up. What do you think you can surgest? It's your turn now, Jake."

The old man looked at his wife and said deliberately:

"Well, Mary Ann, if he really likes the missus without showin' it,

how would it be ter ask her to git another boardin' place? Then, when she is gone, he might find out that he would like to see her ercasionally. What do you think of that, Mary Ann?"

"Pretty good, Jake," returned Mrs. Jenkins with renewed enthusiasm, "I see that you have a idear once in awhile. But tell me what to say to her. I have no good 'xcuses ter give and would ruther she staid nor went."

"Well, tell her, Mary Ann, that it is the busy season and you hev too much ter do an' can't do her jistice. Say that you are sorry to hev her go and hope to see her back often to visit us, and perhaps some time to stay, which is what you would like, eh, Mary Ann?" he added, with a twinkle in his quiet, blue eye.

"All right, Jake, that will do," replied Mrs. Jenkins, with a sigh, "I will fix it up all right if I tell her at all, 'cause it doesn't seem jist the thing ter do. I guess I had better sleep over it and then decide; I might hev some light throwed on it."

But Mrs. Jenkins' slumbers had only the effect of confirming her in the good opinion which she had formed of the proposition. The school teacher was at once informed of the great stress of work which made it advisable that she, in her own interest, should seek another boarding place.

A flush of surprise and embarrassment was on the young girl's face.

"But we needn't be strangers," said Mrs. Jenkins, anxious to propitiate matters, "we will see you often. Perhaps my son Jimmy can run in to see you sometimes of an evenin', he is not feelin' jist the best, and it would do him good to get out sometimes. He stays too steady ter

home, I s'pose you wouldn't mind him callin' ter see you some times," added the canny mother, scrutinizing closely with her sharp eyes the face before her.

"Oh no, not at all," returned the girl, the flush coloring the transparent skin.

In this way it came about that in a few days the teacher had changed her quarters to the cottage of the little, old spinster, Miss Brown, the accustomed haven of the much abused teachers of Jenkinsville. The perplexed parishioners debated among themselves, as they watched eagerly for developments, "What was the idear of Mary Ann Jenkins? For sure she had somethin' in her mind when she took the missus in and agin when she sent her away."

But the curiosity of her neighbors lacked the element of anxiety which was disturbing Mrs. Jenkins's peace of mind, as she scanned each day the face of her son, as a farmer is wont to scan the heavens for the signs which are written there. Whether auspicious or otherwise, Jimmy had been roused by the teacher's departure and showed a dogged displeasure, unlike his wonted good nature. His mother was silent on the subject of the loss in the household. However, the change at the table was too perceptible not to be felt, and Jimmy was forced at length to speak.

"What did you send the teacher away for?" he asked his mother. His expression was sullen and caused Mrs. Jenkins to tremble inwardly.

"Why, Jimmy boy, such a question," she replied, in a tone of injured surprise, "you didn't like her comin' here. Now you seem ter object to her goin'. You are hard ter please."

Jimmy was silent, but apparently not satisfied with the explanation, so his mother continued, "It is harder please you, Jimmy. You was put out all the time she was here. You had nothin' ter say and got pale and thin and lost your appetite. I thought that if it was the teacher who was a doin' it, she had better go. So I had ter tell her, much as I didn't like ter. Now I hope you will be all right again."

Jimmy turned on his heel. He had no argument to offer, but as he walked to the barn he was turning over a proposition in his mind. He must see her at once. That was the first necessity of existence.

The day's work done, Jimmy ate hastily and in silence the evening meal, then retired to his room and later appeared, carefully dressed in his Sunday clothes. On the threshold he met his mother, who looked at him curiously.

"Goin' out, Jimmy?" she asked, in a tone of surprise.

Jimmy had not meant to say anything to his mother. He had hoped to slip out while she was busy in the dairy; but he was taken un-awares.

"Do you think that the missus might care to see me?" he asked. Then as if regretting the committal he had made, he strode off before Mrs. Jenkins had time to reply.

She watched him as he went down the road, a tall, erect figure. her mother's heart experienced a new feeling of pride in her son, though she was not without her misgivings as to the wisdom of the part she had played in this drama. Mrs. Jenkins was essentially of a practical turn of mind, which served her badly when it was a question of emotions and sentiments. But she saw that her boy's heart had been

touched at last, and that the future now depended on the successful issue of this affair.

Jimmy walked on, troubled with strange forebodings; yet he possessed a moral courage which he had not known since his first meeting with the teacher. He was determined to win the hand of the fair one who had stolen his heart.

As he approached the vine-clad cottage, he espied in the distance the familiar form of little Miss Brown in the doorway.

She came forward to the edge of the veranda, looking at the young man with a surprised and curious scrutiny.

"Well, Jimmy Jenkins!" said she, in a piping voice, "you are a great stranger here. When did you ever cross my lawn before? Not sence you was a little school feller. I reckon it is somethin' important an' perticular that brings you here now. Is yer ma ill?"

A curious, hollow smile played about the corners of Jimmy's mouth. The humor of the situation struck him forcibly.

"My mother is very well, thank you, Miss Brown," said he, composing his features, "but she seems to think that I am not, and thought it would do me good to get out and make a few calls, and see some of my old friends. She says that it is as good as a change of air. So I started out to-night and thought I had better begin with you."

Miss Brown was not slow to read into this reply a deeper significance.

"Rather lonesome up your way sence the teacher left, I reckon," said she bluntly, as she eyed the young man keenly, "But yer loss is our gain. She is a mighty fine girl and mighty fine company; smart to see and good to tell what she sees.

and kind too, to listen as she does to a tiresome old body like me."

There was a pause during which Miss Brown looked at her visitor, as if expecting a confirmation of her words.

Jimmy was silent.

"She is a girl as deserves and ought ter hev a good time," continued the spinster with a certain defiance of tone. "She is a good teacher, and when she works hard with the youngsters all day, the least the young folks can do is to give her a good time. I was glad," she added with a certain maliciousness of glance, "that Billy Farmers was good enough to come 'round this evenin' to take her fer a drive. I am sure she will enjoy it this fine, meller evenin', I am jist waitin' fer 'em to come back."

Jimmy's startled expression of displeasure was not lost on Miss Brown. The young man had flushed to the roots of his hair, but words seemed to have failed him. Billy Farmers, of all the young men of the country side, whose family and Jimmy's had not been on speaking terms in years! Miss Brown grasped the irony of these circumstances, and generously came to the rescue.

"Perhaps you would like to speak fer to-morrow night if she hasn't promised it to Farmers already?" she said slyly.

A happy thought came to Jimmy's rescue. "If you will just tell her, Miss Brown, that my mother would like her to come to take supper with us to-morrow night. That was my message, but I was almost forgetting it."

Jimmy was fast becoming a prince of dissimulators.

So it happened that Miss Jennie Parkers saw Jimmy in a new light the next evening at his supper table. His old restraint had vanished before the force of his natural, manly freedom. Jimmy had become more dignified in his own eyes since he saw himself the rival of Billy Farmers.

The change was not lost on Miss Parkers. She blushed under his steady, honest and admiring glance, which took on a deeper meaning in the moonlight as they walked toward Miss Brown's cottage, each experiencing the thrill of that potent, subtle charm of young love.

"I have not words to express myself well," said Jimmy, "but I want to tell you that home has been a prison since you left. You had to come back before the sun would shine in again, and now I cannot live without you. Won't you give up that school-teaching and take me for your pupil?"

The answering glance in her eyes was assurance enough, for the tall, manly fellow, on the silent country road, in the moonlight, put his arm around her, and drew her face to his and kissed her rosy lips.

For Jimmy, all matrimonial doubts had been removed. Meanwhile his mother laid the matter before her husband.

"It looks promisin' like to-night, Jake. Jimmy seems to hev got over his queer ways and is comin' out like a man. Didn't you think the missus looked fine to-night? Jimmy and her'll make a nice pair. I expect that he will tell me about it in the mornin'. Then I mean to remind him when he marries that he owes it all to me, both wife and farm."







such a weird charm. Here, in an old house that one suspects is aristocratic after Miss Miller's definition, in the possession of a ghost or two—Mrs. Wynne writes stories and works in metals. She has a forge and all the other necessary accessories to her art, and here she fashions brooches, buckles, rings, and all sorts of quaint trinkets from her own original and oftentimes, beautiful designs. Her house, which is not far from the Blue and White Society's headquarters, is famed as the house from which the "Three Brides in Blue" stepped out one Sabbath morning, all in bright blue gowns, to wed their three respective sweethearts, who, as well as I remember the story, were a trio of brothers.

A little farther down the road, live two ladies—the Misses Allen—who have really made photography a fine

art. In fact, everybody in Deerfield does something or other, and curiously enough combine the very convenient art of making money with their other arts. It presents a pleasing combination of "Arts and Craftiness" as Mrs. Wynne has most aptly remarked. Unquestionably the influence of the Blue and White Society of Needlework has already been widely felt throughout the country, and it is reasonable to believe it will continue to quicken the impulse toward really artistic embroideries all over the country.

To have established a high standard of excellence in, and to have created a desire for, what is really beautiful in various branches of household decoration, is to have accomplished much for art itself, and this is what the present generation of artisans and craftsmen owe to the Deerfield Renaissance.



Solace

By MARY MINERVA BARROWS

Laughter was only an echo,
For Joy had passed me by,
And the songs of the birds which I sighed for
Struck on mine ear like a cry.

But who had told her of my hunger?
Whence filled she her cup for my cheer?
Over the sands of the desert
I heard her feet draw near.

Out of the depths of her spirit
She offered me wine and bread,
And there from the soul of a woman
A woman's soul was fed.

The Humbling of Harriet

By MARGARET ASHMUN

MRS. GROVES came to her front door as I drove up to the gate in my new pony carriage. I had seen her cheery face at the window and had expected some characteristic remark from the brisk little woman concerning the elegance of my new "turn-out"; but her cordial greeting was in no wise different from what it always was.

"How do you do, Miss Adams! Now I am glad to see you. Get right out 'n' I'll send Bud 'round to the barn with the horses. Look out—your skirt come nigh to rubbin' against the wheel. Well, well, it's better'n a dose o' boneset tea t' see you. I was just a-wishin' this mornin' that you'd take a drive out from Bellville, this 'ere nice mellerish weather. Don't it do you good to watch the grass a-springin'?"

The unnoticed ponies and carriage consigned to the care of Bud, Mrs. Groves' bashful red-haired son, I followed my hostess into the house with a pleasant sense of anticipation. A day spent with Mrs. Groves was always one of enjoyment. Her plain, little house was always a bustle of hospitality. The splint-bottomed chair that I preferred to the plush rocker, was hurried in from the kitchen where it ordinarily served the purpose of "restin' Mrs. Groves' bones" while she pared potatoes or beat up cake; the kittens (there was always a new batch) were brought in, a protesting handful, from the barn, with the old mother trotting apprehensively behind; sundry favorite dishes of mine were put

under preparation, with many anxious inquiries as to just what I should like and just how I should like it "fixed." But best of all, Mrs. Groves immediately put herself into the mood for an all-day's visit: I was sure of some quaint tale before I departed.

Mrs. Groves was a round, lively woman, something over fifty, not eccentric, but full of a mild and satisfying originality. One fact about her is worthy of remark. The state of her mind, upon the advent of a visitor, was discernible to the knowing eye, by the number and quality of the aprons retained upon her person. I say retained, because one invariably found her wearing four. When the caller was such as Mrs. Groves termed the "back-bitin' kind," she was received politely by a dignified hostess wearing with unapologized candor, a "s'iled" blue gingham apron (i. e. one as immaculate as all of Mrs. Groves' belongings, but open to the suspicion of having been worn before). A more welcome guest was favored by the sight of a fresh gingham apron, disclosed on the removal of the outer husk. When one of Mrs. Groves' real friends appeared, off came both gingham coverings, and the lady stepped forth in a "s'iled" white apron, with a flounce at the bottom. Upon the arrival of "city folks" or well-liked relatives from a distance, the crowning act of deference was performed—Mrs. Groves doffed the once-worn white apron and displayed the freshest and crispest expanse of lawn, with a hand-cro-

cheted lace edge a finger-length in width. I cannot forbear saying that she wore such an apron for me, and that I was fully sensible of the honor.

On the particular morning when I arrived so proudly in my new trap, Mrs. Groves hastily divested herself of the outer three aprons and hung them on their accustomed peg. The formalities of the splint-chair, the kittens, and the prospective menu disposed of, she seated herself in the plush rocker with her work. She was crocheting lace for a new white apron, the eleventh, she confessed to me in response to my questions. "But I do like to be neat 'n' clean," she explained, by way of justifying her extravagance.

"I see you've got a new pony-rig," said she, with an inconsequential air, as if unwilling to grant too much to my vanity. "It's right pretty, I will confess, but you want to look out or you'll get as high-headed as Harri't Trumbull."

"Who was Harriet Trumbull, and how high-headed was she?" I questioned, trying to suppress my curiosity, for Mrs. Groves liked to "go her own gait" in telling stories as in everything else, and too much eagerness on the part of the listener was likely to result in an abrupt change of subject. Mrs. Groves counted stitches provokingly:

"Harri't Trumbull—seven, eight, nine—Harri't—ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen—Har—oh, yes! Well, I guess I'll have to tell you about her just as a warning, as 'twere.

" 'Twas some years ago, when I was livin' down 't the other end o' the village. Harri't Trumbull lived right next to me, a-keepin' house for her father 'n' two young brothers. Harri't was about nineteen then and a big, healthy, pretty-

lookin' girl, with gray eyes 'n' kind o' lightish brown hair, an' a dimple or two, as the girls in stories always ought to have. She was a nice girl, too, but notional. Her mother'd been dead four years 'n' I suppose one couldn't expect but what she'd show in some way the lack of a mother's care. I tried to do what I could for her, but nobody ain't like a real mother, I guess. Well, that summer we'd been tryin' to raise money to buy some new pulpit furniture for the church and some of us in the "Ladies' Aid" got up a concert an' evenin's entertainment. Folks said it was the best by a long shot that had ever been presented to the public in Denton, 'n' I do' know but what they was right, though as I was engineerin' it, it ain't for me to say. There's people around the country that talks of it yet. Well, anyway, Elder Bowdon suggested that as long as we'd done so well with it in Denton, we'd better go over to White Prairie (that's five miles, you know) at the time they was holdin' a Dairymen's Convention. We all agreed that 'twould be a wise plan. 'Twouldn't take much extry work 'n' we could have some fun out o' it an' make a good haul o' money too. So we all planned to go.

"I went over to Harri't's that mornin' to see how she was feelin'. Harri't was our leadin' soprano and we depended on her a good deal. She'd been havin' a cold and I was awful scared for fear she wouldn't be able to sing.

" 'How are you, Harri't?' I says, real cheerful.

" 'Oh, all right, I guess,' she answered, listless like. She was sittin' by the window, 'n' looked as if she had one o' her airs on. There'd be times when she'd be kind o' superior, 'n' 'd want to do things

different from anybody else. She wouldn't never pour her tea into her saucer, nor leave her spoon in her teacup. She'd read that those things wasn't proper. She'd hold her cup kind o' mincin' and there'd be more crooks in her little finger than there is question marks in the catechism. She was always a-readin' about what was proper and what wasn't, 'n' it fretted her a good deal that she couldn't have things as she wanted 'em. I didn't answer anything to her this time, 'n' in a minute her brother Elnathan went by the window.

"'I declare for it, Harri't,' I says, 'I do think Elnathan ought to be put into long trousis. He's thirteen now an' gawky as a telegraft pole.'

"'Oh, Mis' Groves,' she says, kind of sentimental, 'I want to keep him young 's long 's I can. The troubles o' life'll come soon enough.'

"'Troubles!' I says. 'Well, I should think it was plenty o' trouble for him, to have to go skirrurin' round in short pants, with his legs long enough to tie. But what's the trouble with you,' I says—'are you fussin' over what you're goin' to wear to-night?'

"'I ain't goin' to-night,' she says, as cool as she could, but I could see she was nervous inside.

"'I was struck all of a heap but I didn't let on. 'Ain't you?' says I, 'may I ask what's the reason?'

"'Well!' says Harri't, sort of explodin', 'I ain't goin' to ride over to White Prairie in no old lumber-wagon.'

"That was some time ago, as I said, 'n' carriages wasn't as plenty as they are now. Most all the folks in the village was farmers an' they needed farm wagons worse than anything else. Those who had carriages felt pretty grand an' only

used 'em when the occasion seemed to demand it. We had a nice phaeton ourselves 'n' I was thinkin' of gettin' it out to go to White Prairie in. Mr. Trumbull hadn't nothin' but a lumber-wagon. 'Twas a good one an' new, but it seems Harri't had took a notion 'twasn't good enough for her. Her father's wagon wasn't the only one she could 'a' gone in either. Albert Patterson had been goin' with Harri't a good deal 'n' I knew he'd want her to go with him 'n' his sisters, but then—they hadn't nothing but a Democrat wagon.

"'I know it's kind o' mean,' Harri't says, 'not to sing in the quartet as I was goin' to, but you c'n get someone else.'

"'You know there ain't anybody else, Harri't,' I answered. 'You'll have to go, I'm thinkin', Miss Highty-Tighty.'

"'Not in a wagon,' says Harri't. 'Albert wanted me to go with him 'n' the girls, but their wagon's no better 'n' ours if it is a little lighter. No, Mis' Groves, I'm goin' to stay to home.'

"I was that indignant at the young upstart that I could 'a' trounced her right there, but I had to think o' the evenin's entertainment, so I kept calm. I argued with her for awhile, tellin' her how wagons was all right to ride in 'n' how better folks than she was had spent the bigger part o' their lives in 'em. But 'twas no use. She was firm. She wasn't goin' to ride in no wagon, she said, and that was the end on't. There was only one thing to do, as I see, and that was to take her with me. Ella, my sister-in-law, was visitin' me, 'n' I was countin' on the two of us goin' real comfort'ble in the phaeton, but I could give that up easier'n I could

git along without Harri't at the entertainment.

"'Well, Harri't,' I said, keepin' back my feelin's, 'you can ride with Sister Ella 'n' me, in the phaeton.'

"'Oh, can I!' burst out Harri't. 'That's so good of you! But won't it inconvenience you?'

"'Yes, it will,' I said, 'but not as much as it would inconvenience me to have to announce to the public an' the Dairymen's Convention 'n' all, that we wouldn't have no quartet nor no soprano solo. You get ready 'n' you c'n go with us.' But I was thinkin' to myself, 'Just you wait till we get started home, young lady, 'n' I'll tell you what I think about your actin's up.'

"Well, I won't tire you by tellin' you all about the concert. It went off fine an' we made a sight more money 'n' we expected to. We was able to buy brocaded silk chairs instead o' the plain plush we expected to, and we got a hangin' lamp too, with those little danglin' glass diamonds on it.

"But the trouble commenced when the thing was over. Harri't had sung beautiful, 'n' everybody was a-standin' 'round her tellin' her how good her voice was 'n' how she ought to go on the stage, when Cousin Esther from over at Hurdigan's Mills come runnin' up to me. She'd come in late 'n' I hadn't seen her before. 'I've got a surprise for you,' she said. 'I'm goin' home with you to stay two-three days. I knew you could arrange to take me along some way. I came with the Farrils' but they went as soon as the concert was over, for fear it was goin' to rain.'

"I was fond o' Cousin Esther 'n' she knew she was always welcome. So I told her I was real glad she was goin' to visit me. But I kept

wonderin' what on earth I'd do with Harri't. Folks was a-goin' fast 'n' soon there wouldn't be anyone for her to ride with. I went to Albert Patterson first, 'n' says, 'Albert, you'll have to take Harri't with you, I guess. Cousin Esther's come over from Hurdigan's Mills 'n' I'll have to take her with Sister Ella 'n' me.'

"'All right,' he says, 'if we're good enough for her.'

Then I went 'n' spoke to Harri't. She turned white in a min'it. 'No, I won't ride with Al Patterson,' she says, sour as vinegar, 'I refused once to-day 'n' I don't go draggin' after him now. Besides, I won't ride in a wagon.'

"'Well, I don't know what else you'll do,' I says, good 'n' mad. 'There ain't no other way.'

"'I can walk,' she says, snappish as a mud-turtle, 'n' went to gather up her singin' books 'n' things. I knew Harri't well enough to re'lize that she would walk rather 'n' to go with Albert then after what'd been said. I spoke to him about it, and he said, laughin' kind o' hard, 'Well, let her walk. The air'll do her good.' And he went out to get his horses 'n' mine. Al had a skitterish kind of a team 'n' when he drove up to the door o' the hall where we'd been havin' our entertainment, the horses wouldn't stand, so all of the folks had to pile in quick 'n' start off. He'd tied my horse to a post near by. I tried to say something to Albert about Harri't, but he says again as cool as a snowbank, 'Oh, let her walk! Nothin' 'll hurt her.'

"I tried to protest, but the horses was actin' so that I couldn't get in a word, 'n' before I knew it, the wagon was gone. Albert's sisters hadn't sensed just what the trouble was, so they hadn't said anything

against Harri't's walkin'. Harri't was standin' in the door o' the hall, with her best jacket over her arm. A streak o' light shone out on her 'n' I could see that her lips was tremblin' but she spoke up unconcerned, 'n' said, 'Well, I guess I'll go on; it's gettin' late.'

"'Harri't Trumbull,' I says, 'if you're goin' to walk, I'm goin' to walk too. I ain't goin' to have no young girl a-traipsin' 'round the country alone, at this time o' night. Land knows what might happen.'

"'You ain't goin' to walk, either,' she answered; 'I won't have it. You shan't kill yourself to get me home. I ain't in the least afraid.'

"'Twon't kill me,' I says, 'I'm a good walker. In fact, I think I should enjoy a stroll of a few miles this nice evenin'.' We was the last to go, from over Denton way, 'n' the White Prairie folks was standin' round prickin' up their ears to hear what was wrong. I didn't propose to have them hear us havin' words together, so I says in a low tone to Cousin Esther 'n' Sister Ella, 'You drive right along 'n' I'll walk with Harri't.' They was inclined to argue, but I says, 'You keep right still 'n' go on 's I tell you.' I said it in a tone that made 'em whip up the horse in short order.

"Harri't didn't say anything more, 'n' we set out together, stiff 'n' still as two wooden posts a-walkin' along. It had looked like rain earlier in the evenin', but it had cleared up 'n' the moon was risin' off over the hills. I thought we shouldn't have such a bad walk after all. But we hadn't gone more 'n a mile when the clouds began to show in the west and they kept spreadin' fast.

"'Don't you think,' says Harri't, breakin' our long silence, 'that we'd

better go through the back pastures o' the Hayes farm? It'll save us a big stretch o' walkin'.' I didn't say anything but just turned in to the pasture gate.

"We was lopin' along good 'n' fast in the middle of the pasture, Harri't in the lead, when all at once her foot turned on a stun 'n' she threw her arms out 'n' then fell down onto the grass, holdin' her ankle and groanin' something frightful.

"'Oh, it's broke; it's broke!' she says, 'n' begun to cry 'n' moan like one dyin'.

"I got down on the grass 'n' took her shoe off as quick as I could 'n' felt of the bones, her takin' on all the time. 'It's only a sprain,' I says, tryin' to cheer her up. 'You'll get over it in a few days.'

"'Where'll I be those few days?' she says. 'Oh, how'll we ever get home? What in the world 'll we do? Oh, ain't this terrible?'

"Well, I guess it might be worse,' I answered her; but I ain't tellin' what I was thinkin'. The wind was comin' up 'n' the sky was gettin' black 'n' here we was stranded in the middle o' that big pasture where nobody'd ever find us in a week, 'n' us with no umbrellas nor much of anything else. But I didn't say a word against Harri't. I thought she was gettin' punished her share.

"I tried to have her walk, holdin' onto my shoulder, but we had to give up, she was in such misery.

"'Well,' I says, 'Harri't, you'll have to stay here while I go over to the Hayeses 'n' get help.'

"'I'm afraid to stay here alone,' she whimpered. She was sufferin' so that her nerve was all gone.

"'That don't make any difference,' I answered. 'You'll have to

stay here just the same.' She didn't say any more.

"I fixed her up as well 's I could in the shelter o' some bushes, 'n' started off. It was pretty dark, but I could see my way all right an' I wasn't a mite scared. The Hayes house was about a quarter of a mile away from where we was, on the main road that we'd left behind us when we entered the pasture. It was beginnin' to rain a little when I got to the house. Everything was dark.

"I knocked loud an' long at the side door but nobody come. Then I went to the front door 'n' then to the back door—but it was no use. It dawned on me then that the family was all away from home, 'n' I remembered that there hadn't been none of 'em at the concert as there would 'a' been if they'd been near enough.

"I didn't know what to do. It wasn't rainin' very hard but the water that was comin' down was wet, 'n' I knew it would be fearful bad for Harri't's ankle if she had to stay out long. I was revolv'in' all sorts o' wild schemes in my head as I turned away from the back door, an' I was thinkin' so hard that I stumbled over somethin' standin' by the path. I put out my hand an' found it was a wheelbarrow.

"'The Lord will provide,' says I, half laughin' an' half cryin'. I thought I could bring Harri't up to the house 'n' we could stay on the porch until Albert Patterson came, as he'd be sure to when he saw it was goin' to rain. I took that wheelbarrow an' trundled it back across the pasture to where Harri't was sittin' in the bushes. She was there a-cryin' soft to herself. I helped her into the wheelbarrow, her a-groanin' and cryin', 'n' I'll admit

I didn't feel any too cheerful myself. Dear suz, but it was hard work gettin' across that pasture 'n' through the Hayes orchard 'n' garden. Harri't, 's I said, was a big, strappin' kind of a girl, 'n' though I'm strong, it wasn't no easy job to wheel her. Besides, the ground was wet 'n' sticky 'n' the wheelbarrow needed oilin'. The wheel 'd screech dismal every time it went round 'n' that didn't quiet our nerves any. I had to stop about every ten steps to rest my back, 'n' every time I'd stop, Harri't 'd start up sayin', 'I'm goin' to walk!' 'n' then her ankle 'd give her a twinge 'n' she'd fall back half faintin'. I don't see how I ever done it but folk'll find they c'n do consid'able that they never thought they could. We'd got to the back garden when we heard a wagon a-rattlin' on the road some distance away.

"'Oh,' says Harri't, moanin', 'I wish I was in that wagon—it sounds so good!'

"It was comin' nearer, 'n' pretty soon I heard Albert Patterson callin' to his horses. I just stood where I was 'n' hollered, 'Al-bert Patter-son,' as loud as I could scream. Albert stopped his wagon in front o' the house an' tied his horses. He had a lantern 'n' as I kept shoutin' he follered my call 'n' come down through the garden. He held up the lantern in the rain. 'What's the matter?' he says, pretty near dumbfounded.

"'Harri't's sprained her ankle,' I says.

"'Well, I'll be—' says Albert, but he didn't finish for he burst out a-laughin' as if he'd die.

I guess we was a sight. We was in the middle of a big patch o' cabbages. Harri't was wedged into the wheelbarrow an' spillin' over on the

sides. She had on a wide-brimmed black hat with pink roses onto it, 'n' the dye in the hat had softened 'n' run down her forehead in black streaks; the roses was one sticky mush. She was cryin' 'n' sniffin' 'n' not sayin' a word. I was still a-hangin' holt o' the handles o' the wheelbarrow, 'n' how I looked, I hain't no call to say.

"Albert stood there a-laughin' 'n' ha-ha-in' for about five minutes. I thought Harri't 'd be furious to be so hectored but she was as dumb as a fish—maybe because she was as wet as one.

"All at once Albert set down his lantern 'n' got down on his knees beside the wheelbarrow. 'Kiss me, Harri't,' he says kind o' low. They put their arms around each other—'n' I took the lantern an' went back a few steps to look for some hair-pins I thought I felt slip out a few minutes before.

"Pretty soon Albert called me. 'Hold the lantern, please,' says he, 'an' I'll get Harri't into the wagon.'

"He wheeled her out to the road where his horses was. Then he lifted her as gentle as he could an' helped her to climb in. It hurt her somethin' terrible I know, for a groan or two would escape in spite of her. Neither of 'em said a word until she was safe in the back seat o' the wagon.

"'I'm sorry your ankle hurts so,' says Albert, then, real awkward.

"'The ankle ain't anything,' she answered, chokin'.

"Albert wrapped us up in some dry blankets he had, then he drove home as fast as he could, for the dark 'n' Harri't's sprain. Not one of us said a word. I took Harri't in

with me 'n' put her to bed 'n' doctored her foot. She didn't speak hardly a syllable, but all at once she pulled me down to her, 'n' kissed me, 'n' then turned 'n' hid her face against the wall.

"About ten days afterwards, I was over to Mis' Dolittle's 'n' we was sittin' in the kitchen for awhile 'n' then we went down cellar as she wanted to show me how many blue-b'ries she'd put up for the winter. While we was down there, Mis' Andrews come over with her red an' white apron over her head 'n' she calls down the cellar stairs—she'd heard us a-talkin' down there—'For the land sakes, Mis' Dolittle, do come up 'n' look out the window. Al Patterson's got Harri't Trumbull in his lumber wagon and he's druv her up 'n' down Main Street six individjul times. They just keep a-drivin' back 'n' forth.'

"We skurried upstairs 'n' looked out at the front window. Harri't was a-settin' on the high seat of the lumber wagon (not the Democrat, this time) 'n' she was lookin' up into Al's face 'n' smilin', though she was blushin' 'n' half cryin' too. She caught sight o' me 'n' waved her hand.

"'What do you s'pose it means?' says Mis' Andrews.

"'Near's I can see, I guess it means a weddin',' said I, 'n' it did.'

Mrs. Groves rolled up her crocheting in a clean, white handkerchief.

"So look out," she continued, smiling, "that the same don't happen to you. It's sure to, if you get as high-headed as Harri't Trumbull."

With which enigmatical remark she departed to the kitchen to make my Washington cream-pie.

Matters in Alaska

By A. G. KINGSBURY

Nome, Alaska, Sept. 10, 1905.

UPON my arrival in Nome, I got together a tent and camping outfit and proceeded at once to place myself within the magic golden circle, at foot of Anvil Mountain; it is of less than one and one half miles diameter, yet, within the past six years exceeding \$10,700,000 of placer gold has been washed from the gravel in five creeks which surround and proceed from it to Behring Sea, four miles to the south, upon the shore of which sea stands Nome City. It is believed these millions already mined from the five creeks, Anvil Creek, Nikola Gulch, Dexter Creek, Cooper Gulch and Little Creek are but a small part of the wealth contained in gravel and quartz within the circle described by them. Short sections of three other creeks, Glacier, Snow Gulch and Dry Creek, immediately adjacent, have produced something above three millions of dollars. The entire eight creeks named are still heavy producers and being worked winter and summer.

Their benches next the mountain are rich with hardly an exception. The benches on opposite sides of streams are seldom found to be rich. This fact has led many to believe the mother lode may be in the heart of Anvil Mountain, the centre of the circle. A company has begun to drift a tunnel, starting at the western base, with the intention of piercing Anvil's very heart. The treasure locked therein may surprise

the world. The golden dust she has shaken from her skirts since three Swedes, late in the fall of '98, knelt at her feet and panned that first three bits worth, is good endorsement of the belief that it is but samples from pockets higher up. Hundreds of nuggets, some of them one, two and three thousand dollar pieces of solid gold has this Queen of the Hills paid to the hardy miner from her treasure vaults within this circle. On general principles we do not think such weighty nuggets have travelled great distances but that they are chips from Mother Anvil's heart, torn away by glacial action and other erosive agencies. Therefore man desires a closer acquaintance and has started to tunnel.

As I write I hear the dynamite blasts of coroner Borchsenius, as he directs the autopsy on Mother Anvil. Just in front of my tent I see Joe Brown's outfit at work on No. 1 below Discovery on Little Creek. The first of last October Mr. Brown was a poor man prospecting for the pay streak. That same month he struck it. He has gone for a summer visit to his home in Texas, with, they say, not less than \$400,000 to his credit. Adjoining Brown's claim is the Portland Bench which was leased to several laymen. One of them, Nels Peterson, in sixty days from the twenty-second of February last, as told in my last letter, extracted 200,000 pans of gravel which washed up \$410,000; some single pans yielded over \$1,000. He too was "broke" when he dropped onto

the pay streak in ground leased from the Pioneer Mining Company.

The latest reliable reports from the tin district on the Seward peninsula, are that the area is about forty miles in length, in which there are generous placer deposits from three to forty feet thick. The yield is reported to be from ten to forty pounds per cubic yard of earth. As refined tin is worth about \$600 per ton the tin hunters are very active. It is also appears from the reports that gold values of from \$174 to \$640 per ton have been secured by the

tin workers. Whether the tin or the gold is to be recognized as the "by-product" of this district is yet uncertain. Some experts believe that back in the hills there are rich veins of tin ore, *in situ*, and the placer deposits have been removed from their surface by glacial action. It is possible however, that this action made a clean sweep of the tin, and it is now all in the placers. Parties are just completing a ten-stamp tin mill at Tin City, and expect to ship three hundred tons of concentrated ore to San Francisco this season.



THE ANVIL MOUNTAIN DISTRICT

The United States government cable which has heretofore covered the principal points on the southern section of Alaska—Juneau, Skagway, Sitka, etc., has been extended this season as far as Seward, a new town near Cook's inlet. It is proposed to extend the line westward along the southerly coast of the Aleutian chain of islands to Dutch Harbor on the island of Unalaska. This point is the naval coaling station for Alaskan waters, and the cable will be of great value to the navy as well as to general commerce. From Dutch Harbor to Nome, some eight hundred miles, will probably be the next link in the cable extension. Nome is in communication with the outside world by "wireless," and this system is to be extended this season up the Yukon river as far as time will permit. The "wireless," system is expected to be most practicable for the whole of the interior of Alaska, as land wires must always be subject to delay and destruction by weather conditions. The coast region will of course have an extension of the marine cable service, and thus the whole country can "speak easy" to far and near.

The Alaska marine cable service, owned by the government has been in operation only about a year, and the extension to Seward has been working but a few weeks. The government business, fully half of the whole transmitted, is without charge. The public service, the only source of revenue, has proved successful, the tolls for the year ending September amounting to \$95,682.24. The first four months of the year paid \$20,827.93, while the last four months paid \$46,611.19.

Considerable interest is manifested here in regard to an Alaskan convention which is proposed for

November at Seattle. Naturally there are numerous very important matters involving the general prosperity of the territory which require discussion and cooperative action to secure the best results. The Nome Chamber of Commerce has taken the initiative, and delegates from all the principal districts are expected to be present. Among the greater questions are the demand for a territorial government and representation in Congress. These are immediately indispensable to good order and systematic development. The people have a right to this. They are emigrants from the States and have learned the lesson of self-government. To class these with the people of the Philippines is a manifest absurdity. The difficulty heretofore, in advancing the territorial proposition has been a lack of harmony among the leading men of the various districts. These groups, a thousand or more miles apart, naturally have divergent interests, and are each insistent on the claims of his own district. Such a convention as is proposed should do much toward harmonizing the districts on the great essentials which must underlie successful effort.

An arctic climate does not seem to deter the "graft" bacillus; it carries its own favorable temperature wherever it goes from torrid streams to arctic snows. The mining districts in Alaska are a fertile field for the propagation of this bacillus, and government officers are openly accused of self-aggrandizement at the expense of the public. Leading court officials and members of their families appear as holders of mining claims in great numbers, far greater than any private individuals who are legitimate miners. There is much indignation over this grasping of

the best things, and if a congressional committee comes here next season this matter will doubtless be brought to its attention with considerable emphasis.

Every season adds to the interest attaching to Alaskan prospects. The country is an empire in itself; larger than all the United States east of the Mississippi river, and with a river, the Yukon, larger than any in the States. There are people thoroughly familiar with conditions here who are sanguine that the Yukon valley has great agricultural possibilities, and that ten million inhabitants can draw their support from this area. One reason why there has been no development of agriculture in Alaska is that it was only last March that Congress passed a law making it possible for any one to obtain titles to agricultural lands. A homestead of 320 acres may now be secured. Professor George C. Georgenson, of Manhattan, Kansas, who was formerly in charge of the government experiment stations in Alaska, says that some day the country will produce more grain and of a better quality than any state in the Union.

"The fact that thousands upon thousands of acres of the finest grasses cover the valley from four to six feet high is an evidence of the greatest opportunities for stock raising. Cattle can be wintered in Southern Alaska with far less difficulty and expense than in Montana and in many places cattle will look out for themselves and keep fat all winter. I believe Alaska is certain to become one of the greatest stock raising regions of the world.

"Agriculture in Alaska is not a matter of conjecture, for the United States government has had for several years past experts at work care-

fully investigating its resources and possibilities, and after these years of painstaking investigation makes public its estimate that there are at least one hundred thousand square miles of territory in Alaska admirably adapted to agriculture.

"There could never be a greater misconception in regard to a geographical fact than the popular idea that Alaska is a snow covered waste. As a matter of fact, one can travel from one end of the Yukon to the other in summer and never see snow. On the contrary, one will see a tangle of luxuriant vegetation, large forests and such delicacies as wild raspberries, red currants, huckleberries and cranberries in profusion. In places the grass grows as high as a man's shoulders.

"The greatest mystery to most people is the climate of Alaska. Cherishing a vague idea of a barren waste of snow and ice, it comes as a rude shock to learn that it is very much like Pennsylvania in summer and in winter, while cold in the north, peculiarly mild in the south, so mild that from Sitka, one thousand miles west, the mean winter temperature is very much like that of the city of Washington.

"Of course, in a region of such vast extent as Alaska, stretching as it does farther east and west than from New York to San Francisco, and farther north and south than from the Gulf to the Great Lakes, there is naturally a great diversity of climate. The peculiar modifying influence along the whole southern coast for two thousand miles is the Japanese current, which tempers this region in the same way as it does California, Oregon, Washington and British Columbia."

However agricultural forecast may be it appears certain that the coun-

try has unlimited sources of wealth, in gold, copper, tin and coal. The latter is a most fortunate feature for a fuel supply is indispensable to every local industry. With the extension of United States interests in the far East a coal supply midway of the ocean route is most important, and it is here in unlimited quantities. Experts declare that Alaska has more coal than Pennsylvania. In addition to the local demand, which will naturally be increased with every advance in population and industrial enterprise, there may be stated the great geographical fact that Alaska is on the direct route from the United States to the Orient—Japan, China and the Philippines. During the Spanish war, transports sailing from San Francisco or Seattle, when in a hurry to reach Manila, passed within sight of the shores of Alaska. It is a common impression, gained from maps on the Mercator projection, that it is much shorter from San Francisco to Manila by way of Honolulu, but it is a fact that it is several hundred miles shorter by

Alaska. As soon as the coal areas are developed the naval coal station at Dutch Harbor on the island of Unalaska will become the great naval base of the Northern Pacific. One practical miner who has lived in Montana for twenty-four years and in Alaska seventeen years, declares that within the next thirty years Alaska will produce more mineral wealth than the whole United States has produced in the last thirty years.

The half dozen passenger steamers from Seattle to Nome have all successfully made their first trips this season, each bringing a full complement of passengers some three thousand in number and full cargoes of freight. The *Corwin* was first in this year, as she was last year, and the *Corwin* Trading Company, her owners, largely Boston people, are to be congratulated on her continued success.

The salmon canneries have had a very successful season, reports up to the middle of August showing a total in Alaska of 421,257 cases.

The Prayer of Suvama

(From the Sanscrit)

By EDWIN HENRY KEEN

Almighty Maker, Lord of life and death,
 Giver and Taker of my fleeting breath,
 I bow my head and offer this one prayer:—
 Part not my lover from me, here or there!
 Take me from life, resolve this mortal frame
 Into the elements from which it came;
 But of Thy pity this I crave of Thee:
 Fashion each part anew, but let me be
 The water in his well—the wanton wind
 That fans his cheek—the light to find
 His path—his staff—the fire that yields him heat—
 The sky above his head—the ground beneath his feet.

Half a Loaf

By HELENA SMITH

THE voices floated out distinctly to Cynthia Stevens as she sat in a vine-shrouded corner of the piazza.

"It'll just break Cynthy all up to lose Tom," said somebody, breaking into a discussion of the best method of putting up strawberries.

"I always lose 'em, too," agreed old Mrs. Loomis who was deaf, but who always grasped wildly at what was being said. "Strawberries is the hardest of anything to keep good. How does Cynthy put 'em up?"

"I don't see that she is in any danger of losing Tom Blair," snapped Mrs. Stevens, Cynthia's aunt. "There isn't a prettier girl in this town than Cynthy, if I do say it as shouldn't."

"I ain't referrin' to a town girl," said Mrs. Ashly complacently. "You don't mean to tell me you don't know how he's tagging around after that Miss Ellsworth? The whole town is talking about it and if anyone ever was infatuated, Dr. Tom Blair is the man."

"Miss Ellsworth? Why he's been docterin' her. She's too tony anyway to look at a poor young country doctor." Mrs. Stevens spoke with comfortable assurance.

"Well, she's trifling with his affections," persisted Mrs. Ashly. "It wouldn't seem so bad if she really wanted him. A case just like it happened over in Westerly where my married sister lives. A city girl flirted with a very likely young man over there—Simpson his name was, his father being the undertaker and

well-to-do. She went home to the city and young Simpson made way with himself. That's a true fact 'cause I often hear Sister Belle tell about it. She knew him well."

"Well, this is entirely different," declared Mrs. Stevens angrily. "Tom is just tendin' her arm which she hurt when her horse cut up so. He tells Cynthy all about it!"

"I guess he won't tell Cynthy how he was looking at that Ellsworth woman when they were walking down the river road yesterday afternoon. As I told Silas, Tom seemed bewitched—couldn't take his eyes off'n her."

Cynthia sat motionless. Her little world seemed to fall into ruins around her. As she tried to get up, her heart seemed to snap and break too. Her mind groped feebly about to adjust itself. It was hard to realize the new world into which she had been plunged—a world where there was no Tom!

Her thoughts clung desperately to the days when he had been the object of her childish hero-worship. And for years she had taken it for an accepted fact that he had loved her, since the first time his mischievous eyes had alighted on two strange, yellow pigtailed in the seat in front of him at school.

The idea that an outside element could come between them had never even presented itself for consideration. The enlightening words of the village gossip explained then, a crowd of little incidents to which she had scarcely given a serious thought

—Tom's recent preoccupation that she had credited to work and responsibility, his less frequent and shortened calls, and the little day dreams from which she would recall him and the embarrassed laugh which would follow! She had such perfect confidence in Tom and so smoothly had their little romance tripped along, that it had become a bit too matter of fact!

Cynthia was not dramatic in her grief. When the first blow of Tom's vacillation was survived, she calmly reasoned it out with herself. A plain New England training had taught her the art of hiding her feelings and to "hold up her head" when her pride was wounded. Instead of confronting Tom with his fickle conduct, in her manner to him she was quite collected, though coldly pleasant. Had he been less blind to his own madness, he would have noted the change. Cynthia decided not to give Tom up meekly to this stranger who had flashed across his path and dazzled him. She was still sure of Tom's love, and, she argued, Tom belonged to her. There was defiance in her manner as she would pass the other woman in the street, tossing up her small, blonde head. In lazy amusement Miss Ellsworth would smile at the girl and look at her through her jewelled lorgnette.

If Tom Blair's heart was playing truant, he of all the town, was quite unconscious of it. He had never bothered to figure it out. It was very pleasant to be with Miss Ellsworth—and equally pleasant to run up for a chat with Cynthia, and that was as analytical as he was about the situation. That the handsome young doctor was attracted to the exquisite woman was quite true. That, in turn, his fresh, young enthusiasm and good looks had captivated

Agatha Ellsworth was equally the truth. But Agatha had given about as little serious thought to the outcome, as had the doctor. They were swept on, unseeing, toward the danger line.

Agatha Ellsworth had come to Willoughby, weary of life, it had been so disappointing. The little town had been startled with her magnificence, her beauty, her toilettes. The usual questions arose that invariably do when a stranger comes to a small town, and the usual remarkable stories were manufactured out of whole cloth to account for her presence. Who was she, where did she come from, why was she there and what did she want?

Briefly, Agatha was merely one of those women who have everything that wealth, beauty and position can give, yet who owing to temperamental conditions, fail to extract any particular happiness out of it all. She could not have told herself what it was she had missed. Moreover, she had passed that magic age when the future is filled with alluring possibilities. Agatha had lived to see all her possibilities attain unsatisfying reality. That she was clever was proved by the fact that she was considered a happy woman and one whose life was too completely filled to make her brilliant offers tempting. As a matter of fact, she had never met a man who stood for an ideal she would never have confessed to possessing. Then, when the world had been most tiresome, she met Tom Blair.

Tom, big and masterful, had strode into her life with a surgeon's kit tucked under his arm and radiating breezy, happy enthusiasm. They found so many interests in common that the change from a

pleasant friendliness was too subtle for Tom to realize it. Agatha was fascinated by the matter-of-fact way in which Tom accepted her imperial beauty; she was to him merely a pretty woman with an injured arm to be attended to. Tom was in a position not uncommon, of being in love with two simultaneously, each in her way filling a certain ideal he had in his heart. Agatha was clever, charming, the rare sort of woman who can enter into one's moods with perfect understanding and not too many questions, rejoicing in one's ambitions and offering at other times a tactful and not too obvious sympathy. Cynthia was on the other hand, pretty as a Dresden shepherdess, representing a life-long devotion, practical, sincere.

Cynthia's fresh beauty irritated Agatha more than the beauty of any woman she had ever met. Agatha aroused the antagonism of the country girl because of her exquisite polish and the wonderful creations that set her off so wonderfully. Tom Blair was content to drift along oblivious of the war that was waging for supremacy. Had he been Paris, no two goddesses could have worked harder for favor. Miss Ellsworth had never been so brilliant and fascinating: Cynthia never so pretty and adorable.

When one walks through a quiet village street the occupants of pleasant verandas have a noticeable habit of getting up suddenly to go inside, where, the initiated know, they may the better peer through half-closed green shutters undetected. When Agatha Ellsworth strolled through the green-arched street piazzas with one accord were forsaken. It was late afternoon when she trailed lan-

guidly across the lawn, returning from the post-office. Her garden hat dangled by the strings and the last rays of the sun glinted on her regal head, piled high with shimmering hair. Her gown, soft and gauzy, had an alluring little way of flirting with the breeze and flowers as she swept along. The subtle aroma of violets clung around her, even lingering some moments where she had been. She was half way up the broadsteps before she noticed Cynthia Stevens, awaiting her.

Miss Ellsworth smiled cordially but before she had an opportunity to welcome her unexpected caller the girl broke out impulsively:

"I know you think it's queer that I have come to see you, but I thought we might as well talk it over sensibly." Cynthia presented a pathetic little picture, obviously ill at ease but determined.

"I don't understand," said Miss Ellsworth, politely. "Have you something you wish to talk over with me?" Her tone was impersonal.

"It's about Tom," said Cynthia bluntly. "I've stood it just as long as I can."

Miss Ellsworth threw aside subterfuge. She recognized the tragedy in the girl's face and voice.

"I shall be very glad to talk over anything you wish," she said kindly. "Speak quite freely—there is no one to hear."

"Have you ever thought how it is going to turn out for Tom?" the girl demanded, plunging in. "When you are tired of playing with him," she added bitterly.

"But— I haven't been playing with Dr. Blair, for I suppose it is to him you refer," protested the older woman.

"If you really wanted to marry him, I wouldn't feel as I do about it," went on Cynthia unheeding. "But I know how hard it will go with him. He would probably kill himself."

Miss Ellsworth stared frankly at her caller.

"You care a great deal, my dear, don't you?" she asked slowly. "But why do you think he—cares—for me?"

Cynthia looked contemptuous.

"You needn't pretend you don't know," she said rudely. "You've led him on and tried to take him away from me. Oh, why did you do it?" The tears were running down the fresh cheeks of the country girl.

"My dear, you put it crudely. However, what if I have? He is not a child. If he prefers me—why not?" Agatha had hardened suddenly.

"You are lots older than he is," said Cynthia with the cruelty of extreme youth.

"Where there is—love—a slight difference in years could hardly be called an obstacle," said Agatha.

"There's a better reason," argued Cynthia. "There is Tom's career. It probably doesn't mean anything to you, who have so much money. But it would spoil Tom to give up his work and be dependent on his wife. He has always loved his work. When he was a little boy, he used to declare he would study and be a doctor. His folks were awfully poor and wanted him to go to work on the farm. I made him work his way through—and I helped him to do it!" The girl threw her head up proudly. "I don't mean to brag about it," she declared in defense, "but I have the greatest claim on him, for I understand him better than anybody else does. You

couldn't be content with the little he has to offer," she concluded. As Cynthia spoke, a new respect for her dawned in Miss Ellsworth's eyes. She did not speak but sat gazing at the distant tree tops.

"Yes," she said at length, "you do love him. And you must mean a very great deal to him. I assure you his interest in me is quite transient. It is, as you say, absurd to consider me a rival."

"Then you will give him up?" cried the girl.

"I don't think I have ever had him—to give up," replied Miss Ellsworth. "We have been friends. At home I have hundreds such and they mean nothing. Your Tom merely regards me in the light of a novelty."

But the girl paid her the compliment of not being so easily convinced of this.

"I don't blame him," cried Cynthia impulsively. She began to wonder how she had ever hated this woman. "You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen!" She turned with girlish admiration toward her rival and her eyes took in every detail of the exquisite picture. I wish I was just like you!" she added.

"My dear, you do not know what you say. I envy you, much, much more than you could ever envy me. You have happiness in your grasp—I have always missed it. You are one of those fortunate women who can be content with the half loaf, while I have had no bread because the whole loaf was denied me."

Cynthia crept over and sank on a low divan at the feet of the woman who spoke with a world of yearning in her voice. The girl laid her small brown hand on the jewelled hand of the other.

"I'm sorry, very sorry. Will you

forgive me for speaking as I did? I really was quite desperate—they said—” her voice trailed off weakly.

“Never mind that, dear. They always say much that is not true in these little towns. It is all they have to do.”

“But if Tom likes you, he ought to marry you,” said Cynthia, for nothing prompts one to be generous like generosity in another.

“But he doesn’t, dear. Worldly experience always has a certain charm for very young men. On the other hand, a charming ingenuousness is always refreshing to one who is world-weary. That was all.”

The girl was still doubtful.

“It’s my clothes,” confided Miss Ellsworth. “Tom probably, like most men, likes pretty gowns. You are not fearful of such an attraction, are you?”

“Yes, I am,” said Cynthia with candor. She looked at the perfectly gowned figure beside her and then down at her own modest attire.

“Tom is artistic,” she said proudly. The tone of proprietorship was unmistakable.

“I could only hope, at best, for the half loaf,” sighed Miss Ellsworth whimsically. “You see, I should lack so many things that you have.”

Cynthia gazed at her in perplexity.

“You will find that I shall be a memory, soon forgot,” said Agatha. “The whole loaf is to be your share.”

“And you would prefer to go without?” demanded the girl, seeing the point suddenly.

“I’ve never had any,” answered Miss Ellsworth, “but I prefer none to the half! But enough of these morbid similes.” She arose briskly. “Come with me, child.” She led the way into the sweet, cool house where it was all a delightful subdued

green. Cynthia thought that in these surroundings the airy-gowned hostess looked like a huge flower. Agatha took the wondering girl up the broad staircase and into her own boudoir. The maid was putting the room to rights, but Agatha dismissed her. Then she took from closet and trunks such marvelous creations as the girl had never dreamed existed. Many bore foreign marks on the inside in gold letters.

“Will you give me your co-operation in a little scheme?” demanded Miss Ellsworth pleasantly. “I want to try an experiment.”

She selected the loveliest gown of them all, yet the most simply made. It was the choicest item in the elaborate wardrobe of Agatha Ellsworth.

“Will you please put this on?” she asked. There was a bewildered expression on Cynthia’s face, but before she could demur, she was seated before the dainty dressing-table and her glorious hair was being deftly arranged by knowing fingers. The transformation was remarkable and Cynthia gave a cry of delight at her reflection.

“How clever you are!” she said. “Why it makes me look like a different person.”

“It does justice to your hair,” said Miss Ellsworth, with a stern little line between her usually smooth brows.

Then she added the tiniest touch of soft pink to the girl’s face that was a trifle pale and gave a fluff of delicate powder over it all. She looked like a blush rose surrounded by a halo of sunshine. Agatha helped Cynthia on with the exquisite dress, a billow of foam, it looked. She cleverly fitted it to the girl where it was too large or too long.

“It might have been made for

you," she announced triumphantly, gazing proudly at the work of her own hands and wits. "Oh, you are very wonderful, Cynthia," she breathed. "A season in New York! Why, child, you'd have the world at your feet. But you'd tire of it," she added wearily.

Cynthia stood spellbound at the image that gazed out at her from the pier-glass. She seemed half frightened at her own loveliness.

"Sit down," said Agatha, "and I'll tell you what we are going to do to test Dr. Blair's sentiments for you." Miss Ellsworth's manner was business-like. As she explained her little scheme, the girl's face clouded, then when comprehension dawned she threw her arms around the neck of her companion.

"Oh, you dear," she cried. "How splendid of you!"

They went down to dinner, and afterward chatted in the pretty dining-room until Dr. Blair was announced. The ladies entered the small drawing-room together and for an instant Tom seemed stunned at the sight of Cynthia. Miss Ellsworth began to talk cheerfully as if the presence of Cynthia was quite a matter of course. Blair tried to pass the situation off easily.

Cynthia, too, seemed animated and talked vivaciously. He kept watching with a new interest in his eyes and when Miss Ellsworth addressed a remark to him, he was so pre-occupied he did not hear.

Miss Ellsworth referred to a cousin who had just returned from abroad and who had sent her a pretty trinket which she took up from the table and passed over to the doctor.

"You will like him, Cynthia," she said turning to the girl. "He is quite the handsomest and cleverest man I have ever met. And I am quite as

sure that he will be charmed with you, my dear. He will want to paint your portrait and I assure you he will do justice to the subject."

"Is he coming up here?" demanded Tom.

"Oh, indeed, no. But Cynthia will meet him in New York," replied Agatha.

"Cynthia—in New York?" Tom sat bolt upright in his chair.

"To be sure. Did I not mention that Cynthia was returning with me for a winter's social whirl? Oh, yes. It is going to be a rare pleasure to be chaperone to such a delightful debutante. It is considered, you know, quite a feather in one's cap to introduce one who proves a reigning beauty."

Tom Blair turned the trinket he held in his hand over and over, abstractedly. Then slowly he raised his eyes and looked at Cynthia.

"Why, didn't you tell me?" he asked in an injured tone.

"Why, you see, I've not known it so very long myself. And it's quite a while since I have seen you." The words were reproachful but the girl's voice was quite impersonal.

Tom suddenly realized he had allowed almost a week to elapse without calling at Cynthia's. And Cynthia, little Cynthia, whom he had come to regard as a sort of fixture in his life, was going to New York to become a society queen! The idea dazed him. He resented this new plan but for the first time he appreciated how glorious the girl really was. He looked at Agatha—she was not at her best.

Agatha rippled on, dwelling with delight on the wonderful life that was before Cynthia. Then she added with an affectionate and playful glance toward the girl:

"And I shall expect you to do

something brilliant, my dear. By the way, can you play at all, or sing?"

The girl without a word went over to the little rosewood grand and in the soft, pink glow from the shaded candles, she began softly a dainty little love song that Tom had cared for most.

She sang it with a thrill in her voice and unconsciously Tom arose and came to her side. When she had finished, she looked up and met his eyes. The look in his brought a vivid rose to her cheeks but she turned from the instrument with a gay, off-hand laugh.

Agatha went into raptures.

"My dear, there's not another girl in the set who can sing like that! Such sweetness of tone! I shall be very proud of you, child." As a matter of fact, Cynthia had a pretty enough little voice but in no way remarkable.

A jealous rage possessed Tom.

"Cynthy isn't going to New York," he declared in a strained voice. "She isn't going down there to get her head turned by the flattery of people who can't begin to appreciate her!" Agatha walked over to the window where she stood half concealed by the draperies.

Tom looked at Cynthia and misunderstandings melted away. She turned her face away to hide the joy that was shining in her eyes.

"You don't want to go, do you Cynthy?" he asked eagerly.

Before Cynthia had an opportunity to answer, Agatha came and stood between them.

"Would you want to spoil the greatest chance of her life?" she demanded coldly. "Think what it would mean to her!"

"She wouldn't be happy," he said

stoutly. "Money can't buy happiness."

"But what is there for a girl of Cynthia's beauty and charm in a town like this?" Agatha asked spiritedly. "She won't be appreciated."

"Yes, she will be," declared Tom Blair.

"But what have they to offer here in exchange for all that she would give up?"

"Love," said Tom, with a new note in his voice. He held up his head defiantly.

"It is kind of you, Miss Ellsworth to take her— but she can't go!" His voice rang out.

"That," said Miss Ellsworth, "is for Cynthia to decide."

Cynthia stood beside Miss Ellsworth in pretty indecision.

Tom's eyes were eloquent. Cynthia looked appealingly at Miss Ellsworth. The battle must not be won too easily, she read in Agatha's eyes.

"There's really not a reason why I shouldn't go," declared Cynthia with forced enthusiasm.

"There isn't?" The man's voice was very low.

"Oh, of course, Aunt would miss me— otherwise— it will be a delightful opportunity."

"I suppose it would be too much to ask you to stay," he said humbly. "And if you would be happier—" He gazed at the girl with hungry eyes. "Oh, Cynthy, dear," he cried forgetful of another's presence. He held out his arms appealingly. Agatha glided noiselessly from the room.

"Are you quite sure, Tom—?" she began doubtfully.

But Tom convinced her for all time that he was, indeed, quite sure.

There was a quaint sun-dial in

the garden among the roses and on it Agatha was leaning, a pale figure against the dark shrubbery. The moonlight sifted through the trees mysteriously.

"After all— a half loaf— is perhaps better," she mused. "Though I never thought so before."

A rose, heavy with dew, brushed against her cheek sympathetically.

Soul of the House

By ZITELLA COCKE

"Soul of the house," wise Cicero
The library did name, to show
To senator and lord of state,
Or better still, some heart co-mate,
What place of his magnificence
Best claimed his love and reverence.

"Come to my soul,—soul of my soul,
My library,—well worth the whole
Of bright, bejewelled Tusculum.
Mine honored guest, I bid thee come!"

Thus Tully wrote O Roman sage,
'Tis there we trace thy golden page.
Soul of the house! That hallowed part
Where thought to thought, and heart to heart,
We meet Earth's royal sons and live
Awhile upon the wealth they give.

Where dwells together in one home
Immortal sons of Greece and Rome.
And all, from cottage-hearth to throne,
Whom Genius loves to call her own!

There reason flows from Socrates,
And honeyed sweets from Sophocles,—
There Homer stirs the heart and brain
With thought sublime and epic strain,
And measures sweet of Eschylus,
We sing, and with Theocritus
Live in idyllic pastoral,

There folly scorn with Juvenal,
Laugh with gay Aristophanes,
Or gaze with bold Euripides
On goddesses and maidens fair,
Brave heroes' wrongs and Kings' despair.

Mayhap from polished Xenophon
We turn to terse Anacreon,
List Virgil's smooth-told tale, nor quit
Till we may taste Horatian wit,

Sit with calm Plato in the beams
Of light divine that gild his dreams,
Catch Cæsar's martial note and tread,
Walk with grim Dante 'mid the dead,
See Goethe on his dual throne,
Sound Schiller's clear and bell-like tone,

Hear Keats's dear nightingale, and hark
To matchless song of Shelley's lark,
Burn with great Hugo's heart of fire,
And there on prouder heights and higher

Thrill with the wondrous touch and clasp
Of Shakespeare's mighty, god-like grasp,
And in his magic mirror see
All time and all humanity!
Wise Cicero, we bless thy fame,
The library, thou dost so name!



The Harvard College Observatory and Its Photographic Work

By GRACE AGNES THOMPSON

A WELL-KNOWN business man, returning from a visit to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis in 1904, remarked to the writer that he had been most impressed while there, not by the clever inventions and wonderful mechanical devices, nor even by the exceeding beauty of architecture displayed in the various buildings, or of artificial landscapes, but by the marvellous and almost incredible advances that were shown to have been made in recent years by physical science. Of this branch of exhibits he was especially interested in a small octagonal booth, which occupied the prominent position in the center of the Harvard College exhibit, and contained a collection of most remarkable astronomical photographs,—a selected number of glass plates, illuminated by electricity, not merely illustrating the routine of the observatory connected with that university, but depicting some of the most interesting of the discoveries that, by aid of photography and modern instruments, have been added there to astronomical knowledge. "I am sure," he added, "that future historians will point to these astonishing discoveries as one of the principal achievements that mark the degree of progress the world attained during the nineteenth century."

The testimony of other visitors also, who, in their pilgrimage to that Exposition, stumbled upon the

Palace of Education and wandered through its inspiring aisles, still further goes to show that this collection of photographs of astronomical subjects, for which the Harvard Observatory was awarded the grand prize, was one of the most interesting, as well as the most remarkable that had ever engaged the attention of the public.

Many observers doubtless felt at that time a very natural desire to know something of the facts in the way of experiment and research underlying the exhibit. This desire would have been greatly enhanced if they could have seen also the very instructive exhibit which occupies all the available wall space of a large room in the Astro-photographic Library of the Observatory at Cambridge. Not only does it include all the photographs that were shown at St. Louis, but a number of additional plates which have acquired more recent distinction,—all mounted in black cases and illumined by means of electric lights behind the supports. The room can be darkened at will, when by turning on the electric lights, the visitor is ushered into a wonderland of pictorial beauty. Not merely the scientist, but even the most casual visitor, must be intensely interested.

Photographs of many of the more interesting objects in the sky, views of the various stations which have been occupied by the Observatory, and of the beautiful scenery that

surrounds the western and southern stations, with a large number of lantern slides showing small objects and details, is a summary of the collection. There are numerous photographs of different kinds of

ing of July 21, 1901. Another, a new one, shows the very ingenious method of ascertaining the exact point at which the light of a star when cut off by the moon disappears and then appears; this



BRUCE PHOTOGRAPHIC TELESCOPE. APERTURE 24 INCHES. WITH WHICH PLATES WERE MADE ON WHICH PHOEBE, THE NINTH SATELLITE OF SATURN WAS DISCOVERED. LARGEST PHOTOGRAPHIC DOUBLET IN THE WORLD

stellar spectra. One shows the only impression of the spectrum of a flash of lightning ever obtained,—taken at Cambridge with the eleven-inch Draper telescope, on the even-

method was devised recently by Mr. Edward S. King, under whose direction the work of taking and developing the negatives at Cambridge is conducted. Some of the chart plates

show spangles of thousands of minute light points so close to each other as to be utterly confusing to the untrained eye, every one of which represents an individual star. Comets, the surface of the moon, the planets, and certain curious or unusual phenomena are also shown.

In discussing these photographs and the work that is done with them, it should be held clearly in mind that Harvard Observatory, though connected with Harvard University, is not in any sense of the word a student's observatory. It is both primarily and practically an institution of astronomical research. Once each year, however, for a few days and evenings shortly preceding Commencement, the members of the senior class and gownsmen from the various schools of the university, are freely admitted to the observatory buildings, when all the instruments, as well as the time of the assistants, are placed at their disposal. But during the remainder of the year, the entire attention of the institution is devoted to scientific investigations of universal value and interest.

To appreciate these investigations, it is necessary to remember that astronomy, as a science, includes two distinct branches of research. In the old days, when learned men of the far East watched the sky on clear nights and inscribed the results of their tireless observations on long rolls of parchment for future generations to read and wonder at, the attempt was only to tell where the heavenly bodies are. But this oldest of sciences has passed through many metamorphoses since Pythagoras taught his pupils the true theory of the sun as the centre of the planetary system. Its latest, or present, phase is the

astro-physical, and it began when, in the early part of the past century, the celebrated optician, Fraunhofer, by experimenting on light for the further perfection of his lenses, was led to the discovery of the many lines in the solar spectrum. This new astronomy or astro-physics seeks to answer the question of the composition of the celestial bodies, basing its statements on the identification by Bunsen and Kirchhoff of the lines in the spectrum with various terrestrial elements. Its best acquisition has undoubtedly been photography, and in this, as in many other branches of the new astronomy, Harvard Observatory has for many years led the world.

Not merely the photographing of celestial bodies as points of light, is meant by this photography, but the more important photographing of the spectra of the stars, an accomplishment the process for which is now so perfected that stars so faint even as the seventeenth magnitude have been successfully photographed. Astro-photography at other observatories is less fully developed and less adequately accomplished than at Harvard for the particular lines of work here considered, because here, through the establishment of the Draper Memorial in 1886 for the express purpose of the study and classification of stellar spectra, a full equipment was provided for photographing the stars. By the addition from time to time of larger and more modern instruments, this equipment has become the largest and most complete in the world. Moreover, the fact that Harvard Observatory has, besides its principal station at Cambridge, another in Peru fully equipped for observing and photographing the southern stars, and a number of

smaller sub-stations for meteorological observations, aids greatly in gaining for this observatory its numerous advantages.

The three-story fire-proof building, which was constructed in 1893 especially for storing and studying the collection of photographs at Cambridge, now contains nearly two hundred thousand glass plates. All of these are dated and carefully catalogued, like the books in a large library.—a work in itself of no small

graphs of the bright stars is much greater. Over seven thousand photographs have been taken with the Bruce telescope, at Arequipa station, and many of them show stars as faint as the seventeenth magnitude. The spectra of all stars as faint as the ninth magnitude, and many that are fainter, are shown on the Draper Memorial photographs.

The process of obtaining and developing a stellar photograph is in many respects similar to that of ordi-



CAMBRIDGE STATION—HARVARD OBSERVATORY SHOWING PHOTOGRAPHIC LIBRARY IN BACKGROUND AT LEFT

moment, as a detailed description of each plate must be kept in the catalogue. The plates date back to 1883, and furnish the only history that exists of the entire stellar universe. All stars from the north to the south pole, and of the eleventh magnitude and brighter, appear on a larger number of photographs. Their position and brightness is thus shown on from one to two hundred nights distributed over the last fifteen years. The number of photo-

nary photography. But to obtain the image of a star, the sensitized plate must be exposed for a considerable length of time. For the brighter stars, an exposure of ten minutes is sufficient; for the faintest stars, on the other hand, from one to five or more hours are required. With the increase in sensitiveness of dry plates and the improvements in photographic lenses, it is now possible to thus successfully photograph many objects that are en-





ena that exist in the heavens is called "variable" stars,—stars whose light changes in intensity from time to time. Most of them are far too faint, even when at their brightest, or maximum, to be seen at all with the eye unless aided by the most powerful telescope. Their presence in the heavens, therefore, can be detected only by the ineludible photographic plate. A few decades ago, almost nothing was known of these erratic celestial bodies. But as the number of photographic plates at Harvard increased, and a detailed study of them was instituted, it was discovered that certain stars, which on one plate appeared quite bright and distinct, on others had dwindled away to the merest dim speck. A comparison of these plates with a series of other plates taken on succeeding nights revealed the fact that these stars had been undergoing a gradual process of change from bright to faint, and from faint to bright. Further examinations showed also that the changes were periodic and occurred with greater or less systematic regularity of interval. The next procedure was, of course, to make careful drawings of the light-curves, based on this knowledge, mapping the progress of variability of some of these stars, to be used as types, by which to designate the nature of variation in other stars. The standards thus deduced are recognized as authoritative.

There is, however, no more interesting class of phenomena than what is known as nebulae,—faint, misty, celestial clouds, which, like those that mark the path of the Milky Way, are usually resolved by the powerful telescope into a myriad of separate stars. A large part of the Milky Way is sufficiently bright

to be dimly visible to the naked eye; yet there are far extensions of nebulae along this path and many individual masses of the same nature in other regions of the sky that are indistinguishable even on a photographic plate, unless taken by means of a telescope of the very largest existing aperture. A reflecting telescope has proved to be the most useful for such work. Accordingly, the Harvard Observatory, which until recently has owned no large reflector, could not take part in this and one or two other discussions on similar subjects that have interested astronomers during the past few years. But in the summer of 1904, this institution purchased the great reflecting telescope of five feet aperture, which has remained idle for nearly ten years in the observatory of Dr. A. A. Common at Ealing, England; thus possessing itself of the largest instrument of its kind in the world. The great glass mirror of almost a ton's weight, is now being remounted, under the direction of Mr. Willard P. Gerrish, an officer of the Observatory, with new and ingenious electrical contrivances for driving and controlling, on the Observatory grounds at Cambridge, where it will be used by Professor E. C. Pickering for continuing the photometric work which he has carried on continuously for the past twenty-five years, and probably at times also for photographic work. The Observatory has also, during the recent winter, had constructed by the Alvan Clark & Sons Corporation of Cambridge, two mirrors of twenty-four inches aperture, one of which has already been mounted at Cambridge, and is in use for observing variable stars visually. The primary purpose, however, for which these mirrors have been made, is the



involved many years of labor, but it has been accomplished by Mrs. Williamina P. Fleming, Curator of astronomical photographs, and her assistants, and so faithfully accomplished that it is everywhere accepted as an authority. In this work, under Mrs. Fleming's direction, Miss Maury made a detailed classification of the bright northern stars, completing her work five years ago; the bright southern stars were similarly classified by Miss Annie J. Cannon, Mrs. Fleming herself preparing the final general classification for publication. Hardly more than a vague conception of the ability, patience, perseverance, and painstaking toil required by such an undertaking, can be appreciated by one who is unfamiliar with observatory routine. Photographs for the examination of the southern stars were taken with the thirteen-inch Boyden telescope at the Arequipa station in Peru, where the great elevation and the clearness of the atmosphere made it possible to obtain impressions of very many stars. This catalogue contains 1122 bright stars, from an examination of 5961 plates, the first of which was taken November 29, 1891, the last December 6, 1899. But Miss Cannon's more recent work has been even more difficult. A complete bibliography of the variable stars then known was begun here some years ago by Professor W. M. Reed, since connected with Princeton University, who wrote 15,000 cards for it. This work was resumed in September, 1900, and has since been continued by Miss Cannon, so that there are now more than 35,000 cards. The bibliography is a complete detailed history of each star in the series. A minute record of every observation of each star is given,

the observations at maximum brightness being contained in one table, those at minimum in another; the name of the observer in each case is also given, and the observatory and instrument as well as the technical description of the star, with its position and period of variability, and date of maximum and minimum.

All researches undertaken at Harvard Observatory are made similarly to cover every part of the sky from the north to the south pole, photographs of the southern stars being taken at the Arequipa station. Professor Solon I. Bailey, who was instrumental in establishing this station, is in charge there. At the writing of the present paper, he with his family, is on his way returning from South America at the close of his third term, after an absence from the United States of over three years. Two accompanying illustrations show the arduous ascent of Mt. El Misti, a journey of a day and a half from Arequipa, up which, in spite of the difficulties arising from the rarity of the air and the steepness of the mountain-side, a mule-path has been constructed to the summit; and native priests are shown conducting dedicatory services at the setting up of the meteorological instruments there. The buildings of the observatory are situated on a plateau three miles distant from Arequipa and at an elevation of about 19,200 feet. In the accompanying view of this station, from the west, the central dome covers the twenty-four inch Bruce photographic doublet, the gift of the late Catherine W. Bruce of New York, and the largest telescope of its kind in the world. With this instrument were obtained the photographs from which Phoebe, the



Evangeline's At Home

By CLARA AUSTIN WINSLOW

EVANGELINE greeted her first caller cordially.

"Yes, I'm glad to be here," answered Mrs. Worthington; "on your very first 'at home' day, too. Of course you had a delightful wedding trip. How attractive your rooms are! So cosy and homelike! It takes me right back to my first year of married life, and if you'll allow me, Mrs. Wescott, I'm going to give you a word of advice from my successful experience. Don't give up reading and studying just because you're through school and married. My observation is that a man soon wearies of his wife unless she keeps pace with him mentally. So many young wives start wrong, you'll pardon me, I know."

"Certainly, Mrs. Worthington," answered Evangeline, pouring a cup of tea for her guest.

"Be sure to take time to foster mental growth, and other things will adjust themselves."

Evangeline's thoughts wandered back to the past busy weeks of "getting settled" and she smiled to think of the furniture and curtains adjusting themselves while she stopped to take time for mental growth. But there was no time to think, for Annie was showing two more ladies into the parlor, Aunt Jane and Cousin Louise.

"I can see you've begun just right, Evangeline," began Aunt Jane after Mrs. Worthington had taken her leave. "Dick's easy-chair in the lightest corner of the room and his books and papers within easy reach.

You'll have a happy married life if you take time to make things comfortable for your husband. That's the only method to pursue. Nothing appeals so strongly to a man."

"Oh, Mama!" broke in Cousin Louise, "when I get married I shall pay most attention to wearing pretty clothes and looking neat in the morning and curling my hair just the same as before. That's very important according to all the novels."

"A little dressing up for your husband is well enough but not too much—not too much. That is always a crucial point when a wife wastes unnecessary time or money on dress," said Aunt Jane, decidedly. "Neither does a man care for a woman too well-informed or highly educated. Now there's Mrs. Worthington, able to discuss any questions of the day or century, but what about her husband? Why, he spends all his evenings at the Club."

Two more ladies entered, young Mrs. Wren and her maiden aunt.

"How charming your new home is!" exclaimed Mrs. Wren, after the formalities were over. "Pardon me, but those window curtains are simply dear. I do love curtains so, but my husband detests them, says he doesn't want his light strained, so to please him I haven't a drapery curtain in the house. It does make my rooms look fearfully bare, but it suits him."

"He thinks it suits him," interrupted Miss Solomon, the maiden aunt, "but it really doesn't. My experience with men is that they don't

know what they do want. They can't analyze their feelings as a woman can."

"Well, at any rate, my husband knows what he does not want and that's curtains," responded Mrs. Wren, "and I think best to humor him. That is the method I pursue."

"Now Mrs. Wescott, don't listen to my niece. Her views will have a deteriorating influence on you. Mr. Wren, like most men, has a theory that he doesn't like curtains, but let him go into a room with bare, staring windows, and he feels that something is wrong."

"Mr. Wren never feels that anything is wrong with his home." Mrs. Wren spoke with dignity and a withering glance at her maiden aunt.

Aunt Jane endeavored to smooth the troubled waters by changing the subject. "If you have his Morris chair drawn up by the fire and his slippers on the hearth—" she began.

Mrs. Wren straightened up. "It is my opinion that acting the part of a valet is altogether too menial work for a wife. I never would think of carrying my husband's shoes and slippers back and forth for him."

"I agree perfectly with my niece there," said Miss Solomon. "I've seen altogether too many men become regular tyrants in the home and wives meekly submitting to act the part of slaves—bringing their gloves, brushing their hats—and what is worse, even pretending to enjoy it, to please their lord and master, no doubt."

"Speaking of husbands and wives reminds me of that book 'Ever After,' remarked Cousin Louise. "Have you read it, Evangeline? You ought to. You can get so many good ideas of how husbands and

wives ought to converse. If they have real spirited discussion all the time, life never gets monotonous. I can't bear to see a wife agree to all her husband says."

"Why, Louise what have you been reading?" asked Aunt Jane solemnly. "Above all things don't recommend it to Evangeline. We all know that more unhappy homes and divorces are caused every year by that habit of disagreeing in little unimportant things than by anything else. You may not always think in every particular just as your husband does, but if you don't, keep still."

"Excuse me from differing with you there," said Miss Solomon politely, "but if more women would keep minds of their own after marriage, there would be less men talking and writing about the limitations of the female mind."

"Here comes Professor Holmes's wife, Evangeline," announced Cousin Louise, looking out of the window.

"Mrs. Holmes? How does it happen?" asked Mrs. Wren. "She never goes anywhere because the professor believes that women ought to spend their time in their homes, except when they go out with their husbands."

"She isn't coming here after all—just going by," added Louise.

"She's probably on her way to the college to meet her husband and walk home with him," asserted Miss Solomon. "Such devotion is ridiculous. Her old friends see very little of her now. Anyone can foresee that such exaggerated devotion will soon wear out."

"I met her on the street the other afternoon," said Mrs. Wren. "She had just been to a lecture with the professor. When I asked her if she

enjoyed it, she said, 'Oh, very much!' with that sentimental far-away expression in her eyes, but will you believe it, she couldn't tell me what 't was about—not even the subject. She stammered and blushed and pronounced two or three big words—'Coagulation of Indeterminate Gesticulation,' or something like that. Just then the professor came along and took her home."

"Why, Evangeline, here is Richard now. I didn't realize 't was so late," said Aunt Jane rising. "No, I don't believe it is Richard, after all. This man hasn't any moustache."

"But Richard has shaved his," ventured Evangeline.

"My dear child, what did you let him do that for?" asked Aunt Jane in dismay.

"I noticed it the other day," declared Miss Solomon. "I didn't intend to mention it, but now that the subject has been referred to, I will say that it makes him look ridiculously young and boyish—much younger than you do, Mrs. Wescott, much. Make him let it grow again, right away."

"Yes, Evangeline, do," Aunt Jane said emphatically. "In his business he needs the dignity and experience that a moustache gives."

Richard's entrance caused the end of the discussion and the departure of the callers.

As Miss Solomon bade Evangeline good-bye, she said gravely, "That your married life may be one half as happy as you now expect is my earnest wish for you."

Mrs. Wren remarked in an undertone, "He's looking thin. I hope you'll find out what is worrying him—perhaps it's curtains."

"Do make him let it grow again," commanded Aunt Jane. "I shall not claim him as a nephew till you do."

"I like him a lot better without it," whispered Cousin Louise. "He looks so much more distinguished."

And they were gone.

Evangeline sank onto the hall stairs, her face in her hands.

O Richard!" she half sobbed, "I know I can't make a happy home for you."

"What do you mean?" asked Richard in amazement. "Haven't we a happy home already?"

"I thought so—but—I don't believe 'twill last. I'm not pursuing any particular method."

"Method, nonsense! What you need is a nap before dinner," said he, lifting her from the stairs and carrying her to the couch. "Now go to sleep and leave 'methods' to me."



Queen Victoria and the American People

By CHARLES COWLEY, LL. D.

QUEEN VICTORIA was born in Kensington Palace, May 24, 1819. Her father, the Duke of Kent, died in the following January and she had no personal recollection of him; but she was carefully brought up by her mother. She attained her statutory majority May 24, 1837; and on that day, by order of her uncle, King William IV, a ball was given at St. James' Palace to celebrate her coming of age. An illness, which soon ended with his death, prevented King William, and also Queen Adelaide, from attending that ball. Consequently, the Princess Victoria and her mother, the Dowager Duchess of Kent, occupied the chairs of state. Henry Wikoff, who, as an attache of the American Legation at London, "assisted" at that ball, thus describes the Princess as she sat for the first time in the place of her uncle, which was so soon to be her own: "Her face was somewhat flushed by the novelty of the position, as well as by the rumors of the King's increasing illness. But she displayed a self-possession under the circumstances quite remarkable, and was the theme of general admiration."

Wikoff was also present at the Queen's first levee, of which he says: "The Queen wore the Order of the Garter, and her royal diadem sat gracefully upon her well-shaped head. She went through the trying ordeal with extraordinary composure, and all were struck by the absence of anything like timidity or agitation."

About three months before Victoria became mistress of Buckingham Palace, another lady of about the same age became mistress of the White House at Washington. The wife of Martin Van Buren died many years before he became President, and Mrs. Abraham Van Buren, wife of the President's oldest son, was acclaimed as "the first lady of the land." The fact that the young daughter-in-law of President Van Buren was then presiding with marked success over the social functions of the White House led Queen Victoria to take particular interest in American affairs from the beginning of her long and beneficent reign. It was an open secret that Mrs. Stephenson cherished expectations that in due time she would succeed her daughter as mistress of the White House; a position which she was well qualified to adorn; for it was "on the cards" that after Mr. Van Buren had served the two terms which he desired, he should be succeeded by Andrew Stephenson. Alas for the vanity of human wishes!

Preparatory to her coronation, the Queen sent invitations (commands,) to four young ladies to attend her during that function. Thinking of it chiefly as a personal or family affair, she selected those whom she loved best. But Lord Melbourne, her Prime Minister, suggested that there were great historic families in England and Scotland, Tories as well as Whigs, with daughters about the same age as the Queen, who would feel slighted if their daughters

were all overlooked. The Queen appreciated the suggestion at once, and regretted that she had not consulted Lord Melbourne on the subject before. She said, "I did not mean to slight any one. But don't ask me to revoke any of those invitations. I can't do that. Such a slight would cause infinite pain." The result was that four more invitations were issued. The mother of Lord Rosebery, who was one of the eight, tells us that they were straightened for want of space in Westminster Abbey; but Dean Stanley, who was there as a spectator, says that the Queen and her maids moved with the grace and lightness of step of a procession of fairies.

Among those present at the coronation and at the opening of the Queen's first Parliament, were the American minister, Andrew Stephenson of Virginia, formerly speaker of the House of Representatives at Washington, Abraham Van Buren, who had married Mr. Stephenson's accomplished daughter, and Charles Sumner of Boston, all of whom speak of the manner in which the Queen carried herself as in every way remarkable. The famous actress, "Fanny" Kemble, says, the Queen pronounced the first four words, "My Lords and Gentlemen," of her first speech to Parliament with such sweetness and distinctness of enunciation as charmed all who heard them, and they were charmed more and more as she proceeded to the end.

The Queen had a rich soprano voice, which had been improved to the utmost by Dr. Davys, her preceptor in music and elocution. "Fanny" Kemble said that any actress might well be proud if, after twenty years' practice, she could

read as well as the Queen read her first speech from the throne. Charles Sumner once said to me that he had often seen the grand-daughters of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, "the three Graces of England," but that he never saw such an ineffably charming smile as beamed on the face of the Queen on that occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephenson, parents of Mrs. Abraham Van Buren, made a very favorable impression upon the Queen, who readily excused Mr. Stephenson from wearing the diplomatic costume. They had the pleasure of informing the Queen that their daughter was then mistress of the White House, and they introduced to her Mr. John Van Buren, who became known as "Prince John," from having been the Queen's partner in a cotillon. All our representatives at the court of St. James, from Andrew Stephenson to Joseph H. Choate have at one time or another borne their testimony to the Queen's fascinating manners.

Lovers of history do not forget that she too was a lover of that form of philosophy which teaches by examples. No visitor to the Tower of London will look without emotion upon that part of the Tower Green where Ann Boleyn, Lady Rochford, Catherine Howard, the Countess of Salisbury and the Earl of Essex, were executed,—a spot which, by the Queen's order has been specially marked to their memory.

It is the special duty of historical societies to contend for the truth in historical compositions. How strenuously the Queen did this we learn from Mr. Lee's biography, page 439. In 1878 Sir Theodore Martin published the third volume of his "Life of the Prince Consort," covering the period of the Crimean War, and showing the intensity of Court and



African slave trade. It is said that President Tyler first suggested the clause in that Treaty for the maintenance of cruisers by both the United States and Great Britain on the west coast of Africa for that purpose. Tyler was sneered at in his time as "a man who owned but one nigger," and he was entirely sincere in his advocacy of a measure which might hasten the time when no countryman of his should own even "one nigger." Had the Treaty of 1842 contained provisions touching the searching of suspected slavers, which the Queen's Government desired, and which were incorporated in the Treaty of 1862, the nefarious traffic in men and women might have been suppressed, and the Civil War might perhaps have been averted.

In 1846 the Oregon boundary treaty was negotiated by James Buchanan, Secretary of State under President Polk, in a far different temper from that of the war-cry of the preceding campaign, "Fifty-four forty, or fight." Eleven years later when Mr. Buchanan was first presented to the Queen as our minister to her Court, she recalled the part borne by him in the amicable settlement of that long disputed boundary, and expressed to him her emphatic approval of that Treaty and of the friendly spirit in which it had been negotiated.

In 1851, the yacht "America," won the famous race around the Isle of Wight, and dropped her anchor in sight of the Queen's palace at Osborne. The Queen immediately sent an officer of her suite with her congratulations to the Captain, who courteously invited her to visit the yacht. She did so, accompanied by her husband and some of her children and others. She had never be-

fore seen a vessel whose color was wholly white,—masts, top-hamper, ground-tackle, and all,—and she was delighted with the sight. She examined the vessel thoroughly, and on leaving presented with her own hand a gold coin bearing her image to each of the crew. She afterwards gave a gold watch to the mate and a chronometer clock to the captain.

In 1857, during the war between China on the one hand, and Great Britain and France on the other, the ships of the allied powers encountered an overwhelming force of Chinese at the four Barrier Forts in the Canton River, and although the United States was not a party to the war, our naval officers and sailors felt that "blood was thicker than water," and promptly joined with the British and French in repulsing the Chinese, for which they received the warmest thanks of the British and French commanders. The Queen, too, on meeting Mr. Buchanan, then our minister at the Court of London, expressed to him her deep gratitude for the generous assistance thus rendered by the sailors of the United States.

In 1858, the first submarine cable between America and Great Britain was completed,—“the most effective bond of union between the two countries that science could desire.” Thereupon the Queen sent to President Buchanan an appropriate message of congratulation, to which the President sent an appropriate reply.

In 1860, the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII, made a tour through the United States and Canada, which has been attended with the best results in its influence upon the relations of both countries. The letters which then passed between the Queen and the President, have been published in Curtis's

"Life of James Buchanan," chapter 11, and need not be repeated here. The Queen and the President had become well acquainted with each other during the administration of President Pierce, when Mr. Buchanan represented the United States at her Court, and they held each other in the highest respect. The President cordially invited the Prince to the White House, where his niece, Miss Harriet Lane, then presided. How warm a welcome the Prince received wherever he went, is well known; and after his departure, the President took pleasure in informing the Queen of that welcome, and of the good impression which he had everywhere made. Replying to that letter, the Queen expressed her anxiety to maintain the best possible relations between England and the United States, "two nations of kindred origin." The original draft of this letter was made by the Prince Consort, who, although but forty years of age, had already a fixed premonition that his life was drawing to a close,

It so happened that at this time, Massachusetts had in the executive chair one of the most tactful and graceful of all her chief magistrates. Governor Banks was then in his third and last term, and his popularity was steadily increasing. He had recently presided at the inauguration of President Felton over Harvard University, acquitting himself with such grace and dignity as elicited universal admiration. At the reception of the Prince of Wales, the Governor surpassed himself. Had he been "born in the purple" instead of being born in adversity and brought up in a cotton-mill, he could not have done better. On quitting this country, in reply to the question, what governor had im-

pressed him most, the Prince is reported to have promptly replied, "The Governor of Massachusetts."

Forty years later, when the then Prince of Wales had succeeded to the throne of his mother, he did not forget how handsomely he had been entertained by Miss Harriet Lane. She had meantime been a wife and was now a widow living in retirement in Washington. She received from the King a special invitation to be his guest at his coronation. She repaired with alacrity to London to be the guest of her former guest; but the postponement of the coronation by reason of the King's illness deprived her of a pleasure which she was especially fitted to enjoy. She has since followed Victoria, to the great Beyond, leaving a part of her wealth to erect a monument to her uncle, in Washington, and a larger portion to a meritorious charity.

While the recollections of the Prince's visit were still fresh came the Civil War. There were harsh criticisms on the Queen's Government for recognizing the Confederates as belligerents. But the fact is that the first government in the world to recognize the Confederates as belligerents was that of the United States. This was done, though not understood at the time, by President Lincoln's Proclamation of Blockade, issued April 19, 1861, and published in London, April 27, 1861. Sixteen days later, the Queen's Proclamation of Neutrality appeared, recognizing the Confederates as belligerents, as Mr. Lincoln had recognized them on April 19th. What else could Great Britain do? In what an anomalous position any neutral power would have been, if, when the Federals and the Confederates mutually recognized each other as belligerents, and were actu-

ally waging war on both land and sea, she had practically said, "There is no war in North America; there are no belligerents." All writers on international law now agree that, by the Proclamation of Blockade, the United States recognized the Confederates as belligerents, — Lawrence, Dana, Wolsey, and many more. In fact the Supreme Court of the United States, in Prize Cases, 2 Black, 635, said, "The proclamation of blockade is of itself official and conclusive evidence that a state of war existed;" an opinion in perfect accord with that of the law officers of the British Crown.

A few wonths later, the steamer, "San Jacinto," Commodore Wilkes, arrived in Boston, bringing the Confederate Commissioners, Mason and Slidell, who had been taken by force on the high seas from the British mail steamer "Trent" plying between Havana and Liverpool, and who were imprisoned at Fort Warren as prisoners of war. I was in Boston at the time, and heard the plaudits of Commodore Wilkes. A banquet was given to him at the Revere House, at which Governor Andrew, Chief Justice Bigelow of our Supreme Court, and many others applauded the seizure, the governor the wildest of them all. The famous question of Bishop Berkeley came to my mind: "Great God! may not a whole nation become insane?" If such an outrage was to be sanctioned by our Government, it was obvious that we should have war with Great Britain as well as with the Confederates, that our blockade of the Confederate ports would be raised, and then farewell to the American Union.

The Emperor of the French, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Russia,

all expressed themselves in full sympathy with Great Britain. In Boston, I conferred with various prominent men of both parties. Judge Josiah G. Abbott, Charles Levi Woodbury, Judge Benjamin F. Thomas, Judge Benjamin R. Curtis and Senator Sumner, were the only leading men, who, so far as I could learn, declared that the seizure of these commissioners on the high seas in a neutral ship plying between one neutral port and another neutral port, could never be justified. Mr. Woodbury told me that he had expressed his opinion fully in a letter to his brother-in-law, the then Postmaster-General. A day or two later, he showed me Mr. Blair's reply. It was that he had already expressed the same opinion to the President and Cabinet, and that none of them agreed with him, but that Mr. Lincoln had suggested arbitration. The supporters of the seizure in Boston included such men as John A. Andrew, George T. Bigelow, B. F. Butler, Caleb Cushing, R. H. Dana, Edward Everett, James Russell Lowell, Theophilus Parsons, and George Sumner, the Senator's brother. Some of them even clamored for war. Although the Confederates had seceded out of hostility to the North, and although their movement had for some time the sympathy of the ruling class in Great Britain, it was thought by some that they would abandon secession, and join hands with the North in an anti-British war. Of course, men who could believe that could believe anything.

But fortunately for the United States and for civilization, the British Queen had a wiser counsellor in her sick and dying husband than in her prime minister or in her foreign secretary. In a letter which

Lord Palmerston prepared to be transmitted to Washington, the seizure of Mason and Slidell and their secretaries was characterized as a wanton breach of international law, for which immediate reparation and redress were demanded. The Prince Consort entirely disapproved of the tone of that letter. The thought of war with the United States was abhorrent to him. The recollection of the warm reception recently accorded to his son in this country accentuated his desire for the maintenance of peace. As the husband of England's Queen, and the father of her future King, the Prince Consort, as he approached the valley of the shadow of death, felt the deepest solicitude for the preservation of peace between all branches of the great Teutonic race. He wrote to Lord Palmerston in the Queen's behalf, urging him to recast the dispatch to be sent to Washington, to disclaim all belief that the assault on the "Trent" had been sanctioned by the Government, to assume that the seizure of the "Trent's" passengers was the unauthorized act of an over-zealous officer, which would be repaired by returning the passengers and making a suitable apology. The incident closed in accordance with this advice.

As this has been questioned, I would say that the Queen herself gave this information to two different persons at different times. Countess Cowley, wife of Earl Cowley, then ambassador to Paris, informed Mr. Dayton, then our minister to Paris, that, not long after the Prince Consort's death, she dined with the Queen at Windsor Castle, and was then told of this letter by the Queen, who said that this was the last he ever wrote. At the

Queen's suggestion, after returning to Paris she communicated this information to Mr. Dayton and he communicated it to Secretary Seward. It is well known that, in ecclesiastical appointments the Queen often consulted the Dean of Windsor, a son of Earl Cowley: afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, and the Dean told a friend of mine that the Queen made to him the same statement which she had made to his mother.

In 1867, when Admiral Farragut was assigned to the command of our European squadron, he was accompanied by Lieutenant (afterwards Commander) Frederick Pearson, who three years before had been attached to our Asiatic squadron. Japan then, like the United States, was in the throes of a great civil war, and her rebels had closed the Straits of Simoneseki, not only to the Japanese government but also to Great Britain, France, the Netherlands, and the United States. Thereupon the commanders of the British, French, and Dutch fleets in those waters combined to reopen those straits by attacking and destroying the forts which the rebels had built to close them; and in order that the United States, as one of the Treaty Powers, might participate in the movement, our minister to Japan secured a small steamer, which was placed under Lieutenant Pearson's command, the British Admiral, as senior officer, having the general command of all the ships participating in the assault. The allied ships won a great success; the Japanese rebellion was suppressed to the great joy of the Tycoon and also of the Treaty Powers. Mr. Pearson received the hearty thanks of the British, French, and Dutch commanders, for his part

in the movement; and now, while in England with Farragut, he was presented to the Queen, who was reminded of his laudable conduct by some of her own officers who had participated in reopening the Straits. Thereupon the Queen, in recognition of Pearson's meritorious conduct, and as an expression of her good-will to the United States, conferred upon him the honor of Knighthood as a Companion of the

princely donations to meritorious objects.

Some years later, Captain Alfred T. Mahan, author of "The Influence of Sea Power in History," and other meritorious works, was presented to the Queen. "After compliments," (as the Turks say) the Queen said: "Captain Mahan, I have read your books; my daughters have read them to me, and I like them very much." The learned and



COMMANDER FREDERICK PEARSON U. S. NAVY

Order of the Bath. Pearson was the only officer of our navy, or army, and the only American citizen, who has been thus honored by any British sovereign since the United States became an independent power. He afterwards married the sister of Frederick Fanning Ayer Esq., well known by his many

gallant captain has received notable academic honors from Oxford and Cambridge, as well as from Harvard, Yale, and other universities.

In 1878, by arrangement with the Queen, Dean Stanley, one of her chaplains, visited the United States. By many acts of kindness to visitors to Westminster Abbey, and by the

honors which he had paid to Baxter, Bunyan, Priestly and others outside the church of England, as well as to the Wesleys, and to others who never saw their way out of it, Stanley had endeared himself to a very numerous and miscellaneous body of admirers. Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists, Unitarians, Universalists, and Quakers, invited him to their receptions, and he cordially fraternized with them all. He preached a remarkable sermon in Trinity Church, Boston, and, as Bishop Brooks said: "He was for the moment the representative of English Christianity." The Queen learned of his progress through his letters, and afterwards by personal interviews, and shared with him the gratification which he enjoyed in being thus honored by Christians of so many denominations. When Phillips Brooks visited England, not only was Westminster Abbey opened to him, but he was honored by an invitation to preach before the Queen, and afterward to furnish her with a copy of his sermon.

In 1896, when the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston visited England as guests of the Honorable Artillery of London for the second time, by the good will of the Queen they were regarded and treated rather as guests of the nation than as guests of the London Company merely.

It would extend this paper too far to mention all the occasions when the late Queen signaled her goodwill to the United States, but there were three other such occasions which cannot well be omitted. Three presidents in her time fell by the bullets of assassins, and the letters of condolence sent by the Queen to Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Garfield and

Mrs. McKinley touched all hearts. Nor can I forbear to refer to the remarkable letter which the Queen wrote to George Peabody, "the philanthropist of two worlds," on his visit to his native state in 1866. She was unwilling that he should leave England without being assured by herself how deeply she appreciated the noble act of more than princely munificence, by which he had sought to relieve the wants of her poor subjects residing in London. She also presented to Mr. Peabody that magnificent miniature portrait of herself which is preserved in the Peabody Institute at Peabody. It is mounted in an elaborate and massive chased frame of gold, and is said to have cost \$70,000. Mr. Peabody's benefactions to the poor of London amounted to \$2,500,000. When Mr. Peabody died, the Queen sent his remains to the United States in the finest ship in the Royal Navy, the "Monarch," under the command of her second son, Prince Arthur.

The visits of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge and Lord Chief Justice Russell of Killoween, were the occasions of mutual good-will, between the Bench and Bar of the two countries similar to those attending the visits of the Honorable Artillery Company of London. The visits of the Archbishop of Canterbury and other Anglican Bishops to the United States in 1904 were signalized by similar expressions of goodwill.

In the recent war with Spain the sympathies of the Queen and her people were very pronounced in our favor from the beginning to the end. But the limits of this paper do not admit of a fuller narration of all the occasions on which the Queen showed her friendship for the peo-

ple of the United States. The record of her glorious and beneficent reign has closed. Well has Tennyson voiced the judgment of the world upon her.

"A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen."

What a noble example she has left to her son, the present King, and her grandson, the German Emperor. Fortunately for us and for all other nations, both the King and the Kaiser appreciate the greatness of her example, and avow their purposes to follow it.

When the statue of George Peabody was dedicated in London in 1869, the King, then Prince of Wales, presided at the unveiling ceremony, and paid, with his usual felicity, a fine tribute to that great philanthropist. In that speech he said: "I can never forget the reception which I had there (in America) nine years ago; and my earnest hope and wish is that England and America may go hand in hand in peace and prosperity."

The visits of King Edward to the Kings of Portugal and Italy, the President of the French Republic, the German Emperor, and the Emperor of Austria, illustrate his desire to promote harmonious relations with all nations; while the liberal terms on which he brought the Boer war to a close, and the liberal terms which he has caused to be embodied in the Irish Land Law, have won for him the title of Edward the "Peacemaker."

While in Rome, the guest of the King of Italy, King Edward did not forget the friend of his mother at the Vatican, or his visit to England in 1846. While nuncio at Brussels, Cardinal Pecci had won the unbounded confidence of Leopold I,

King of the Belgians, the uncle of Queen Victoria and her most trusted adviser. It was the earnest desire of King Leopold that at the close of his service in Belgium, the Cardinal should visit England, and become personally acquainted with the Queen. This he did, and remained in England a month, a part of the time as the guest of Lord and Lady Palmerston, whom he had previously met. During that month the Queen and the Cardinal became attached friends as Leopold expected and desired; and they remained so to the end. Constancy in their friendships was characteristic alike of the Queen and the Cardinal.

There were bigots in London who remonstrated against the King's visit to the Pope. There were bigots among the cardinals who urged the Pope to adhere to the rule not to receive at the Vatican any foreign sovereign who had visited the Kurinal. To the former the King made no reply; to the latter the Pope replied, "I will not allow any matter of form to interfere with a meeting which I very much desire. I wish to maintain the same friendly relations with the King which I maintained with his mother." I think all reasonable people will now rejoice that the King did not quit Rome without paying his respects to the Grand Old Man of the Vatican. He had visited Pope Pius IX in 1859. His wife, the present Queen, and two of his daughters, had been presented to Pope Leo some years before. The Pope had sent a representative to Victoria's Golden Jubilee, and also to her Diamond Jubilee, and she had sent a representative to his Episcopal Jubilee. To have left Rome without paying a visit to the venerable and pathetic figure

then adorning the Papal Chair, would have shown lack of princely courtesy. The King could not have failed to see that since the Papal Court had been disencumbered of its temporal burden, its moral authority had become greater than ever. It is said that when the King entered the Pope's private chamber, the only ornament on the Pontiff's breast was the pectoral cross presented to him by Queen Victoria on the occasion of his Episcopal Jubilee, in which was embedded a massive

diamond which cost \$200,000. The visit of the King was speedily followed by one from the German Emperor. For these visits, and for the beneficent results which may follow them, we give credit in no small measure to Queen Victoria. Thus may we now see that the Roman Catholic Pope and the British Protestant Queen, building better than they knew,—working in different spheres to one end,—contributed to the fellowship of nations and the well being of mankind.

A Gentle Bachelor

By GERTRUDE ROBINSON

THE rain fell in long, blinding, slantwise sheets. It was one of those energetic downpours which seem to have for their special object the thorough cleansing of all nature. But nature apparently did not like the operation. She seemed to cringe back like a reluctant child. Her tender grasses and flowers lay flattened to the earth; the trees showed the wrong sides of their leaves; and the brown furrows of the plowed fields threatened utter dissolution.

Jonas sat in the window of his sitting-room mending a pair of short, black hose. A satisfied smile was upon his face. It broadened every time he turned his head and caught sight of the shining flagstones which led from his front door to the sidewalk. Occasionally his glance followed a wider circuit and took in the whole front yard with its neat, white picket-fence, its regular, little, square beds of flowering phlox and marigolds, and the same front

porch, also square, with lank morning-glory vines clinging shiveringly to mathematically arranged strings. At such times, an expression bordering upon exultation appeared in Jonas's sombre, brown eyes. "Seems like there won't be a speck o' dirt left," he was thinking.

Presently a look of uneasiness came into his countenance. He had just caught sight of a small, dark figure struggling through the rain. It seemed to be coming that way. He threw up the window the better to watch. The sweet, damp, earthy smell of the steaming land came in, but Jonas did not notice that. His attention was centered upon the approaching rain-drenched figure. As it came nearer, his uneasiness increased. At length, with a determined air, Jonas shut the window, marched with a light but decided step into the hall and pulled forth a pair of rubbers and an old umbrella from the recesses of an immaculately clean clothes-press under the stairs.

He went through to the back door, put on the rubbers, and stepped out into the rain. He came around the house, treading carefully on the soft soil, and when he reached the gate he slipped a bit of wood in the tongue of the latch so it could not be unhooked. Then Jonas looked solicitously up and down the radiant flags.

"T'would be a shame to have 'em all tracked up," he said, half aloud, "An' Lucia Bell is so wet now, she might as well go a little farther." Then Jonas went back to the house and drew down the curtains of the front room. After a second he peeked, in a half conscience-smitten fashion, beneath the corner of the shade nearest the hall. He was relieved to see Lucia go dripping by without trying the gate. She cast a swift glance at the house as she passed and Jonas caught sight of a rosy, pleasant face under the limp bonnet. The vision sent a faint pang through him. Ten years ago it had been understood that when Jonas "made up his mind," Lucia should be Mrs. Jonas.

Presently the clock struck four. Thereupon Jonas folded the stockings into a neat roll, examining them critically the while, and put the wooden darning-ball and the yarn away in a large oblong basket. Then he tied a black muslin apron around his waist and went out to get his supper. Jonas had two new, black muslin aprons a year ago. People thought this extravagant because there was a pile of blue checked ones, which had belonged to his mother, folded away in one of the drawers of the old, black-walnut sideboard, but Jonas said he should feel like a woman if he got one of them on. Black seemed a more manly hue. "Not so fancy, you

know," he would add, with a meaning smile. It took Jonas a long time to get supper. He was not awkward in his movements; but he seemed to consider each act carefully, before he performed it, to be sure it was the correct one under the circumstances. After he was through, and the table prepared, you would have thought the work had been done by magic, so little litter had he occasioned in the process.

When everything was done, Jonas took off the black apron and folded it away in a table-drawer. It would have been handier hung up behind the kitchen-door upon the hook which a traditional hired-girl had driven in; but Jonas considered such ways shiftless. Then he went through into the sitting-room and pulled up the shades. It had stopped raining and the sun was shining. It revealed a tiny streak of dust down the curving claw-foot of the center-table. As he passed the sideboard, he rang a tiny bell which stood upon it. He would have soon have thought of eating without washing, as of dispensing with this ceremony, which he had inherited from his mother.

Jonas's table was set as neatly as though he had expected company; and he served himself with as much ceremony as though he were a guest to himself. The neighbors were scandalized because he used real china every day. But it was the way his mother had done, and Jonas thought common crockery vulgar. So he carefully spread fine, white, damask table-cloths over his little round table and covered it with an entirely unnecessary amount of delicate china and shining glass every day in the year. Jonas had toast for supper to-night, evenly cut and nicely browned, long pink radishes

laid in orderly rows upon a glass plate, a little dish of clear, yellow honey, and a few old-fashioned seed-cakes. He ate this dainty meal with about as much enjoyment as the birds show in picking up their crumbs and fully as mincingly. Still a considerable portion of the food disappeared; and the bulging silver teapot was drained to the last drop. Tea was Jonas's chief comfort; but since he drank it very weak, the indulgence was neither expensive nor harmful.

Supper over, Jonas again put on the black muslin apron. Then he got some corn meal in a shining tin pan and proceeded to make some mush. He poured the warm water over the meal, stirring carefully the while. He beat and stirred the yellow mass to get out imaginary lumps until it was as smooth as his own kitchen floor. When this stage was reached, he poured on boiling water. Jonas stood patiently watching the boiling mush, a pleased smile growing upon his face. It made him happy to have things come out the way they should.

"Jonathan will have a nice supper to-night," he remarked to the room in general. He set the mush out on the window-sill to cool, slipping a piece of paper under the pan; an entirely unnecessary precaution, for the pan which could gather any soot from the surface of Jonas's stove would be an enterprising pan indeed.

When the mush was sufficiently cooled, Jonas again donned his rubbers and went out along a narrow path which curved around the wood-pile and ended in a tangle of wild blackberry vines. Behind the vines dwelt Jonathan. Now Jonathan had once been as vainglorious and strutting a turkey as ever grew for

a Thanksgiving dinner. But seasons of prolonged fattening had reacted unfavorably. He was wizened and ancient in appearance. The spread of his tail was not so imposing as when Jonas's mother purchased him to fatten for Jonas's wedding dinner. That was ten years ago. The wedding had been indefinitely postponed. Hence the dinner had not come off. Jonathan bade fair to live to a tough old age. He ate his supper greedily to-night, gobbling emphatically over every mouthful. Sometimes he planted both yellow, old feet in the trough into which Jonas had poured the mush. Jonas shook his head over this evidence of uncleanly depravity.

Jonathan kept turning his beady eyes toward the open door. He longed to go gobbling up and down the green grass, spreading his tail as of old. Presently he made a dash. Every rusty feather in his old body shone as he bounced out the door. He raised a triumphant gobble as he rounded the wood-pile. It was nine years since he had been free.

Dreadful visions came before Jonas's eyes. To tell the truth, Jonathan had been a pugnacious bird and had acquired an unsavory reputation before he was retired to his hut behind the blackberry vines. So Jonas gave chase, casting anxious glances up and down the road to see if anybody were coming. But his mincing leaps were no match for Jonathan's wild strides. Up and down the garden-walks, round the house, and over the kitchen porch went the old, flying reprobate of a turkey; and far behind him wheezed Jonas, his apron, which had twisted around to the rear, floating behind like a piratical flag. Finally, Jonas lost a rubber and went limping on one foot into the house. There he

took off the other rubber and walked up and down in a state of considerable perturbation. He called up every event of that dreadful day when Jonathan chased the minister. It was the week after his mother died, nine years before. The minister had attempted to call to console him. But Jonas, fearing the minister might urge a speedy marriage with Lucia Bell, for which he was not yet quite prepared, had locked the front door and, to all appearances, had not been at home. Jonathan, who was roaming about the yard, caught sight of the minister standing on the porch, with the skirts of his long ulster blowing in the wind, and charged valiantly. And the minister fled in such hot haste that he got caught fast between the pickets of the fence through which he tried to crawl, mistaking the opening for the gate, and was grievously pecked by Jonathan before rescue could be effected. Public opinion had, thereupon demanded the killing of Jonathan. But Jonas, feeling that the bird that had been bought for a wedding dinner, should not be sacrificed upon any less occasion, compromised by shutting him up.

And now the deadly fowl was at large! Something must be done at once. With a sigh, Jonas looked at his uncleared tea-table. Then he got a bushel basket from the shed. Jonathan was standing on one foot around the east corner of the house. Jonas crept up behind him very softly. One more step—and down came the basket over the meditative turkey's head. Jonas sat down on the basket to keep him in and to consider the next move. Soon a novel idea came to him. He reached cautiously under the basket, seized the turkey's neck, twisted it around

until the dangerous beak was under one wing, dragged the squirming bird forth at arm's length, and proceeded to wave him slowly back and forth. Jonathan resented the procedure. He kicked and made ineffectual attempts at gobbling. Nevertheless, after a time, he became quiet. Jonas continued slowly waving him. There was a strange, half-daring, half-awed look upon Jonas's face. He was tasting the novelty of experiment and found it good. Gradually, Jonathan became limp and heavy. He was asleep—hypnotized.

Jonas shut the turkey up in his hut, and went back to the house with the feeling of a man who has been playing with thunder and lightning. All the time he was clearing the supper-table, he was conscious of a sensation of having stepped outside the boundaries of his orderly existence. He wondered how it would feel to go farther. That other experiment, over which he had been hesitating for years, suddenly became attractive to him. Previously, he had weighed Lucia in balance with the charm of his thrifty, solitary life and found her wanting. Now the scale was beginning to waver. Nevertheless he rinsed the glasses three times, as was his wont, and swept the already shining floor.

After the table was set for breakfast, Jonas went into the sitting-room. The sun was setting and its searching rays filled the room. Not a streak of dirt could they reveal anywhere. Yet somehow, Jonas's pride in its immaculateness was tempered by a peculiar, half-defined sense of dissatisfaction. He looked out of the window. His glance directed itself toward the house down the street where dwelt Lucia

Bell. He thought remorsefully of the wedding dinner she was to have made of Jonathan, ten years ago. With the thought, came a second swift inspiration. Why not give her the chance now? The look of contemplation on Jonas's face changed to one of decision. He was in a mood for farther and more serious experimentation. He got his hat and pushed it down vigorously on his head. He went out of the front door, closing it with a determined bang, and walked remorselessly straight down the shining flags. He left a muddy track on one, but paid no attention. He was past caring for such trivialities. Like another determined man, Jonas was burning his bridges behind him. When he reached the gate, Jonas pulled out the bit of wood from beneath the latch and gave it a contemptuous fling into the road.

He rapped quite loudly on Lucia's door, and she hastened to let him in. She was a plump, simple-

minded, cheery little woman who had waited patiently these ten years for Jonas to "make up his mind." When she heard that knock, she felt that he had made it up. Lucia led the way into the sitting-room and dislodged two cats and a puppy from the lounge, to make room for Jonas to sit down. Then she established herself on the other side of the room and tried to look unconscious. Jonas sat twining his hands in and out of the folds of the black apron, which he had forgotten to remove. He was fully decided as to what he had come to say; but he did not know just how to say it. Lucia tried to talk. There did not seem to be much to say under the circumstances, however. She remembered that Jonas disliked cats and wished they had been put out. At length Jonas found his tongue.

"Lucia," he remarked, in a matter-of-fact tone, "I think it is about time we ate that turkey."

And Lucia thought so too.

The Gladiator

By ALOYSIUS COLL

Fair judge and champion in the balcony,
Smiling, I front the lions' open den,—
Now that you cast your gracious eyes on me,
Out of the savage ecstasy of men!

Sweet arbiter, I step into the strife,
A gladiator firm upon the sand,
Strong till the end of hope, and pain and life,
For this—the last faint signal of your hand.

The vital combat now!—the rending beast!—
But not a tremor in the heart of me;
For death, that gives the multitude a feast
Of clamoring joy, has wrung a tear from thee!

Patrick A. Collins

THE Honorable P. A. Collins, late mayor of Boston, was a conspicuous example of the self-made man. Few such have had more reason to look upon their work and pronounce it good. He was a New Englander in the best sense of the word for he well represented that sturdy, self-reliant, manly spirit which has gone forth with energy as one attribute and fair dealing as another and made the term New Englander honored and respected the world over. Success in his chosen profession was his; political preferment, more than he cared to accept, was offered to him, and the posts which he filled were at once honorable and conspicuous, yet his highest honor was in the spontaneous tribute that men high and low pay to his sterling integrity. To this tribute there is no dissenting word. In the early days of New England many portions of it were settled by pilgrims of Irish birth and some of its towns still retain the names given them in affection by these early Irish settlers. The latter-day population of these six states has been steadily increased from the same source. Early in the '40's came a great wave of Irish emigration and it brought with it a child of four, son of poor parents, who was destined to rise through his own worth and tireless energy to eminence and success. This was the late P. A. Collins and few men have had to undergo a severer early struggle in the making of a career than he.

The story of such of such a man's early struggles, of his difficulties and how he overcame them, his tempta-

tions and how he put them aside, is a lesson which cannot be too often repeated, an example which cannot be too often held up to the youth of the land where he fought his battles and where the honors which he won came to him. For six years he went to school; then he went to work. He found employment in various ways in and around Boston. He went with his stepfather to the coal fields of Ohio where he learned what labor it is to work with pick and shovel in the coal drifts from dawn until dark. If you have once lived in Boston the smell of the east wind becomes as the breath of life to your nostrils. Hence "once a Bostonian always a Bostonian" has a right to become a proverb. The youth came back to Boston from the coal fields of Ohio. Better things were calling him already, and at the age of seventeen he was apprenticed to an upholsterer. Here his innate determination to make something of himself counted. Skill as a workman, trustworthiness and close application to business gradually raised him above his fellows, and at the age of twenty he was foreman of the shop.

While he was working at the bench in the upholsterer's shop he was not unmindful of the curtailment of his school life. So he proceeded to supplement the brief training he received at school by close study during evenings and leisure hours. He was then, as in later life, an omnivorous reader. He joined debating societies, and here, as elsewhere, he took a leading part. He spoke fluently, with no little elo-

quence and wit, and he found, in the interest of these encounters, a fresh stimulus for more extended study. From the debating arena he proceeded to the lecture platform, and was in considerable demand as a lecturer before lyceums and other social organizations.

His ambition during all this time was directed toward the study and practice of law. He began to read law when he was only twenty-one years of age, and continued at it both privately and in a law office until he entered for the Harvard lectures and was finally admitted to the bar. The same energy and determination which had carried him through the early struggles of his youth he employed in conquering the difficulties which a young man without social or financial influence must necessarily meet at the threshold of any profession. He gradually won a place at the bar.

If you have Celtic blood in your veins you are a politician by instinct and the young man's abilities and ambitions early set these instincts astir. From the respect and confidence of your fellows, fostered in the lyceum and the debating society, to the political arena, is no step, you glide thither insensibly. Interest in politics came early to the student and speaker, self-taught and keen in the affairs of the day. He was elected to the House of Representatives at the age of twenty-three, and at the age of twenty-five he was elected to the Senate. In both branches of the Legislature he won a high reputation as a debater and as a sound and constructive legislator. After his retirement from the Legislature, he did not again engage in any contest for public office until 1882, when he became a candidate for Congress in the old fourth district. He repre-

sented this district for six consecutive years, and represented it with his usual and characteristic energy and fidelity. Meanwhile, he was engaged in the activities of political life in the State, having served for over six years as chairman of the Democratic State Committee, and devoting much of his time to the framing and exposition of the issues of the campaigns. He travelled much throughout the country making speeches in behalf of the national and congressional candidates of his party and was in constant demand by State and national committees. He was chosen to preside over the national convention at St. Louis in 1888, when Grover Cleveland was nominated for the second time. In 1893 Mr. Cleveland offered him the position of consul general at London. He accepted, and served for four years with distinction. Returning from Europe in 1897, he resumed the practice of law in Boston, and practically decided that he would not enter public life again. But, in 1900, the Boston Democracy selected him as its standard bearer in the municipal contest of that year, and his subsequent career was one of steady growth in the honor and admiration of the citizens of the city he served so well.

It takes more than oratorical power, more than mere ambition and a ready wit, to win honors such as these and keep them. P. A. Collins died in the harness. There were greater honors and preferments waiting for him in the coming years had he lived. How had he deserved them?

First of all the key note of his character was honesty. This like his Irish wit was inborn and instinctive. In the complications of municipal politics it often happens that

men of assumed good moral principles tolerate abuses or wink at corruption because they seem to be the accepted order of things. Mayor Collins had no such weakness. He did not need to have his conscience stimulated and he was known as an energetic and courageous reformer of abuses. He was quick and vehement in his assertion of what he believed to be the truth or to be honest public policy.

Second was his untiring energy and his quick perception of what a young man most needs in the up-building of character and the furtherance of a career. The long hours of work in his youth never dulled his ambition or his faith in himself. "If I have achieved any success in life," he said on his sixtieth birthday anniversary "it is due to hard and unremitting work. Any man who will make up his mind early in life that to be a success he must work hard, be industrious and honest, and stick to that idea, must, in the end, win." That theory he demonstrated as office boy in Boston, as a farmer's boy in the West, as a coal-miner and engineer. It took him ten years to get his foothold, to get his chance to begin the study of law.

Meantime only the greatest determination held him to his self-appointed task of getting ahead in the world. While he was working at his trade as an upholsterer in Boston the workman's "day" was eleven hours long; but all the while he was reading, studying, planning to lift himself up in the world. The hour of 6.30 in the morning found the young upholsterer at his bench in the North End ready to begin his task. At 6.30 P. M. he started for his home in South Boston. He acquired the walking habit early in

life, and never gave it up. Every morning in later years one might see the mayor striding in from his Brighton home to City Hall and walking home at the close of business hours. When he was a workman he always walked to and from his work. Eight P. M. found the young man at the Public Library, poring over borrowed books; 10.30 P. M. found him at home ready for bed, and this routine he kept up for years. While others wasted their time in idleness or worse, he was acquiring knowledge, and fitting himself for professional life.

He was ambitious, and the result of that ambition to better his social and intellectual condition in life was strikingly illustrated in his official communications, transmitted to the city government—models of clear, sound reasoning—unanswerable in their deductions, putting to flight his opponents, and pointed to with pride by his admirers. For most people who did not know Patrick A. Collins intimately, it was difficult to believe that self-education could be brought to such a high state of excellence as he possessed. One could not converse with him long before discovering the wealth of his knowledge, the scope of his learning and the extent of his wide reading. He made no claim to distinction as a linguist, but his English was as pure as that of his fellow-countryman Swift, and he could read a German newspaper or a French novel with equal facility. Knowing the value of books in his early days, he had a rule of long standing, of keeping his library down to one thousand volumes. He was a great book buyer, but only retained standard works. Those of passing interest he gave away to deserving institutions or promising young people.



Patrick A. Collins read law in the office of James M. Keith, and in course of time saved enough money to enter the Harvard Law School. After two years of study there he was graduated with honors, and his admission to the Suffolk bar dates from April, 1871. The young man was marked for a brilliant political career rather than the dull plodding of an office lawyer, however. Politics was his natural preoccupation, and before he began practice he was counted among the most promising of the younger men of the Democratic party in Boston. While working at his trade he had won local fame as a public speaker; while he was yet a student at law he was elected to the Massachusetts House of Representatives, where he served two terms, 1868-69; and the next two years, 1870-1871, he was a member of the Senate. He proved to be an excellent parliamentarian; he was patient and thorough in affairs, a skillful debater, and, when opportunity offered, an eloquent orator. Meanwhile he was exceedingly popular, being endowed with the natural courtesy of a kind heart, and gifted with the magnetic sense of humor.

A third attribute was patience. His ability to wait served the young statesman well. When he was sure that he was equal to the demands of an office he took it—not before. Upon his admission to the bar Mr. Collins resolved not to take any elective position for ten years, but to devote himself to his profession. While he held firmly to this resolution, however, his personal interest in and hold on politics did not relax. He was chairman of the Democratic City Committee in 1873-74, and in the next year Governor William Gaston rewarded his services by

making him judge advocate general on his staff. He also was a member of the Massachusetts delegation to the Democratic National Convention of 1876, 1880, 1884, 1888 and 1892. In these great gatherings he made a name for himself no less than in the speaking campaigns that followed them. In 1884 he was a potent leader in the convention, and took a foremost part in the memorable campaign of that year. Of the next national convention—1888—he was the permanent chairman, and distinguished himself by making one of the shortest of opening addresses and one of the best—brilliant, clean-cut and true. In that of 1892 he made a great speech seconding the nomination of Grover Cleveland, and he went heart and soul into the campaign. From 1884 to 1891 he was chairman of the Massachusetts Democratic State Committee.

To work with singleness of purpose, to do one's best in the field of duty nearest at hand without thought of future rewards, generally brings those rewards unsought. Collins's eloquent and vigorous speech in the nomination of the then leader of the democracy of the country, his equally forceful and capable work in the furtherance of the campaign which elected Grover Cleveland to the presidency of the United States, gave such certain evidence of marked ability that the post of Consul General at London was offered him. This is the most responsible post in the consular service and there were grave doubts at the time of the way in which the appointment would be received by the British Government. England had no reason to love the new Consul General. A New Englander by adoption, a representative in his own personality of the best of those traits which New Englanders

are proud to claim as their own, a thorough-going American, he still loved and revered the land that gave him birth. The sorrows of Ireland were his own. He had spoken and written boldly in favor of home rule. He had been prominent in organizing and working for the societies in Ireland and America which at the time were doing so much for the cause. It would have been easy to antagonize England and the English and thus make his own position a peculiarly unpleasant one and nullify the value of the office.

He did nothing of the kind. The patience, the tact, the wisdom which he had learned in his long, hard struggle upward to honor and prominence stood him in good stead. With good sense and courtesy the people among whom he was sent met him half way and for four years he lived and worked among them, honoring the post and fulfilling its manifold duties with characteristic judgment and fidelity. In later years he was wont to refer to the time he spent in London as one of the pleasantest of his life.

The consulate was in St. Helen's place, immediately off Bishopsgate street, an historic house in a bit of Old London that had escaped the ravages of modern business. There in an office comfortably fitted, and hung with pictures of President Cleveland, Vice President Stevenson and Governor William E. Russell of Massachusetts, was General Collins's workshop, besieged daily by a crowd of people, made up of citizens of the United States, and of Englishmen who do business with this country. General Collins lived in Kensington. He was an early riser, and almost always walked from his residence to the consulate, although the distance was nearly

six miles. He began the day long before it was necessary for him to be at his desk. He was always around and attended to duty at all hours.

His was not a position which called for so many social duties as that of our ambassador. He did not have to escort the distinguished Americans around town, show them the sights and obtain for them a glimpse, if not an introduction, to royalty. Still, he had all and more of this sort of thing than he could conveniently attend to, and memories of his hospitality in London are treasured by many Americans. Said he on his return in 1897: "The pleasantest part of my life as consul was the social. My office brought me in touch with hundreds of charming people—Americans and Britishers. Your Englishman loves particularly a good dinner, and I could not now enumerate the many happy gatherings of this kind to which I have been bidden. The public speaking I never liked overmuch, but these dinners introduced me to many of the very men I had all my life been anxious to meet. A number of close and highly prized friendships sprang out of my stay in St. Helen's Place."

Patrick A. Collins's work in his three terms in Congress was arduous and notable. Although a natural orator, he made few speeches, and he never spoke unless he had something to say on some subject over which he had special jurisdiction. He was assigned by preference to the Judiciary Committee of the House, and it was in connection with measures belonging to this committee that he made his record as a hard-working, painstaking and successful member of the House. At that time the business men of

Boston were especially interested in the passage of a national bankruptcy law, and to that subject Mr. Collins early addressed himself. Years elapsed before the bankruptcy bill became law, but Mr. Collins reported his bill from the Judiciary Committee as early as March, 1884, and he continued to work for its passage so long as he remained in Congress.

Another measure which attracted considerable attention at the time when Mr. Collins brought it forward in Congress, in 1884, was the proposed amendment to the Federal Constitution, the object of which was to abolish the property qualifications and restrictions on the suffrage in Rhode Island. Mr. Collins reported this amendment from the Judiciary Committee to the House. This proposition was, of course, fiercely resisted by the Republicans, as the effect was certain to be to do away with Republican supremacy. The agitation of the matter in Congress undoubtedly had a powerful effect in inducing the Rhode Island people subsequently to abolish some of the restrictions on the suffrage.

Another measure to which Mr. Collins gave a great deal of effort, and in which he won a gratifying success, was in the formulation and passage through Congress of the law for the final distribution of the Geneva award fund. This was a difficult and delicate matter, of peculiar importance to many citizens of Massachusetts. It required no little skill to engineer this measure through the House, but Mr. Collins did it, and then Mr. Hoar and Mr. Evarts took it up, and in spite of much opposition carried it through the Senate. As a result, the money paid by England for the destruction of our commerce during the Civil

War was fully and finally distributed, and every claimant got his fair share of it.

It was to measures like these, rather than to questions of patronage or party management, that Mr. Collins gave his time while he was in Congress. He took a leading part in the movement to send the French spoliation claims to the Court of Claims—legislation that had been pending and postponed for over half a century. Numerous important bills relative to the organization of the United States courts received his support, and he had charge of the international copyright bill, which received a powerful impetus from him. He would have been able to accomplish much more but for the rules of the House, which at that time permitted single members to block legislation by mere objection. After the temporary failure of the copyright bill under such circumstance, he said to a correspondent: "There is no chance for a fair fight as there was in the Massachusetts Legislature. There you were either licked or you won. Business was disposed of in some way, as it is disposed of in the courts. But in the House you can never get anywhere. One man can block legislation." Because of such obstacles Mr. Collins felt that his hard work in Washington had been largely wasted, and no man was ever gladder to get out of Congress than he was when he retired in 1889.

General Collins was twice elected Mayor of Boston, two years ago—the second time—by a larger plurality than was ever given a Democratic candidate for the position. The same efficiency and fearless integrity which had marked his administration of other public affairs made his service as Mayor notable.

Patrick A. Collins never forgot that he was born on Irish soil. His association with the agitation of Irish questions on this side of the water began before he was twenty-one, with a speech at a Fenian meeting in Williamsburg, New York. In the Fenian movement he allied himself with the conservative men who led at its inception, and he worked zealously for some time as a lecturer and an "organizer." But when, about 1866, peaceful counsels were overridden by the violent faction, and the raid on Canada was planned, he withdrew from the organization with whose methods he was no longer in sympathy, and had no further connection with it.

In subsequent years he was an active and influential member of the Land and National leagues from their establishment, advocating always peaceful measures, and resisting the "physical-force men." His attitude, as defined some years ago by a newspaper writer, evidently inspired, was this: An earnest believer in the American system, he would seek to achieve the emancipation of the Irish through the adoption, step by step, of institutions akin to those of his adopted country. He would plead by constitutional methods and in legitimate argument for a local Parliament having the power to regulate do-

mestic affairs, and by a wise system of county or township boards at once educate and enfranchise the Irish people as citizens. The growth beyond this point he would leave largely to the results of this new departure and the opportunities it might create. To further this end he was a steadfast adherent of Parnell until the latter's downfall. They were constant correspondents, and Parnell frequently testified to his recognition of Mr. Collins's services in the home rule cause. He has known also intimately all the public men of Ireland in his day. He has received the freedom of the cities of Dublin and Cork—the only American thus distinguished.

As was intimated in the beginning of this article the career of such a man is worthy of careful study both by native born and foreign born New Englanders. In it we see ambition tempered with wisdom, energy with moderation and patience, and the whole bound strongly together with the sterling honesty which must always be the chief factor in character. His life proves that a man may be born an alien and yet become a thorough American in all that the best sense of the word implies without losing his love and reverence for the land which gave him birth.



A Half Century of School Service

By MARTIN BRINKERHOFF WILBERFORCE

TO have wielded the sceptre of public authority for more than thirty years in these times, when communities vacillate and fluctuate in their loyalty to worthy officials, and during all these years of service, though subject to annual elections, to have had not one dissenting vote against him, is a record which in the language of a current editorial "needs to be inscribed in golden letters"—and this, as his fellow-citizens are proud to witness, is the record of Francis Cogswell, who with the closing of the vacation schools in Cambridge a few months ago laid down the power and the heavy responsibilities of his long public career and stepped aside into private life. The present year, however,

not only marks the thirty-first of Mr. Cogswell's service as superintendent of schools; it is also the fifty-first year of his connection with the educational life of the city. It is because of this unusual record, because of the eminent and exemplary qualities of his work,—because some history of the life of every man who has lived much before the

public must be of interest to his countrymen, to whom indeed his life at least in a measure belongs,—that the present sketch may be of value.

It was Mr. Cogswell's wish to withdraw from the office at the end of the fiftieth year of his term, and with this purpose in view he addressed a letter

to the school committee, which was read at a meeting of the latter April 21, 1904, in which, after stating very briefly the facts concerning his early school work in Cambridge and his appointment as superintendent, he remarked: "For the past few years I have looked forward to the completion of this school year as the time when my connection with the schools should



FRANCIS COGSWELL.

end. I make this announcement at this early date that the committee may have ample time to consider the qualifications of candidates for this important and desirable position; and I congratulate my successor in advance, for Cambridge is a city in which teachers, superintendent and all connected with the schools are treated with the utmost

kindness and consideration by the school committee."

The receipt of a communication bearing such a message from Mr. Cogswell was a complete surprise to his co-workers of the school board, as was also the public announcement of it to the people of Cambridge. No one was prepared for it. For, as the Cambridge Tribune, in dealing with the subject, has said: "The supervision of school matters in Cambridge has so long been entrusted to a competent and worthy head that few have troubled themselves to inquire how they were being managed. There was always a feeling of satisfaction so complete that it rarely occurred to any one that the time would come when the present dominant power would have to be changed and the guiding wheel be entrusted to a new pilot." So unexpected was the resignation that the committee after due consideration could only unite in requesting Mr. Cogswell to continue in the position for another year, during which time they proposed to consider the selection of a new superintendent. Mr. Cogswell consented to this arrangement, making it clearly understood, however, that he would not again be a candidate for re-election.

At the date of his withdrawal from office, Mr. Cogswell was the senior superintendent of Massachusetts, even of New England, and if of New England it is safe to say also of the entire United States, since New England led all the country in the establishment of the superintendent's office, as in most other educational matters. The seniority of this state is now transferred to Mr. Edgerly, superintendent of schools in Fitchburg.

Mr. Cogswell's childhood years were spent in the town of Atkinson,

New Hampshire, where he was born June 24, 1827, and where for several years he attended the district school. Later he completed all the studies taught at Atkinson Academy, an institution which, it is interesting to notice, is still in existence and for its size and situation is an excellent school. From Atkinson he went to Meredith, New Hampshire, for a final year of school life at the Kimball Union Academy. It was not an "education" of such advantages as a boy may receive in these days, though it was the best the region had to offer. But an education is not confined between the entrance and exit of a high school building or even of a college, which can only supply a "firm foundation;" it involves a reaching out after knowledge that may continue throughout life, and that must be satisfied through personal zeal and steadfastness. Thus Mr. Cogswell, like many another who, not seeking glory but for the sake of duty doing always his best work, has risen from obscurity to prominence, is largely a self-made man. A tribute to this is the fact that Harvard University honored him with the degree of A. M. in 1881.

In 1846 Mr. Cogswell began teaching in a district school of Merrimac, Massachusetts. It was an ordinary country school of the type then prevalent,—without grades, and no doubt it contained boys of the "unruly" class who would have gladly assisted in "putting the teacher out," if he had been that kind of a teacher. In Georgetown, where he next taught, he was introduced to the kind of school that has puzzled and paralyzed many a teacher. Actual insurrection had taken place here, for the boys had succeeded in "smoking out" the last

teacher. Yet Mr. Cogswell had no trouble during his term. When asked by the writer whether he found this school difficult, he replied with a smile half surprised, half amused, "No, I never found any school difficult."

Mr. Cogswell taught for longer or shorter terms in district schools in Georgetown and Weymouth, Massachusetts, and for nearly two years in a private school in Georgetown. He then came to Cambridge, early in the year 1854, to fill a temporary vacancy in the Putnam grammar school, occasioned by the ill health of the master, Mr. Lassell. He was elected temporary master at a meeting of the school committee on the fourth of April of the same year. Mr. Lassell, however, did not regain his health, and at the annual election of teachers on the ninth of August, through the resignation of the latter, Mr. Cogswell was chosen to permanently occupy the position.

Thus his connection with the school life of the city began. The Putnam school of that day was like that of the present, an important one. In that year there were only eight grammar schools in Cambridge, compared with a present seventeen. Eight years before, on May 6, 1846, the first meeting of the school committee under a city charter was held. Even at that time, though the ways of education in the days of our grandfathers appear somewhat primitive to our twentieth century eyes, the schools of Cambridge were considered "most exemplary." The new body, after an extensive examination occupying nearly two weeks, reported that, "to the best of their knowledge, the improvement had been in no former year so great, nor the condition of the schools generally so satisfac-

tory." A peculiar system of gradation, apparently not known in any other community, was then in force in Cambridge. It consisted of: alphabet schools, where the child learned to "read easy lessons and to spell words of two syllables; primary, in which he learned to read fluently easy lessons and acquired some knowledge of numbers; middle, for further progress in reading, spelling and numbers, and the additional subject of Woodbridge's geography;" grammar, and high schools. It was in the midst of such conditions that Mr. Cogswell came to Cambridge. Nine years later, in 1863, the number of grades was reduced to three, by uniting the middle with the grammar, and the alphabet with the primary schools. This was the initial movement of the present school system of Cambridge.

Mr. Cogswell continued to serve the city as principal of the Putnam school for more than twenty years,—a period during which not many revisions in school affairs occurred but the few that were made were of the greatest moment. It seems to have been a transitional epoch in that phase of Cambridge history. The superintendent of schools at that time was Mr. Edwin B. Hale, who had been elected in the year 1868, soon after the city council, acting upon their own responsibility and not upon a request of the school committee, had wisely established this office. The appointment of such a person outside of the committee, who should "devote his whole time to the demands of the schools, and be subject to the general direction of some five or seven other individuals, "had, it is true, already been suggested by the committee, in 1841, who found their duties of visiting and supervising

the twenty-three schools then existing too "oppressive," but for some reason, the matter had been deferred.

Prior to this date, however, a kind of school supervision by one person had existed for some six or seven years. The idea seems to have been suggested long before, but not to have appeared practicable in most communities. There is little doubt that it originated in Cambridge. In 1840 the records show that the town of Springfield appointed a man to devote all of his time to such supervision, with a salary of one thousand dollars per year. Providence, Rhode Island and Boston also preceded Cambridge in appointing professional superintendents, yet the first record of school supervision by other than the committee as a body is accredited to the latter city, whose school board in 1836 chose one of their number to act as "superintendent of all the schools" and to take charge of the purchase of text books, etc., and voted a small part of the school appropriation for his salary.

Under such condition, while always progressive, the educational life of Cambridge could not be otherwise than experimental and transitional. On the first of October, 1873, after a series of harmoniously successful years, Mr. Hale resigned his office. One change made in school economics during his term deserves special mention. This was the change in language work, made in 1872. Up to that time technical grammar had been thoroughly taught but only pupils in the highest grade had been required to express their thoughts in writing; and as a result they had no facility of expression, and from lack of practice in the use of capitals and punc-

tuation were unable to write even simple sentences correctly. A systematic plan of sentence-writing for all grades was now introduced, from which, as the work has since broadened out, most favorable results have been secured.

During the final year of Mr. Hale's term, Cambridge again led her sister cities, when upon the application of her school committee, the legislature of Massachusetts authorized all school committees of the State to appoint superintendents of schools and to fix their salaries. Availing themselves of this permission, the committee of Cambridge on the third of September, 1874, "elected to the office named Mr. Francis Cogswell, formerly master of the Putnam School." The guidance of school affairs thus continued in strong and steady hands. To describe in detail the many steps by which the educational system of the city was raised to its present rank among school systems of the entire world would be to fill many pages, where this sketch has but paragraphs. Not merely have evening schools been well maintained, kindergartens opened as a part of the regular school system, vacation schools established, and drawing, sewing, gymnastics and many other useful branches introduced into the course of study,—such things have happened in most other cities of the United States; the means by which the constant super-excellence of the Cambridge schools has been attained has been so subtle, so minute in its working, as often not to appear at first sight. It is due chiefly to the direct influence of Mr. Cogswell, but it is also due in some measure to the community, largely a literary and scholarly one, whose taste in matters educational is of the best,

and who have appointed for their school committee men and women who are not biased by sectarian or political views but are broad-minded and enthusiastic and progressive. Mr. Cogswell has thus had in his co-workers little or nothing to retard an upward movement toward the high ideals set for his schools.

An emphatic insistence upon the very best qualities and qualifications in all teachers employed in Cambridge has been one of the chief factors towards superiority in its schools. The establishment of a training school in the city for its teachers was also a most important step; while the disuse of the rod as a means of punishment for unruly children has been in school management a long stride toward modern culture and advancement. That the school economy of Cambridge has been conducted always with a view to frugality as well as to excellence, wherever frugality could be exercised without sacrificing excellence, has been another point in its favor. The introduction of what is still called "desk-work" in the lower grades, a variety of useful exercises which train the children so that they will know how to profitably employ their time out of school, and that little ones when not reciting might not have to sit through long weary hours with their arms folded, was one of the early innovations, that has found its way over the length and breadth of the United States.

Other objective changes, more objective teaching, more attention to the subject of language, the widening of the range in reading which included a relation between the schools and the public library that has grown ever closer, the teaching of music so that pupils might read as well as sing it, the teaching of draw-

ing from objects as well as from copies, laboratory methods in teaching physics and chemistry, the introduction of botany and writing into the primary grades—all these and more are among the new school methods that were established in Cambridge as early as, and in many cases much earlier than in most other communities.

Mr. Cogswell's most important origination, however, and one that has been widely noticed and copied in principle if not in detail, was a plan devised by him for securing more rapid promotion for pupils in the grammar schools who are able to perform the work in less than the regular six years. It is an admirable plan, and especially suited to conditions in Cambridge. The pupils begin the grammar school work together, but after two or three months are separated into two divisions, the division containing the brighter pupils advancing for the remainder of the year more rapidly than the other so as to complete in that time one-fourth of the whole course of study of the regular six grades. The classification is such that at the close of the second year or half-course the pupils of this advanced division are able to recite with the pupils of a regular sixth grade, being now about one year in advance of their classmates of the first year. The remaining three years are covered in the same way, in two years of work in an advanced division, or if deemed desirable in any case, the child is transferred to a seventh grade and allowed to finish the course in three years; thus making three distinct methods of promotion, through four, five, or six years. This plan of advancement is considered by the State Board of Education one of the most

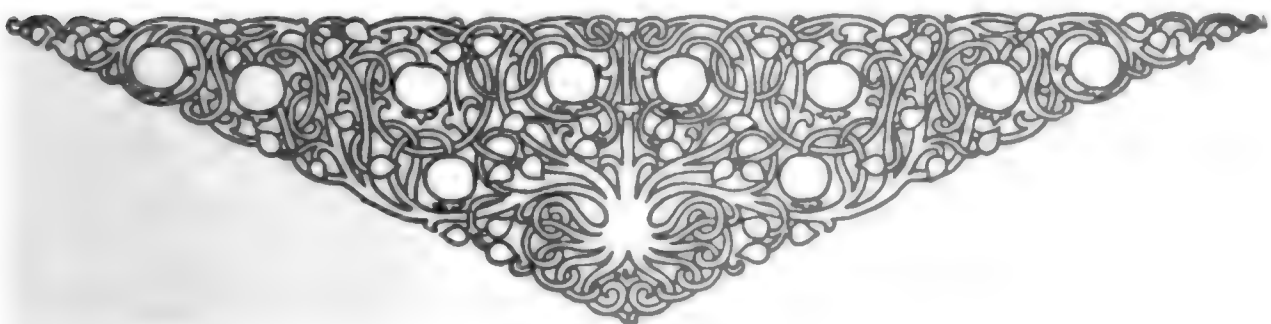
admirable of several such plans instituted in various parts of the country.

Mr. Cogswell has been always a quiet man, undesirous of publicity. He is, perhaps, not widely known even in educational circles, but his work, behind which he has been hidden, and the status of the Cambridge public schools have spoken for him. Not to claim with President Stearns, that "the opportunities for education in Cambridge are superior to what can be found in any other spot on the globe," yet it is safe to say that the advantages enjoyed here are inferior to those in no other place. If you would know the true character of a community, examine its schools; they are the expression of intellectual strivings, the embodiment of its ideas. In the past, Cambridge has attracted much attention for originality and thoroughness in her school system. To-day many eyes are turned in this direction to see whether Cambridge will be content to live on her past. It is expected that she will maintain her reputation equally well in future, for Mr. William C. Bates, late superintendent of schools in Fall River Massachusetts, the man whom she has placed at the head of her schools

to succeed Mr. Cogswell, has already "won his spurs" and brings to his work fresh ideas stamped with success gained in other fields.

Mr. Cogswell in retiring to private life carries with him the esteem, the good-will and the hearty appreciation of teachers, parents, pupils, and indeed of the entire community. One cannot do better in closing than to quote concerning him the statement of a Cambridge business man.

"The dean among superintendents, a Bayard without fear and without reproach, though indisposed to public speech, he has always commanded the confidence and respect of his associates and been in the highest degree an accepted representative of the city, which has, in turn, been honored in having him as its official head in school matters. It is rare indeed that, at such a ripe age, men are spared, not alone to witness the full success which they have striven for years to accomplish, but to lay down the burden of office amidst the plaudits of their fellow-citizens and the acclaim of those who are only too glad to recognize the probity, beauty, and serenity of a life spent in the full glare of the publicity attending such a career."



THE EDITORS' TABLE

A noticeable and unfortunate result of the general adoption of machinery in place of handwork in the mechanic arts, is the almost entire disappearance of the "all-round" mechanic. Almost no one, nowadays, learns a machinist's trade, or the trade of even a shoemaker. Each workman learns how to operate the machine which performs a fraction of the completed work, and he learns little else. Consequently there are few of the rank and file of shop-workers who can rise to the position of foreman. This situation accounts in considerable measure for the great interest and increasing attendance upon schools like the Massachusetts School of Technology, the Worcester Polytechnic, and the Lowell Textile, for it is only in such institutions that an ambitious young mechanic can secure the "all-round" training necessary to advancement beyond the mass of his fellows. But this class of schools can not care for all, and many who would gladly attend them are financially unable to do so. The trustee of the Lowell Institute, of Boston, and the president of the Massachusetts School of Technology have recognized this deficit in the general system of mechanical education, and have coöperated for the last two years in the conduct of a free evening school to fit ambitious young men for positions as foremen in industrial work. The course is for two years and students spend two hours an evening, two or three evenings each week in the class room, and besides have home study which occupies all their spare time. The applicants must show a fair knowledge of elementary mathematics and of mechanical drawing, and preference is given to those who show inability to attend the regular schools and energy and talent sufficient to endure a rigid course of work. Already the scheme has proved its practical success, as all the graduates of the two years' course have found positions of trust and responsibility to which they could have never attained through the narrow routine of the modern "shop." The problem of "learning the trade," as the term was once understood, but which has seemed impossible under modern conditions seems to be solved, and an extension of this Boston idea should not be long delayed.

* * *

Peace in the Far East is accomplished. Russia has failed in her attempt to extend her domination China-ward, and Japan has won more than she demanded before the struggle began. The cost, in life and treasure on both sides has been enormous.

and the result can hardly fail as a most potent argument in favor of international arbitrations. This episode in world-history enforces the idea of Mr. Bridgeman for a world-legislature, noticed in the New England Magazine for last month, and, dreadful as it has been it must be accepted as a step toward millennial conditions. In bringing about the end of the war our own country has achieved a most honorable position. The action of President Roosevelt in ignoring diplomatic theories and grasping diplomatic conditions at the psychological moment, with his characteristic courage and discretion, is the admiration and acclaim of the civilized world. His interference was the agency which brought peace between the combatants, and the result has placed him in a most admirable and enviable position among the great leaders of the age. He is beloved and trusted by his own countrymen as never before, and it is quite possible that this sentiment will over-ride his determination against further presidential service. If he should reconsider his last year's decision, with the present temper of the American people, it would be hardly worth while for any one to enter the lists against him.

* * *

The Russian government is reported to have rejected a proposal from an American syndicate to construct a tunnel under Behring strait, connecting Alaska and Siberia, on the ground that it would be a menace to Russia and not commercially of value. The Czar need not be afraid; he could plug up his end at any time. A tunnel of less than half the length of this, connecting England and France under the English Channel, has for a long time been contemplated, but awaits construction. The climatic conditions of southern Europe are far more favorable for such an enterprise than those of the Arctic Circle, and the demands of commerce are also more insistent. The tunnels through the Alps have practically solved the mechanical and engineering problems involved, and in the end we may hope that international jealousy will cease to hinder either of these enterprises, when once international commerce demands their construction.

* * *

While the national religion of Japan is oriental in type the nation is well advanced toward a condition of religious freedom. It is stated that Generals Kuroki and Oku are members of the Presbyterian church.

Vice Admiral Uriu is a Presbyterian elder, General Sarrato, who commanded the Japanese forces in the war with China, was, up to the time of his death, president of the Tokio Young Men's Christian Association, and Field Marshal Oyama and Admiral Togo are professed Christians. When we reflect that in England no woman can teach in the state schools, for which all classes are taxed, unless she is an adherent of the established church, we are called on to revise our ideas of the distinction between "enlightened" and "heathen" people.

* * *

The death of Hezekiah Butterworth removes another from the scanty list of survivors of a distinct and characteristic literary coterie. He was not great in the sense that Whittier, Lowell and Holmes were rated, but he ranks with them in his consciousness of the New England idea in literature, and in his contributions thereto. Childless, he lived, wrought and wrote for children, and every line was pure and on a lofty plane. His books are a group of New England classics for the young, and his long and fruitful life has been a generous contribution of all that is sweetest and best in the influences that have in so large measure shaped New England character—an influence which will continue to be potent for long years to come.

* * *

The New York Post-graduate Hospital has just sent out a bulletin to the medical profession, announcing the result of carefully conducted experiments on a new method for the cure of tuberculosis. It is a most startling and important discovery if the favorable results already secured should be reinforced by later and more general tests. The new treatment is simply one of food, two ounces twice a day of the juices of common vegetables being the whole prescription. A dozen or more cures of well established cases are recorded, and all the common vegetables seem to have been used indiscriminately and without particular regard to proportions. All that seems to be necessary is that the patient should get the stated amount of vegetable juices. There should be great joy in the camp of the vegetarians, and tuberculous patients should hasten to test the treatment, for it certainly can do no harm. With a generous vegetable diet the question of expressing the juices before taking does not appear to be essential; nature will extract the juices in the process of digestion. There is one application of the remedy which the bulletin does not mention, but which is of great practical importance. Tuberculous milk fed to infants and delicate women is recognized

as an important agent of infection, and the only efficient check on this agent heretofore has been to destroy the cow when the tuberculin test has demonstrated the presence of the disease in the animal. If the new remedy proves genuine all that is necessary is to feed the animals generously with vegetables and a cure may be expected. The feeding of roots, cabbages, pumpkins, etc., is not a new idea, but is practiced by progressive farmers to a considerable extent on general principles of health and economy. This new announcement should prompt a more general adoption of root feeding, and general experiment with diseased animals should be instituted without delay and the effects carefully noted.

* * *

The Medical Times remarks in a recent issue: "It may occur to reflective minds in our inimitable profession of human healing, that, on its trading planes of superabundant technicalities, there has unfolded a noticeable prominence of mental or scholastic attitudinizing, a tendency to medical transcendentalism, the literal speculative and soaring Emersonianism in physics, that, though unique and beautiful enough in its studied impress, may sometimes happen to balloon its flight exaltedly above the very housetops and steeples of average comprehension, and hereby lose the simpler reach for handy practical service." And the paragraph is not far from verbal illustration of the fault that is the subject of criticism.

* * *

King's Chapel burying-ground, Boston, was the scene of an impressive memorial service August 24th, when a memorial stone was erected over graves of Dr. Comfort Starr and his wife, Elizabeth. The stone was erected by Hosea Starr Ballou, of Boston, and he gave a large assembly of relatives an interesting sketch of the life of their first American ancestor. He was a native of Cranbrook, England, son of Thomas Starr, and was baptized July 6, 1589. He came here in 1634 and settled in Cambridge. His son, Comfort was one of the incorporators of Harvard College, and one of his daughters married George Bunker, who gave his name to Bunker Hill. Mr. Ballou gave a resume of the life of Dr. Starr and an extract from his will, which, he said, was remarkable for the high ideals of manhood, the positive belief in the value of higher education and reverence for things holy which it revealed. He not only provided for his sons and daughters, but for his 24 grandchildren, for he directed John Starr, in Boston, his executor, "to give to each of them good kersey and pension

cotton to the worth of 40 shillings apiece, to be paid four years after my decease." This was done, and the payment was formally acknowledged August 24, 1663, 240 years ago, and the services were held on the anniversary of that event.

* * *

President Mitchell of the Coal Miners' Union, in a recent address said: "There can be no permanent industrial peace unless the workmen are recognized as contracting parties in fixing the wages and improving conditions of employment. The workmen must be recognized as a collective unit." But contracting parties are generally supposed to be equally responsible. If the union wants to be a "collective unit" it should be incorporated, so that its responsibility for the keeping of a contract may be legally assured. But all labor unions object to legal incorporation. They would hold employers to contracts but avoid for themselves any such responsibility, and would break contracts at will. They demand law for others, but will not themselves assume legal obligations.

* * *

The descendants of Jonathan Fairbanks, the first of his name in New England, and one of the original settlers of Dedham, Massachusetts, held their fourth annual reunion August 23 and 24, in Boston and Dedham. The old homestead in Dedham, which dates back to 1636 was visited by about five hundred descendants. The secretary reported the enrollment of five thousand families claiming descent. The old homestead has been secured to the family association and is to be preserved in its original condition as long as possible.

* * *

On July 29th the people of Fairhaven, Massachusetts, dedicated a monument to the memory of the revolutionary patriots who repulsed the British troops who menaced the town in September, 1778. A memorial boulder was dedicated at Fort Phenix, in the presence of a large concourse of the neighborhood people, with appropriate addresses and other exercises.

* * *

A scientific medical statistician announces that observation of over five thousand cases of tuberculosis failed to show a case where the victim was bald-headed. Well, what of it? Of what is this bald fact conclusive? A majority of tuberculous patients are females, and a bald-headed woman is a rarity. Besides, most cases of the disease are of people under forty-five years of age, when even males are rarely bald-headed. The connection between baldness and immunity is not yet demonstrably ap-

parent. Perhaps the S. M. S. may soon give us the proportion of sufferers with corns to sufferers with the disease, but we miss the connection!

* * *

David Harum remarked that if it was not for difference of opinion there would be no horse-trots, but nowadays horse-trots do not depend on differences of opinion so much as they do on the privilege of gambling. Several race-tracks in New England are threatening to go out of business for the reason that the authorities have forbidden pool-selling in connection with their races. Gambling has become a national vice, and all good citizens will bear up patiently under the affliction if it proves to be the case, as the race-track managers assert, that races cannot be successful without free opportunities for gambling.

* * *

In our July number the article on John Winthrop, Jr., contained a list purporting to include all his known descendants. A representative of the family calls our attention to its incompleteness. The Connecticut pioneer has a very large list of descendants—hundreds in number, and they represent in large degree the sturdy virtues of the early New England stock.

* * *

In a recent Public Health Congress in London, Mr. Blizzard, of the Institute of Civil Engineers, read a paper on the relation of ill-ventilated churches to the dissemination of infectious diseases, and on the cause of sleepiness in church. His name alone suggests an antidote for the latter, for if the blizzard could come from the pulpit, doubtless it would tend to dissipate the prevailing somnolence. Dull sermons of course provoke drowsiness, but students of the new psychology will find another "scientific" explanation in self-hypnotism. To sit still for an hour, more or less, is, for the average auditor of the ordinary sermon provocative of the state of mind advised by Mr. Bunthorne—to "think of nothing at all," and this is an invitation to mental unconsciousness which it is hard to resist. Observers have noted that active people, even if interested in an address or a concert, are subject to hypnotic experiences, and these are often in proportion to their interest. Thus absolute indifference and intense attention are both inducive to loss of objective consciousness, and Mr. Blizzard's *mal-aria* is only one factor in his problem. In view of all the sleep-persuaders involved, the rigid formality of a church service might perhaps be modified toward the freedom of the modern "smoke-talk."

BOOKS AND NOTES

RANDY'S LUCK. By Amy Brooks.

This makes an even half-dozen of the "Randy Books" for girls who are "growing up" and in a pleasing picture of village life shows that what envious friends call "Randy's luck" was really the natural result of her good sense, good nature, generosity and other loveable characteristics. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, Boston: \$1.00.)

THE WARD OF THE SEWING CIRCLE, by Edna Edwards Wylie.

An appealing story for adults about a little orphan adopted by a sewing-circle, the members of which take care of him in turn, for periods of two months, is "The Ward of the Sewing Circle." The story exhibits much tenderness and pathos, and at the same time has a great deal of humor and strong character drawing. The bit of romance at the end gives the tale a fitting climax. (Little Brown & Co., Boston.)

DOROTHY DAINTY AT THE SHORE. By Amy Brooks.

This addition to the "Dorothy Dainty Series" will greatly please the very young readers for whose delectation and instruction it is designed. A group of little girls at the sea-shore in summer furnish adventure and pastime which are interesting and healthful. Miss Brooks understands girl-life, and every one of her many books, in this, and in the "Randy Series" for older girls, makes for the writer new friends and admirers. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston: \$1.00.)

A DAUGHTER OF THE SOUTH. By George Cary Eggleston.

After all the literature that has been wrought out of possible incidents and experiences involved in the civil war, it is not easy to produce anything fresh and interesting. But Mr. Eggleston has found material located on the Mississippi, including patriotism and greed, suffering and happiness, and has produced a live and healthful romance, equal to either of his former stories—A Carolina Cava'ier, Dorothy South, The Master of Warlock, or Evelyn Byrd. (Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. \$1.50.)

IN THE LINE. By A. T. Dudley.

Mr. Dudley writes for school boys, but

manages as well to interest their elders. Just as in his "Following the Ball" he has worked in the rules which govern baseball, with much covering fair-play and manliness, he has here illustrated foot-ball with the same good suggestions, and incidentally defended athletic sports as a wise adjunct of school life. He disfavors extremes in sport, but in the life of his characters he shows how out-door sport is helpful in perfecting school-room work. (Lee & Shepard, Boston: \$1.25.)

HOW BARBARA KEPT HER PROMISE. By Nina Rhodes.

This is another of the "Brick House Books" that have made the author's name so familiar and popular with young readers. Two London children, transplanted to New York, are the principal characters, and the mischief in one and the motherly care of the other make up a pretty story. Dotty and Dick Marston, old friends of all children who had "Only Dollie" appear again and connect the interest with that attaching to Miss Rhodes's earlier work. (Lee & Shepard, Boston. \$1.00.)

LIFE MORE ABUNDANT. By Henry Wood.

Mr. Wood has added another to his long series of dissertations which combine religion, ethics, philosophy, metaphysics and psychology in an attempt to express modern thought on the subject of the relation of mankind to God. In the present volume he attempts to present "all that is intrinsic in the Written Word," to consider the Bible on its merits, without yielding to the influence of tradition or dogma. Thus viewing it he regards the Bible as the positive and transcendent guide in human conduct and life. In his discussion of the history of the development of religious belief he quite closely follows Matthew Arnold's "Literature and Dogma," but he also takes due note of the newer thought that has been unfolded by reverent scholarship since that masterful book was written. Mr. Wood is sanguine of the ultimate acceptance by the Christian world of the leading claims of mind-healing, but without charlatanism or superstition. In all he is charitable to the views of others, and earnest and devout in his argument. (Lee & Shepard, \$1.30.)

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

THE LITTLE GREEN DOOR. By Mary E. Stone-Bassett.

It is a pleasant summer book. The story is of the time of Louis XIII of France, and the writer has succeeded in her picture of court society of his time. A sweet girl, just out of the convent, falls under the eye of the King, and not knowing him she falls in love, etc. The "little green door" admits her to the King's private garden, and both imagine that they are secure from observation; but Cardinal Richelieu is spying upon them, and produces the usual complications. The book is profusely illustrated. (Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. \$1.50.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS

A new volume of stories by James B. Connolly called "The Deep Sea's Toll" will be published in a few days. The book deals with the dangers and pleasures, the difficulties and triumphs of the staunch fisherman of Gloucester. No one has ever handled these subjects as well as Mr. Connolly.

FAMOUS ANNUAL AUTUMNAL EXCURSION FIVE DOLLARS

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1905

A special fast express on the Boston & Albany R. R. leaves the South Station at 8.30 a.m., passing through the most beautiful and prosperous section of Massachusetts to Albany, through the Berkshire Hills, thence by either day or night boat down the beautiful historic Hudson River, passing the Catskills, West Point, Poughkeepsie Bridge and the Palisades, arriving in New York City at 6 a. m. or 6 p. m., Friday, October 13, depending on whether you take the night boat October 12, or the day boat, October 13, thence, palatial Fall River Steamers to Boston, arriving at 7 a. m., either Saturday or Sunday. 578 miles by rail and steamer, \$5.00. For descriptive leaflet giving complete details, call on nearest ticket agent, or address

A. S. HANSON, Gen. Pass. Agt., Boston.

THE NEW ALTON LIMITED TRAINS

BETWEEN CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS

The new "Alton Limited," with equipment fresh from the shops of the Pullman Company, and now in regular daily service between Chicago and St. Louis.

The management of the Chicago & Alton Railway expresses an altogether justifiable pride in these new trains, each of which consists of six cars, viz., One United States mail car, one composite baggage and smok-

ing car, one chair car, one dining car, and two Pullman parlor cars, one of which, designed more especially for men, has a large smoking apartment and buffet; the other, for ladies and gentlemen, having a drawing room and large shaded observation platform.

A striking color effect has been obtained in the exterior painting of the train, done in three rich shades of maroon, stenciled in gold. The coaches throughout are of standard Pullman construction, with steam heat and electric light, maintained, for each car, by a storage battery, of 450 ampere hours capacity. Electric fans and electric lights are provided in every car of the train, including chair cars and smoking cars. No device for comfort or possible detail of elegance has been overlooked.

For safety—the consideration of prime importance—the passenger confides himself to the massive equipment of the Pullman Company, fitted with such cunning devices as the anti-telescoping attachment and the Forsyth automatic steam and air coupler, while further he can rely upon the management of a railway that has sought, by anticipating every desire of its patrons, to earn the title of "The Only Way."

WHEN TRAVELING

BETWEEN BOSTON AND NEW YORK

ask for tickets via the "Springfield Line," Boston & Albany R. R., which affords the following excellent train service, leaving Boston 9.00 a. m. "Day Express," Buffet Parlor Cars and Day Coaches, Boston to New York, without change. Due New York 3.15 p. m.

Twelve o'clock "Limited," Pullman Parlor Cars and Day Coaches, Boston to New York, without change. Dining Car Boston to New Haven. Due New York 5.45 p. m.

Four o'clock "Limited," New Parlor Cars and Vestibuled Day Coaches, Boston to New York, without change. Dining Car Springfield to New York. Due New York 9.51 p. m.

Eleven fifteen, "Night Express" Pullman Sleeping Cars and Day Coaches, Boston to New York, without change. Due New York 6.48 a. m. Similar service returning from New York on the same schedules.

Send for copy of "Springfield Line" folder, and see what the Boston Journal has to say of the new parlor cars on the "four o'clock Limited."

If you are interested in a trip to the West you should have a copy of "Westbound" folder, covering schedules and train service via the New York Central Lines. R. M. Harris, 366 Washington St., Boston. A. S. HANSON, Gen. Pass. Agt., Boston.



ZORN'S "OMNIBUS" — AN ART TREASURE OF FENWAY COURT

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The Art Treasures of Fenway Court

By MARY AUGUSTA MILLIKIN

IT was in the month of February, two years ago, that the eager public first had opportunity to inspect the art treasures of the then just-completed Fenway Court. The time of the Museum's debut was admirably chosen. For while Mrs. Gardner's palace would appear in summer merely a sultry spot on a shadeless stretch of Boston's "made land" there was in its atmosphere that midwinter day the almost spectacular impressiveness that comes from cleverly-designed contrast. As Fenway Court welcomed from the bleak winds of the Back Bay the pilgrims who had come to bend a reverend knee before its famous paintings it took on the aspect of the Alhambra. For it is only in such favored spots of the South Land, of course, that luxuriant flowers bloom and happy birds flit among verdant shrubbery to the accompaniment of plashing fountains—in February.

Those who go to the Court on any fine frosty day, obtain in a similar striking fashion the full benefit of this contrast between exterior and interior. The severely plain square building as it then rises up from the level snowbound Fens, speaks in every line its ability to

stand against inclement winds. Moreover, the red-tiled roof and the few Venetian windows, are piquant if slight suggestions of the palace's real contents.

Once within the main corridor, the transformation is complete. At first, one seems to be in a sort of short tunnel,—between the rich, old tile floor and the vaulted brick ceiling of the hallway,—where lines of perspective act as a telescope to strengthen and bring near the view of the central, enclosed court to which the fine-wrought iron gateway stands hospitably open. In the dark, enclosed corridor I stopped to gloat over that first effect, half afraid that this vista of a south land was but a mirage and would not bear closer inspection. But the warm perfume of flowers was undeniably there, and the notes of an alien bird speedily completed the illusion of the tropics. The memory of winter dropped away, and in full tune with the exotic life enclosed there, I joyfully entered the cloistered court.

What is it like, this cloister-arcade, around the square yard open to the light of day? It seems to be built of a tangle of memories of Italy

and Sicily and, in the end, is only like itself. The substantial groined-vaulting of brick, rests, on the court side, upon pairs of columns, sometimes an antique column with a modern capital, sometimes just the reverse, all so cleverly mated together that in their presence the critic-spirit finds no voice. It would be really petty to speak of anachronisms, for Greek, Italian and American workmanship here stand side by

into a Venetian fountain basin, on either side of which stairs ascend to a balcony of entrance to the second floor. Thence one's eye travels up the plastered walls of warm-toned pink, into which are set a series of Gothic casements from a vanished Venetian palace. It is dangerous to one's prosy concepts of life to linger too long upon the beauties of those finely moulded mullions, ogee points and quarterfoil traceries. To such



FENWAY COURT, MRS. GARDNER'S PALACE

side without prejudice to each other, much as we might imagine Moses and Herbert Spencer amicably discussing in Paradise their views of the cosmogony.

Among the palms and flowers of the court, is to be seen the fine mosaic pavement from the Palatine, Villa Livia, a treasure in itself, and a lasting lesson in good workmanship. From the opposite wall, dolphins spit out twinkling jets of water

a balcony Romeo climbed, and through such casements the moon shone on St. Agnes' Eve. Yes, these windows are poetry-breeding, and lure to romance.

From the court of enchantment, one mounts to a Chinese room wherein a multiplicity of bright-hued objects fall into the general tone of gold. Thence one passes to the spacious Raphael room with its palatial wall-coverings of brocaded

red satin. On one side its windows look towards the Fens, but on the other there are balconies upon the central court.

The long-established myth that there was a Raphael in America is now a fact beyond dispute. To make assurance doubly sure, there are two of them, and the archangelic name which is a popular synonym for art itself here stands the test of comparison with other mortals. The tiny Pieta is charmingly placed on a table by a window. It originally formed part of the predella for San Antonio altar at Perugia, painted in 1505. This predella was sold by the men of San Antonio to Queen Christina of Sweden in 1663, and on the sale of her collection, it passed into the famous Orleans gallery, which was sold in London in 1798.

There is everything in the surroundings to bring out the picture's qualities of youthfulness and translucence of color; so that one regrets in memory the fate of other small pictures of this same rare transient period of the great soul's development—pictures under the conventional skylight of the Salon Carré flat against

the wall where also hang masterpieces of twenty times their size and alien to them in spirit. Imagine the joy of ownership, to drop down before this picture in quiet and commune intimately with it! How flower-like are the figures mourning over the Christ, they in many soft colors, he in the whiteness of death, as if the crocuses should mourn the fate of the too-early snow-drop.

The other Raphael is a portrait of Cardinal Inghirami, who was librarian of the Vatican under Julius II., and custodian of the secret archives of San Angelo. This portrait was painted for Inghirami and has always been in his castle at Volterra, whence it came directly to the Fenway Court. A counterpart of this picture is one of the familiar gems of the Pitti Palace collection,



SCHONGAUER'S "MADONNA OF THE ROSE TRELLIS"

so that he seems like an old acquaintance, this pudgy, crooked-eyed man, dignified by his flaming red garb.

In this room also is an excellent devotional picture of the Paduan, Mantegna, with the usual characteristics of his incisive style; and a Fra Angelico, depicting the death and





Next is the large Titian room, corresponding in size and place to the Raphael room on the floor below. Titian's portrait of Anne of Austria and her mother, and his wonderful "Rape of Europa," are quite sufficient to account for the name of the room; the latter picture being one of that rare kind in which figures are happily used in conjunction with landscape. This picture, painted for Philip II. of Spain, was to have been part of the wedding dower, had the marriage of Charles I. to a Spanish princess taken place. It finally did go to France as dower and formed a part of the Orleans collection. When this was sold, it went to the Berwick collection in England, and was afterwards purchased by Lord Darnley, who hung it at Cobham. Rubens made a copy of it, which hangs in the Prado at Madrid, and wrote, while copying it, that to him it was the first picture in the world. The critic Waagen declared that Titian's representation of Europa crossing the water on the bull, is a veritable gem so exquisitely does the painting illustrate the story as told in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. "The bull had life, the wave had motion, backward seems her glance to seek the shore she left, her lips to call her mates to aid her, and her delicate feet to shrink from the first contact of the deepening sea."

Here also is Velasquez's portrait of Philip IV. of Spain, very similar to that recently acquired by the Boston Art Museum of Fine Arts. In both, the youthful king is represented standing, with head bare—a black velvet cape of great beauty enveloping the upper part of the figure. The slight differences between this and the Museum picture, are in the position of the feet, the manner of holding a bit of paper in his hand,

and the position of the table to be seen at the king's right hand.

But perhaps in the whole collection no single picture equals in importance a small one which stands, like the little Raphael, upon a table by the window. "Christ Bearing the Cross" is one of seven pictures which all critics agree upon as indisputably the work of Giorgione, the contemporary of the first half of Titian's long life. Not only is it interesting as a rare work of a fascinating personality, but the picture itself, whose great art appears all simplicity, has the power to stamp itself forever on the memory. That such a picture should be in our midst is matter for national pride.

In the corridor which leads to Mrs. Gardner's private chapel, is placed the sparkling little gold-ground picture by Giotto, the first great painter of Italy, and the founder of modern art. This particular picture, "The Presentation of Christ in the Temple," is thus described in Vasari's *Lives of the Painters*. "The Presentation of Christ in the Temple," is a most beautiful thing, for not only is the warmest expression of love for the Child to be perceived on the face of the old man Simeon, but the act of the Child, who, being afraid of him, stretches its arms timidly and turns to its mother, is depicted in a manner inexpressibly touching and exquisite.

As one turns from this explicit paragraph to the painting in Fenway Court, there can be no doubt of the authenticity of Mrs. Gardner's picture. Moreover, the work bears in every particular the marks of Giotto's style.

It were sheer bewilderment to set forth, even by name, the rare treasures which adorn the rooms open to



DETAIL OF
CHRANACH'S "ADAM"



DETAIL OF
CHRANACH'S "EVE"

the public, but mention at least must be made of Antonio Moro's portrait of Mary Tudor, Queen of England, universally admitted to be one of the great historical portraits of the world, and a psychological document of the highest value. Mrs. Gardner's picture comes from the collection of Lord Strafford at Norwich, and is a replica of that of Madrid. As one looks at the hard face of this sharp-eyed woman, one no longer wonders that she earned for herself the unpleasant epithet "Bloody." In sharp contrast to this Queen, stands out Isabella of Spain on the opposite wall. It is this beautiful lady, as painted by Francis Pourbus, the younger, whom visitors wish to take home with them. More photographs of this painting are sold than of any other.

The difference between the pictures here and those in ordinary galleries is that they furnish. Who, for the sake of the masters, has ever felt a compelling desire to live in the Louvre or the Uffizi? But with this beauty one could be at home; one forgets the individual gems in the pleasure of the alluring fire upon a broad hearth, with all its suggestion of leisure and security; or in the constantly-recurring surprise of an open balcony with a new view of that garden court, fragrant and tuneful with memories of the south.

Fenway Court, you see, is not a museum; its appeal is not to the archæologist, the historian, or the collector. It is rather a creation—the love of beauty in operation toward a definite and successful end. Patriotism, too, must have played an important part in the materialization upon our shores of this enchanting Arabian Nights' Tale. Many a rich American purchases a palace in Europe and there lives among priceless

treasures of art, but it remained for Mrs. Gardner to raise up in her native land an edifice which should be a museum as well as a home. For Fenway Court, it must always be remembered, is lived in. Enchanting as are the rooms open to the public, those which the pilgrim from afar never sees, are more beautiful still. The music room, two stories high, is distinguished by being the largest apartment in any private house in this country. It is fitted with a stage, and its acoustics are practically perfect; about the walls are arranged specimens of Roman seats with Cleopatra's dais as a crowning beauty. Here are held some of the most important social functions of America.

The private chapel, which was dedicated by one of Boston's high clergymen at an impressive midnight mass, has on its walls Cranach's Adam and Eve. And in the nearby gallery (to a part of which visitors are admitted) is the thrice-famous, the almost notorious Botticelli, acquired from the collection of the Prince Chigi, who was fined and imprisoned for preferring sixty-three thousand American dollars to this truly priceless gem among paintings. The picture is here entitled "Madonna aux Epis," taking its name from the beards of wheat which are seen in the foreground. The Babe of this masterpiece is charmingly natural, and the St. John, too, is very gracious and pleasing. But the really arresting figure after all, is the sweet and matronly Virgin, whose caressing, protecting attitude sounds above the harmony of love and devotion, a sweet, unearthly note of spirituality.

Boston assuredly does well to make much of Fenway Court. Such incomparable works of art placed in

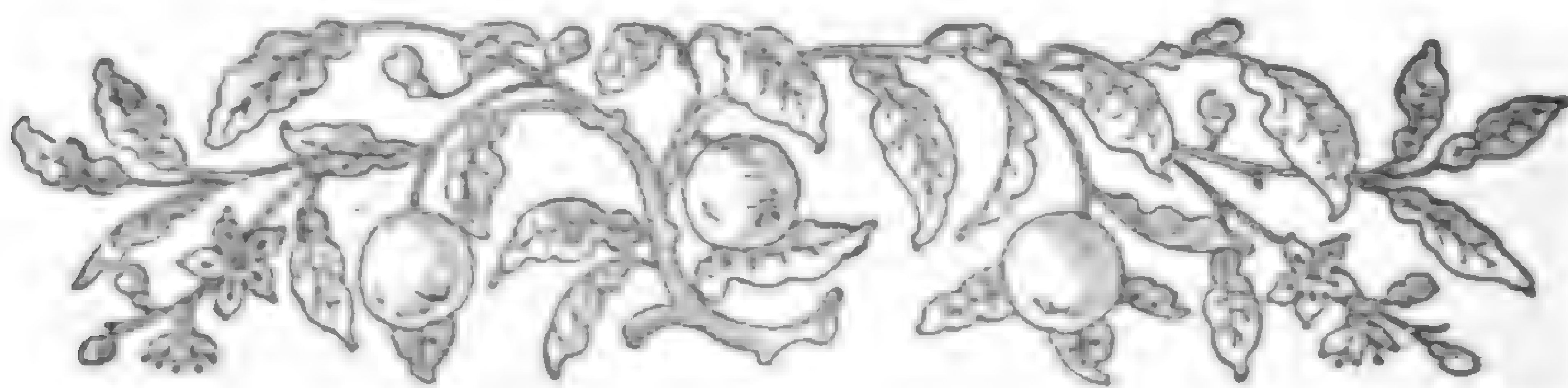


quiets one corner, the section of a man another corner. A flashing triangle of light upon a woman's cheek boldly demands our attention in the centre of the canvas, and thence the head controlling the fact of light or shadow upon the face might happen in any omnibus, but could not have happened better for the purposes of picture-making. An epitome of ex-



GIOTTO'S "PRESENTATION OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE"

eye finds the real picture, condensed in four successive faces. The variety of physiognomy looks accidental but seems chosen: the poise of each exclusively modern ideals in art, this picture could have been painted only by miracle in any era but our own.



Elopement of George Washington Brown

By MARY DENISON PRETLOW

JUST as the sun was slowly sinking behind the pine trees, its slanting rays full across Peter's head,—the old mule dropped in the furrow. At first, George Washington thought that he had stumbled and was too lazy to get up, so he flapped the rope reins across his back, then, kicked him—only a gentle little tap with his bare foot—then, ran around to his head barely in time to see Peter's ears settling into the first long rest they had ever known, and creeping over his patient old eyes the dusty film of death.

George Washington climbed over the fence, and leaped down into the road calling loudly for help, but the other hands were ploughing in the low grounds two miles away, the yellow, sandy road stretched away through the pines, silent and deserted, and his only response was the lonesome echo of his own voice. There was nothing to do but go back to Peter. He found him lying very still now, quite dead. George Washington was dazed by his calamity. He sat down near the mule and dug his fingers and toes into the soft earth, muttering sorrowfully to himself. After all, he was his own best confidant, for he alone knew how hard it had been to save the money to buy that mule. Among other things it had meant no more Saturday afternoons in the village, for as afternoon waned into evening and evening into night games of crap were too alluring for George Washington and a week's

wages to linger near temptation. So, in a moment of stern resolve, he had asked Mr. Bailey not to pay him any money until the first of June when forty dollars would be due him. This, with the ten dollars he had saved from last year and paid down when he took the mule from Minnelona, the old Indian squaw, would complete the sum he had agreed to pay.

All through that bright May day he and Peter had ploughed the fields, and as they ploughed, he had dreamed dreams of wonderful happiness, and, perhaps, Peter, too, had dreamed of the rest waiting for him at the end of the last furrow. An hour ago, you could not have found a happier darkey in Eastern Virginia than George Washington Brown as he built his castles in Spain while old Peter turned the sod. True, he did not know his castles by that name, and they were of modest proportions—a little log house with a lean-to kitchen at the back, a few hogs in the pen by the bars, a hen-house with a nice supply of chickens to be judiciously increased from a much larger supply he knew about, a stable where Peter might munch pea-vines when he was not ploughing the crop which was to bring in so much money at Christmas, and, to crown all this splendor, Hoaky, the grand-daughter of Minnelona the last of the Not-toways. For years he had been courting Hoaky, chiefly on the sly, for Minnelona refused to let her marry a negro and Minnelona was

held in awe and fear by the negroes. It was said that she had the second sight, and could not only conjure her enemies, but cure her friends of this dread curse.

In vain did George Washington beg for Hoaky, protesting that he was born free and quoting the only bit of history he knew, that "Marse Abraham Lincoln said, 'All mens is equal.'" To which Minnelona would reply, "He meant po' white folks and niggers, he warnt a talking about Injuns." Upon one of these occasions, the lover reminded her that Hoaky herself was only half Indian, her father having been a mulatto, but this threw the old woman into such a rage that he never tried it again.

At last, only a week ago, in a stolen interview, Hoaky had agreed to run away and marry him, and now, instead of all the great things he had promised her, he had only a dead mule. He threw a lump of dirt at his late property and cried, "Oh, Peter, aint you jokin'?" But Peter answered not—only grew stiffer as the shadows lengthened and George Washington wrestled with his grief. He had started home when he remembered that in the desperation of his grief he had thrown down his hat, and as he turned back to get it he saw Hoaky bending over the mule. At sight of her he broke into fresh lamentations.

"I'm ruint, Hoaky, I'm ruint. Now, we can't git married, no knowin' when!"

The figure turned slowly toward him; it was not Hoaky but Minnelona. Her grandchild had inherited her slim, straight figure and cold, even voice, while she, in her turn, moved after sixty years with the alertness of youth—the inheritance of her Indian ancestry.

"So you'se kilt yo' mule, is you? Well, while de buzzards picks his bones you come on wid me en tell Marse John ter pay me my money, de whole forty dollars, I tell you! I'm gwine have it ter-night."

There flashed across George Washington an idea that grew large and clear as the old Indian talked on.

"You hear me? I aint gwine ter have no cheatin' frum er fool nigger—come on en git yo' money en pay up. When you'se paid up you kin come back en conclude de funerl services."

As he did not answer, she started off firing a parting shot over her shoulder.

"I'm gwine ter de gret house en tell Marse John, en ef you don't come on en pay up I'm gwine ter send de Sheriff arter you."

George Washington Brown gave a last look at the mule, then ran across the fresh turned field at full speed. He and Minnelona reached the house at the same moment and were told by Cæsar that Mr. Bailey was eating his supper and could not see them. The old Indian moved away, but George Washington stood by the kitchen door and watched the plates of steaming cakes as they were borne past him by the haughty Cæsar, wondering if old Marster was going to eat all night.

At last, Cæsar condescended to say that Mr. Bailey was smoking on the west porch, and the negro stole around, thankful to find only the family there. Old Mistis was already nodding in her big wicker chair, and Miss Annie, sitting on the top step, looked like an angel as she begged her father to listen to his story. Mr. Bailey had ordered him back to the kitchen as soon as he began to speak, but Miss Annie

always had her way with everybody, black or white, and soon George Washington was deep in the tale of how he had borrowed old Minnelona's mule to do a little ploughing and how the mule had died and how the Indian woman was now trying to make him pay when he had only borrowed, no never even thought of buying.

"Did you ever ask her what she would take for the mule?" Miss Annie asked.

"Lord, no, young Mistis, me buy dat bag uv bones!"

"What did you promise to pay her for letting you plough with the mule?" inquired Mr. Bailey.

"I wuz gwine plough some fer her, Marse John, en dat's de Lord's truth."

"Taint, it's er liel!" a voice broke in from the darkness, and George Washington Brown, crying, "Harnts, Marster, harnts," ran up the steps, his face grey with fear. A figure stepped into the shaft of light that fell from the open door.

"It's no harnt, George Washington, it's Aunt Minne," Miss Annie said. "And, now, Daddy, let her tell her side of the story."

But Mr. Bailey said they must wait, he could not smoke in such confusion; he would hear each one separately the next day. It proved a difficult case to decide, for in their hatred of the proud old Indian many of the negroes were glad to swear to George Washington's story, and Mr. Bailey knew them all so well that he could only believe a small part of what they told him. On the other hand, he also knew that George Washington Brown wanted to marry Hoaky, and he shrewdly suspected that the Indian grandmother was trying to get his money away from him to make him a less

desirable suitor for her granddaughter. He, therefore, paid the money to George Washington and advised Minnelona to bring suit against him at the next term of the county court.

As soon as George Washington Brown heard that suit was to be brought against him, he knew that it was the part of wisdom not to wait "upon the order of his going," but to fly at once with Hoaky and the forty dollars. When he and Hoaky had talked of their wedding it was always as of a grand affair. Bro' Hawkins was to come down from the Percosin to perform the ceremony, a fine feast was to be spread,—Miss Annie had promised to make the cake—and the white folks were to be invited to come in for a few minutes and gaze upon the glittering scene as Hoaky stood in her white frock and veil, and George Washington by her side no less resplendent in dove colored trousers and a long tail coat. However, none of this could be without Minnelona's consent, and not only was that impossible to get, but with the affair of the mule she had grown more bitter than ever towards her grand-daughter's lover. Indeed, it was her decision to send Hoaky to Norfolk as maid to a family there which had inspired George Washington with the courage to propose and plan a runaway marriage. This was why, on a still, dark August night when the moon, a mere hoop-like thread surrounded by half-luminous stars, scarcely showed a man his shadow, he was crouching behind a bale of cotton left on the platform at the little town of Franklin, waiting impatiently to hear the shrill whistle of the train, and even more impatiently for the appearance of Hoaky. He started at every

noise, fearing to be dragged from his hiding place and told that his plans were discovered.

But only familiar sounds disturbed the still, warm night—the hooting of an owl from the nearby river banks, the lowing of a cow in a distant meadow, and at last the low rumble of the mighty engine. A whistle faintly heard told that the train had passed Lee's mill, and the next minute out of the shadows stepped a slight figure so wrapped from head to foot that only Love's eyes could have recognized Hoaky. George Washington ran to her as she called to him to know if he had the tickets. No, he had been afraid to get them, but he had the forty dollars safe in his pocket.

The agent came out with his lantern, the search light flashed its white glow over the quiet scene, leaving the darkness behind all the darker as George Washington and Hoaky climbed on the train. A moment later the Atlanta Special familiarly called the "Sho' Fly" was speeding its way toward the North Carolina line beyond which many runaways are married without benefit of clergy if a justice of the peace can be found.

"Take off yo' veil, Hoaky," George Washington said after they were comfortably settled in their seats; and Hoaky raised her hands as if to obey him, but, instead, sank in a heap on the floor, crying, "Aint that Gran' Mammy er settin' in de end uv de cyar?"

George Washington dropped beside her, but as no violence was offered them they crept back into their seats fearing even to speak to

each other. The swinging motion of the train, together with the unusual excitement he had been through that day, made George Washington drowsy. He was awakened by a punch from Hoaky.

"Lord ha' mercy, George Washington, er man would uv took yo' money ef I had n't er been settin' here."

The bridegroom elect pulled out the forty dollar roll and began to count it over again.

"S'pose somebody robbed you," said Hoaky.

"Good Lord," cried George Washington, "what ken I do? I'se so sleepy I cyant keep my eyes open." Hoaky considered for a moment.

"Well, I don' like to do it, but give me de money en I'll stay wake en mind it."

The money safe in Hoaky's hands her lover gave himself up to slumber and had to be shaken when they reached Weldon. There they stood blinking as the train rolled on, uncertain where to turn or what to do now that they had reached North Carolina and safety. A happy thought came to the gallant groom.

"Le's git somethin' ter eat—en why don' you take dat rag off yo' face?"

"Cause I don' want ter."

"Ef you don', I'll take it off fer you," and he snatched at the veil.

For one terrified instant George Washington Brown gazed into the eyes of Minnelona the Indian; then, he dashed through the circle of light and fled away into the darkness.

He knew that he had paid for his mule.

The Fur Trade

By DUNCAN MACARTHUR

MAN having, in historic times, been ushered into the world without a natural covering sufficient to protect him from the inclemency of the weather and from the many hurtful objects that lay in his path, it is easy to suppose that from the outset of his career he must have found it necessary, except in tropical countries, to hunt the fur-bearing animals to secure their skins for raiment. The occupation of the hunter is thus, with the possible exception of that of the fisherman, the oldest in the world. Not only so, but since primitive man had other needs besides clothing, it is highly probable that long before the adoption of the precious metals as the standard of value and medium of exchange, furs and peltries served both these purposes, and constituted the chief wealth of the people as well. During the earliest times, the hairy side of the skin was worn next the body, and, since the art of dressing was unknown, and the skins were fashioned and pieced together without much regard to symmetry or neatness, the grotesque and unsightly appearance of our remote ancestors may easily be imagined. The Esquimaux of the present day, clad in skins procured and made into garments by themselves, may afford us some idea of the appearance of primitive man in his clumsy and rudely-stitched peltries. In the early stages of human progress, the skins of animals not only supplied materials for raiment and artificial shelter, but served many other per-

sonal and domestic purposes, and their use as clothing continued until the capabilities of certain animal and vegetable fibres were discovered, and invention supplied the means of converting these into knitted or woven fabrics.

Few if any representations of furs are to be found on the statues, or in the paintings, or other works of art of ancient Greece, but it is significant of their early use, that, in the mythology of that country, its heroes are clothed in the skins of wild animals. There are few allusions to furs in the sacred writings. It is contended that Esau wore a fur garment because his mother took pains to make Jacob resemble him by binding pieces of goat skins about the hands and neck of her younger son. The mantle of Elijah is supposed to have been of fur, because he is described as a hairy man and other prophets are said to have worn mantles of the same material.

Furs were used by the Spartans as articles of distinction and ornament, and were among the superfluities proscribed by their great lawgiver, Lycurgus. Herodotus informs us that the people who in his time inhabited the shores of the Caspian Sea, wore seal skins, and Polybius mentions skins as among the commodities brought from Pontus to Byzantium. The use of furs was common among the Getae, a people of Thracian descent, who in ancient times dwelt in Bulgaria, and afterward removed to the north bank of the Danube. They were also com-

mon among the Scythians, who inhabited a vast, undefined region, north and east of the Black Sea; by the Huns, before and during the time they settled on the Don and the Volga; by the Goths, when they existed as widely scattered people between the Baltic and the Euxine. "These people," says one writer, "possessed no other article of luxury and had no means of distinguishing themselves among their countrymen but by the rarity and costliness of their furs."

Furs were a staple article of commerce among the nomads of Europe and Asia who visited the mouth of the Don, and who, according to Strabo, brought slaves there for sale also. Caesar and Sallust both state that the ancient Germans wore dresses called *renones*, made of the skin of the reindeer, and there are numerous references to furs in the works of Roman authors who flourished during the first three or four centuries of the Christian era. Those authors described the appearance of the barbarians with scorn and disgust, but both they and earlier Grecian writers are ingenuous enough to admit, that their own ancestors were clad in a similar manner and presented an equally uncomely appearance. Propertius calls the senators of the earlier periods the *pelliti*, and Valerius Maximus, speaking of the luxury of his time, says that no one, in imitation of Cato, would use goat skins as a covering for his bed.

Woolen fabrics became the earliest and most acceptable substitutes for furs, and as the sheep was a native of Africa, it was natural that the art of manufacturing wool into cloth should have been known to, if it did not originate among, the ancient Egyptians, and that the art,

following the distribution of the animal, should have gradually spread among western nations. Two thousand years ago the wools of *Laodicea*, of a raven blackness, were famous throughout the world. The Romans in the time of their prosperity wore costly woolen raiment, and while furs are not mentioned as forming any part of the dress of the wealthy, or as articles of official or of state attire, it is known that they were worn at festivals and displayed as insignia in time of war. They were in use in Juvenal's time, for in one of his satires he refers to peltries worn with the skin next the person.

Long before the nations who had made considerable progress in civilization adopted fine furs, as robes of state and ceremony, we find *sables* and *ermine*s bedecking the persons and the courts of barbarian kings and warriors. No doubt, the difficulty of procuring fine furs, and their consequent costliness, indicated their suitability as articles of distinction. Fur dresses and ornaments of the same material appear to have become fashionable in Italy during the second and third centuries. They were adopted from the numerous northern races, whose gradual but persistent marches southward never boded any good, and eventually acquired a fell import for the Romans. Those races were not all, as is generally supposed, complete barbarians, altogether destitute of culture, and wholly ignorant of the arts and manners of civilized life; on the contrary, many of them were as highly civilized as the Romans themselves, and while the wearing of furs was still a common custom among them, such garments by this time were made of the finer skins and were better fitted to the human figure.

and the appearance of the wearers, instead of exciting disgust as formerly, met not only with toleration, but in many instances, with approval. One writer says: "It can be proved that the Romans adopted the habit of wearing furs from their uninvited guests; then furs became fashionable among them, and were an object of luxury and commerce; and it appears that skins were the first article that occasioned a trade from Italy to the most distant parts of the north, as in the fifteenth century they were the cause of discovery and conquest in Siberia. When fur dresses became fashionable in Italy, they were soon spread all over Europe. At first the best indigenous furs were employed, but afterward those of foreign countries which were superior, and the dearer they were the more they were esteemed. At every Court they formed the state costume of the reigning family, and in a little time that of the richest nobility. In particular the mantle, *cottes-d-armes* of the knights, which they drew over their cuirass or harness, was bordered with the costliest furs. It had no sleeves and resembled the dress of ceremony worn by our heralds. On this account, as is well known, ermines and other kinds of fur became part of the oldest coats of arms. Sometimes magnificence in this respect was carried to such an extravagant length, that moralists declaimed against it, while Governments endeavored to limit the use of furs by law and the clergy to prohibit them entirely. Many kinds, therefore, were retained only by the principal nobility, and others were forbidden."

For many centuries after furs were introduced into Rome, and other southern parts of Europe, the

finer kinds, including the black fox and the sable, were supplied by the Suethans, who inhabited Sweden, Norway, Lapland and Finland, and the supply from those countries appears to have continued unabated for a long period, for we find a writer of the eleventh century recording the fact that the countries bordering on Poland and Russia furnished the costly furs that were so eagerly purchased by the luxurious. The skins of the beaver were made into clothing at an early time, mention is made of such garments in the third and fourth centuries. Furs began to be dyed extensively in the twelfth century, the prevailing color red, and from that time may be said to date the occupation of the skilled furrier, an occupation which still has representatives in all civilized countries, and which now forms a considerable branch of human industry.

Magnificent displays of furs were common during the middle ages. In the middle of the eleventh century, Harold the Fourth, King of Norway, wore a costly red mantle lined with ermine, and a little later, when Godfrey of Bouillon paid a visit to the Emperor Alexis at Constantinople, the Emperor was amazed at the rich dresses of the Europeans, which were bordered with fine furs. In 1336, during the reign of Edward the Third, when imports began to be taxed, an act was passed by the English parliament forbidding persons whose yearly incomes did not amount to one hundred pounds to wear furs, under penalty of forfeiture. In Germany during the close of the fifteenth century, those who did not belong to the nobility, or equestrian order were forbidden to wear linings of sable or ermine; and in 1530 an

ordinance was passed forbidding common citizens, tradesmen and shop keepers, to wear trimmed clothes, or to use marten or other costly linings, and the rich were restricted to the use of lamb skins, cow hides, the skins of the fox, the weasel, etc. Merchants and tradesmen were forbidden to wear marten sable and ermine, but were allowed to use weasel skins; and their wives were permitted to use the skin of the squirrel. Such restrictions, however, were confined to particular countries, and, even in those countries they were subject to change and evasions, and, generally speaking, the inhabitants of northern countries, in which fur-bearing animals were abundant, continued to use skins as clothing long after the custom of wearing woven fabric became common in southern countries; and they are still extensively used in all cold countries as outer and sometimes as under, covering for the person; as rugs for household use, and as robes for the couch, and for all kinds of winter conveyances from the rude sledge of the savage to the sumptuous sleigh of the millionaire. Indeed, in very cold countries furs are a necessity to the inhabitants, especially to travellers over snow-covered and wind-swept plains. Protected by his fur coat and cap, his mitts and moccasins the traveller can during the day defy the greatest degree of cold and wrapped in his bear skins or other robes he can sleep during the night in comparative comfort beside his camp fire, under the canopy of heaven, with no other shelter than that afforded by a friendly clump of brush or willows.

Until the close of the sixteenth century the fur-bearing parts of the world were supposed to be limited

to the northern countries of Europe and Asia, but soon after the French took possession of the lower St. Lawrence it became evident that North America was destined to furnish new and inexhaustible additions to the areas until then relied upon for their production. The expectations then formed have been amply realized, as may be seen from the records of the last three hundred and twenty-five years. From small beginnings in 1578 the fur trade of North America has grown, with every appearance of permanence, to great proportions at the present time.

The use of furs for clothing, and indeed for ornament and display, is at present largely confined to North America and to the northern nations of Europe and Asia. In America the principal markets and points of shipment are New York and Montreal. The furs sent to Montreal are chiefly those collected by the Hudson's Bay Company, which does not offer them for sale in Canada but sends them direct to London. Large quantities, collected mainly in the United States, are sent to New York, where a considerable proportion is manufactured for home consumption and the remainder shipped to Europe. In 1880 the value of American dressed furs was \$8,238,712 and that of the raw material was \$5,338,242. The principal market in Great Britain is London, where the export fur trade of North America may be said to centre and where the chief wholesale dealers are the Hudson's Bay Company, Messrs. C. M. Lampson & Company and a few other large firms, all of whom hold periodical sales two or three times a year. The principal markets on the continent of Europe are Leipsic, whence furs

are distributed to every part of the world, and Niji-Novgorod, in Russia. This rising commercial and manufacturing town is situated at the confluence of the Oka and Volga rivers, about seven hundred miles southeast of St. Petersburg. Three fairs, attended by vast numbers of people, are held here annually, and at these large quantities of furs are sold. The principal fair begins about the end of July and continues until September, with an attendance estimated at from three hundred thousand to four hundred thousand persons, and the value of the goods sold at from \$120,000,000 to \$130,000,000. Periodical fairs, at which furs form a staple commodity, are also held at Kasan and at Irbit among the Ural Mountains. The chief market for China is Kiakhta, a small town of about forty-five hundred inhabitants, which is situated about one hundred and fifty miles south of Lake Baikal on the line of the Russian-Siberian railway, within a few hundred yards of the Chinese frontier. This town for more than two hundred years has been the gate-way of commerce between Russia and China; furs are the chief export of the former country, and teas and silks of the latter. China has always been a good market for furs. As long ago as 1790 a London fur-trading house sent cargoes to that country for five successive years with an average value of about \$200,000 each. About the same time a consignment consisting of thirteen thousand beaver skins, twelve hundred and fifty otter skins and seventeen hundred fox skins was shipped direct from America to Canton. In 1780 the supply of furs in China was insufficient to meet the demand and it was about that time that the sea otter was introduced into that coun-

try from the Aleutian and the Kurile isles. The Russian-American fur company, whose spheres of operation were in Kamschatka, Siberia and Alaska, was in the habit of sending a considerable proportion of its furs to Kiakhta, where they were exchanged for tea and other Chinese products. It may be mentioned that among the favorite furs of the Chinese, few are preferable to the fiery, or bright red, fox of Asia, which is valued for its color and fine texture, and is extensively used by the wealthy classes.

The main collectors of furs in North America are the Indians, who live by the chase, and can always be relied upon to supply a large number of skins. The Esquimaux inhabiting the northern coasts of the continent also contribute a number of skins, chiefly those of the polar bear, the seal and different varieties of the Arctic fox. In addition to these natural collectors of furs the half-breeds of the country, who are numerous in many parts, do a good deal of hunting and trapping and the fur collecting corps is completed by a considerable body of white hunters and trappers, the majority of whom, impelled by a love of sport and adventure, have adopted a free life in the wilderness in preference to one of comparative restraint in civilization. The lives of these men are full of adventure and peril. They are usually keen observers and retain an accurate recollection of the regions they have traversed and of the Indian tribes with whom they have come in contact and their hunting and other tales often abound with thrilling incidents.

In Europe and Asia hunting and trapping are engaged in by the natives of all northern countries and by a class of men who are known as

professional hunters, some of whom act on their own account and others for individuals, firms or companies by whom they are maintained in business. In the northern parts of Russia, where sables, lynxes, ermines, squirrels, and other animals are found, the hunters go into the forests for weeks at a time. They draw little sledges containing their provisions, and as these are consumed, they fill their tiny vehicles with skins. Their quickness of sight is so great that they can see, at a great distance, the little black tip of the ermine's tail on the wide plains of snow the animal traverses. The Russian-American fur company of Moscow was the chief collector of furs for many years in northern Europe and Siberia. At a middle period of its career it forwarded in three years, for disposal at Kiakhta, nearly one hundred thousand skins. Remarkable features in those shipments are the absence of the silver, or black, fox, and the very small number of wolf skins they contained.

The fur trade of North America has always been largely conducted on the principal of barter. The transactions with the Indians are carried on in a very simple manner. When a hunter brings in his collection of furs to any trading post, which he usually does twice a year, in October and March, he is taken to the trading-room where the official in charge carefully examines, classifies and values each skin, and when the whole pack is gone over, hands the Indian a number of tallies, or small pieces of wood or metal, each representing the value of a "made-beaver," and the whole representing the value of the entire catch. The Indian then proceeds to the store-room and selects such arti-

cles as he requires, blankets, capots, guns, knives, tea, tobacco, etc., in payment for which he hands back his tallies until they are all gone and his purchasing powers are exhausted. He then departs, another hunter takes his place and is dealt with in a similar manner and so on until all the furs in possession of the whole band of Indians have passed into the hands of the trader. Formerly it was customary to give a good hunter a "dram" and some small presents in appreciation of his industry.

The standard of value, the "made-beaver," was adopted at an early stage of the trade. No such standard existed among the simple natives of the country, and in order to obviate the use of money and make exchanges on an intelligible and equitable basis the introduction of such an expedient became necessary. The "made-beaver," which means a full-grown, perfect beaver skin, killed in season, properly cured and weighing from one pound to one pound and a quarter, was adopted by mutual consent as the most suitable standard. At that time the traders thought the supply of beavers was inexhaustible. The number caught by the Indians year by year showed no decrease, the fur was the best felting material in the world, the skins were in great demand both in Europe and America and the fluctuations which afterwards occurred were entirely unforeseen. But in course of time fluctuations took place and, in addition to their disturbing effects on the trade, the usefulness of the standard of value was impaired by the necessity which arose of protecting the beaver, and other valuable fur-bearing animals from extinction, owing to the demand proving greater than

the legitimate supply. The natural tendency of hunters, and especially of the Indians, is to kill the most valuable fur-bearing animals, even at the risk of exterminating them, and thus secure the best immediate return for their labors. But as this tendency, if unchecked would result in the utter destruction of the most valuable animals or in reducing their numbers to an extent that would render the trade unprofitable, the traders varied the value of the "made-beaver" to suit the altered circumstances. They sometimes increased the price of the less valuable skins and reduced the price of the more valuable ones with a view to maintaining the desired proportion in the number of animals they wished to protect. In this way they endeavored to accomplish the purpose they had in view and at the same time to give the Indians a fair price for their collections. Hence it resulted that the tariff was sometimes arbitrary in the extreme and without a parallel in any other kind of business. When goods used in the Indian trade declined in Europe or in America prices were not always lowered to the natives; but on the other hand, if furs declined on either continent the prices paid for them in the Indian country were not always reduced. The element of chance entered largely on both sides into the trade but the fur traders in order to be secure from loss always took large profits on one kind of skins or another. The standard of value in addition to serving its primary purpose was thus used as a means for preserving the more valuable animals from undue diminution. It might also be viewed as a means of assistance to the Indians, for when they were paid a sufficiently high price for easily

procured inferior furs, such as those of the muskrat, they would naturally hunt this animal in preference to animals that were more difficult to be obtained. To give an idea of the value of the "made-beaver," it may be stated that at a middle period of the fur trade it would purchase any one of the following articles or quantities, namely: one quart of brandy or of red or white wine, one and a half pounds of gun powder, five pounds of shot, two pounds of brown sugar, one pound of Brazil tobacco, one pound and a half of leaf, or roll tobacco, half a pound of thread, an ounce and a half of vermilion, one pound of black lead.

It has always been difficult to obtain even fairly accurate statistics of the fur trade of the world, and it is therefore impossible to make more than approximate estimate of its volume at any given period. The absence of reliable data is, in some cases, owing to the want of complete trade returns, and in other cases to defects in the returns which have been issued and to the circumstance that in fur-producing countries large numbers of skins are retained by the collectors for the use of themselves and their families, and still larger numbers of the more useful and less expensive kinds are bought by the inhabitants without passing through any of the channels which take cognizance of the trade. In the annals of North American fur-traders we obtain glimpses from time to time of annual or other periodical collections but while the data thus afforded are sufficient to show the abundance or scarcity of furs at certain periods they do not supply the means of making an estimate of the total quantity produced during successive years or periods of years. We have already given the catch of

one Canadian company for a single year toward the close of the eighteenth century and, as throwing some additional light on the volume of the trade about that time, it may be stated that in 1801 the price paid for furs exported from Quebec at the sales in London was \$1,800,000 and the average yearly duties paid on furs landed in Great Britain for some years before and after the close of the eighteenth century amounted to upwards of \$116,800. The following is an estimate, from the standard authority, of some of the principal furs imported by Great Britain in 1841: bear, 11,987; beaver, 67,780; fitch, 101,788; marten, 217,259; mink, 133,323; muskrat, 339,939; nutria, 1,125,212; otter 24,115; total 2,021,401.

The extension of railways in Canada and the placing of steam vessels on the inland lakes and rivers have greatly developed the fur trade. Besides annihilating the long delays which formerly occurred in carrying the merchandise to and from the interior the facilities thus afforded have lowered transportation charges, in some cases to one-half and in others to one-fourth, of what they formerly were. They also enable the fur-traders to purchase the great bulk of their provisions and a large proportion of their staple goods at places situated from five hundred to one thousand miles nearer the fur-bearing districts than those at which the same kinds of goods were formerly obtained. The convenience and profit resulting from these improved facilities may readily be imagined.

The fur trade differs in one important respect from any other kind of business. It is, generally speaking, a cash business from first to last. For many years, indeed

until a comparatively recent time, both the individual fur traders and the fur trading companies were in the habit of giving credit to the Indians, but the practice led to such severe losses that it had to be discontinued and the traffic is now conducted on a different basis. As already said the business is carried on chiefly by barter. Goods are exchanged for furs and the use of money is seldom required. The goods used by the Indians are generally staples of well-known standards and of limited varieties. There is therefore no excuse at any time for having "dead" or old-fashioned stock on hand; and since credit is abolished, the trader always has his goods or their equivalent in furs in his own possession. Moreover at the periodical sales which take place in London and elsewhere the collections of furs are practically sold for cash and the business may now be said to be a cash one from beginning to end. In addition to the profits secured by the abolition of giving credit to the Indians this reform has simplified transactions with them, reduced the volume of bookkeeping and done away with the disagreeable duty of looking after the payment of doubtful debts.

The permanence of the fur trade is founded on the following bases: first, the large tracts in North America which are unfit for any use except as preserves for the fur-bearing animals; second, the limited but adequate number of Indians scattered all over the continent who hunt the animals as a means of procuring food and clothing. These Indians may be regarded as a permanent body of hunters whose chief and most congenial occupation is the chase and whose hereditary instincts and nomadic habits will probably

keep them at this vocation until they themselves or the animals they pursue cease to exist; third, the difficulty of diminishing the number of the fur-bearing animals to any appreciable extent owing to the vastness of the regions which they inhabit and the facilities they consequently have of protecting themselves from destruction by changing their haunts; fourth, the steadily increasing demand accompanied by increasing prices for all kinds of furs both in Europe and America—a demand which in some instances is the result of increasing population and in others of increasing wealth. In confirmation of these statements it may be said that the late Sir Stafford Northcote, when Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1871, made the following announcement to the shareholders: "I have had a statement made out showing the amount of the imports for the last ten years and I find that the value of the imports realized in each year from 1860 to 1869 shows upon the whole a considerable increase; that while in the years 1860, 1861, and 1862, the amount varied from £223,000 to £276,000, in the two years, 1867 and 1868, it has varied from

£300,000 to £347,000, therefore the amounts of what you have brought to this country have been in excess of what you were bringing some years ago. The trade has not fallen off, but on the contrary we are bringing in an increasing quantity, and the value of our furs, which we have had analyzed, also shows that the prices have kept up and are higher than they were."

Coming down to the present time it may be inferred that the fur trade, at least as regards this company, is still in a prosperous condition, for at its annual meeting in July, 1902, it was announced that the profits of the year were £138,197 compared with £68,536 for the previous year. To the former sum was added £45,550 brought forward from last year, making the total amount available for distribution among the shareholders £183,747 equal to \$894,235.38. Out of this amount a bonus and dividend, aggregating nearly 9 per cent., on the par value of the capital stock were declared: £10,000 was added to the "Employees' benefit fund," and the balance of £61,247 was carried forward to the following year.



An Angel of Rescue

By THOMAS J. PARTRIDGE

IT was the "line" gale that comes annually, sooner or later, and the hurricane had worked its tempestuous will with the shipping in the outer harbor. Two-thirds of the yachting fleet were piled up on the beach. A big three-master, coal-laden, rested with her back broken across the ledge that ran out from the "Point," her cargo pouring through her rended sides, and the seas, that had succeeded in driving one fisherman broadside on the rocks, now breached her succumbing hull in showers of triumph. Into the eastern sky, scurried the dark wind-clouds like malefactors fleeing the scene of their iniquity.

The surf on the beach was something to look at! All full tide the combers had undulated in, arched their crests and launched themselves landward, plucking the sod and the loose stones from the old sea-wall, to recede with a hiss that ran, as they gathered themselves together for another onslaught, into an inspiratory roar. And now, half-tide, the sands, channelled and corrugated, stretched away under the sun.

It was something out of the common that brought two men in a dory through that wild surf, and "Big Mary" McKinnon, her shawl to her lips, her skirts whipping the wind, waited with the curiosity of a woman to see what the man who leaped on the beach and ran like a deer through the fish-flakes would bring back with him. He returned empty-handed.

"There's a man dyin' a-board,"

shouted the man, catching sight of the woman on the embankment. "He's bleedin' to death; we're after a doctor, but they're all out."

In answer, "Big Mary" beckoned vigorously to the fisherman and turning ran rapidly along the embankment, repeating as she ran the charm to stop blood, for, be it known, being the eldest daughter of an eldest daughter Mary had the "Gift."

The distance to the telephone of the nearest "firm" was, at best, but a stone's toss and Dr. Vinney M. Stetchell who had, "come weal, come woe," thrown in her lot with the fishing-folk, was soon breasting the gusts and sand whirled down the lane.

"*That* little bit of a woman!" The fisherman looked into his shipmate's face in sceptical astonishment.

"Tyin' an artery ain't launchin' a seine-boat, man!" said "Big Mary." "Besides," she added with a little laugh as a gust struck them, "she won't hold so much wind; there's that advantage."

The doctor reached the sea-wall.

"D' ye think you could manage it, Doctor?" asked "Big Mary," tentatively.

The gaze of the little woman drifted out over the booming surf and rested intently on the mile of water that raged between her and the man that was bleeding to death. It was a dread undertaking for an inland-bred woman and for one moment the face of the doctor was troubled. Then, there passed into her

grey eyes the light that was once in the eyes of her father, at the head of his men, waiting the dawn and the mine at Petersburg. Her mouth narrowed, her eyes widened, she drew her mackintosh firmly about her and said: "Mary, we will try it!"

On either side of the dory stood the fishermen, their iron grip on the gunwale, awaiting the favorable moment. The comber that wore in its aspect the threat of disaster, charged, drenched "Big Mary" in the bow, surged up to the waists of the fishermen, slopped into the doctor's lap, trickled into the surgical bag thereon, and foamed away over the beach. Before it could get its feet under it again the dory leaped out over its back.

"Y' needn't have the least fear. Ma'am," said the stern oarsman reassuringly to the doctor. "This dory would swim where a liner would swamp; now Jim, old fellow, let's lift her out of the water!" The row-locks rang in unison; the men buckled down to their work and the dory drove seaward, the fishermen pulling as men pull when the palm is a comrade's life.

The stern oarsman's faith in his craft was well founded. Once clear of the breakers the big "Grand Bank" dory rode buoyant as a duck. The wind had begun to edge in from the land, spray-maning the "White Horses," and the fleet through which they steadily thrashed their way were slowly wheeling to front the assault on their flanks.

"Wet day for a weddin'," shouted some one, as they chopped past the stern of a seiner. The seiner's crew laughed.

"Keep your tongue between your teeth, Mr. Smart!" retorted "Big Mary," making a megaphone of her hands.

From the decks of the Austrian salt-bark, the sailors looked down on them and jabbered volubly. A "shack" fisherman, her anchors gone, swept past them, looking for a soft spot on the sands that girdle "An Old Maid's Paradise." The porgie steamer, whose steel prow persuaded them to pass under her stern, to propitiate the Storm-God had fed into the sea her last fathom of cable. The black smoke belching from her funnel proclaimed that he was not yet appeased. A "Down East" coaster, crewed by the proverbial two men, a saw-horse and a dog, still held her own, proof that the anchorage is not always to the strong. The dog, with his paws on the taffrail, barked at them furiously until they drew well away, then convinced that he had, single-handed and alone, repelled a threatened invasion, he gave his lugs a satisfied shake and disappeared.

The dory drove on, now pushing her stem through a sea which running aft seemed perilously near pouring over the stern gunwale, now leaping forward as if she had caught the purpose of it all, now rebuking with a reproving smack the seas that would stay her. The wind howled and pressed against them, drew rippling reports from the lee wing of the doctor's cape, swept "Big Mary's" hair into her mouth and eyes, whipped the salt spray across the backs of the fishermen and scolded all in the voice of a saw-mill.

The vessels around them pitched and tossed, rolling heavily, now sousing their jibs, which, by this hung low in the stops, now bringing their cables out of the water many fathoms ahead, every bellying hal-yard and rat-lined shroud piping shrilly. Here a top-sail, freed from its clue-line, ballooned and thrashed,

until, split in ribbons, it streamed wildly. There, amid shrill outcries, the sailors prepared to commit a third anchor to the deep. The jib they hoisted, to give the schooner's bow a sheer so that the anchor might not foul its predecessors, hit the blast with the explosions of a battery firing at will. Over the whole harbor's turbulent arena the storm unchallenged, swept. Seaward, low-lying Norman's Woe ran out to meet its reef, arm-like enclosing all.

To leeward, the combers were at their old tricks, digging into the red coast-line with furious fingers of snow. To windward, where the white caps flashed and vanished, the gale breathed black, freshening gusts over the light water under the land's lee. Overhead the low clouds overlapped and raced past each other, trailing their shadows on the sea beneath. Some sea-gulls, far up, clave their way to windward, then poising, coasted down the breast of the storm. Once, the clouds withdrew their dark flood-bolts and the sun, released, spilled its glory on the face of the waters. In that magic grew plains glassed with a fretted pave, caves hearted as a sea-shell is and transient pyramids that danced and swayed, shaking the spray-bells from their crests in crystal showers.

They soon reached a stretch of the harbor where the seas billowed straight in from the open main, unmodified by any projecting headland. One wave seemed creating itself especially for their destruction. It rose up afar and developed its crest in a haughty way as if scorn-ing to conceal its intent. Curving and creaming, down it came. The dory made two brief salaams, meet salutation for such an adversary, and, rising, with her windward gun-wale shore off the crest (which

dropped aboard) as a pair of scissors passes through the fringe of a shawl, sidled a little to leeward and then slipped into the trough beyond.

Over that mile of contentious seas, the fishermen never once faltered as they bent over with the grace of assurance, never once flagged as they rose up with the precision of experience till they carried the dory straight to her goal.

"That's her," said the stern oarsman, "the one with the riding-sail set."

The splendid "Banker" was acting as if she believed the right to her anchorage was being contested. Every time a sea tried to rout her she came down on its fellow and follower with a vicious chop, burying herself to her knight-heads, then up she leaped in the air, the spray flying from all her forward gear, the water belching from her hawse-pipes and streaming from her scuppers. Failing in direct attack, a cross-sea flanked her and she rolled down, displaying to the women's frightened eyes the wet, glistening deck with its two "nests" of dories.

"Where's the doctor; where is he?" shouted the anxious-faced captain.

"Here he is!" yelled the stern oarsman, waving gender to the winds.

How, short of disaster, two women were going to reach that reeling deck from the comparative cockle-shell that the fishermen were now playing skillfully alongside, was beyond the doctor's comprehension. Plainly, to clamber aboard from the dizzy foothold that in one breath swam almost level with the rail and in the next seemed in imminent danger of being caught and crushed beneath the sheer, was out of the possible. Indeed, the problem

might well have puzzled the most masterful engineer. But these fishermen—they are wonderful men in their way!

"Don't stir for your life, Ma'am!" said the stern oarsman to the doctor. He caught the tackle thrown to him and bending down, hooked it into the stern becket. The crew manned the halyards. Came the sharp cries of command like the crackle of Mausers: "Fast fore and aft!—haul taut fore and aft!—hoist aw-a-ay!" Down went the vessel to starboard, down till she buried her chain-plates. There was a discordant tremor and the rattle of oars as the dory broke with the harmony of the sea and then hung suspended in mid air. The little doctor shut her eyes tight. Over went the vessel to port, over till her whole dripping sheer was exposed. The dory swept inward, gashed the main lanyards, rebounded, sloped forward, then as the "top" dory should, settled contentedly into her nest.

"Be you a real doctor, Ma'am?" asked the captain with respectful doubt, as strong hands assisted the two women to the deck.

"Yes, she's the real thing!" interposed "Big Mary." "Where's your sick man?"

The captain with his broad palm swept the spray from his beard and looked down at the little woman, who with one hand steadied herself by the gunwale of a dory and with the other grasped her surgical bag in a resourceful way. Here was a haven unheard of in his philosophy, an uncharted beacon, but all the mother within the rough exterior rose up and stifled disbelief. He led the way aft.

The cabin floor was strewn with the aftermath of strenuous moments. Never did women on mercy bent set

foot in stranger ward. The breaking out of the riding-sail had brought with it the contents of the transom-locker. Intermingled with these were carpenter's tools, blocks, bolts and red-jacks. Caught in the coils of an overturned tub of trawl were spun-yarn and small cordage of all descriptions. Damp bed-quilts draggled from the berths. A row of oil-skins, suspended from the bulkheads, swished to and fro like so many pendulums set in motion by the gale.

From the flag, rolled up and tucked in the edge of the captain's bunk, peeped one star. Between the clock and the barometer, was a framed and printed copy of John G. Whittier's poem beginning: "Luck to the craft that bears this name of mine!"

But the central object of all, stretched on a mattress, his head resting on a trawl-buoy covered with a pillow, was a young fisherman. The bloodless cheeks, the sweat-beaded forehead, the pulseless, clammy wrist, told the story. Running aft with a cutting instrument the sailor had stumbled and driven the keen edge into his arm, severing an artery. For two hours, from under the well-intentioned but misapplied tourniquet of twisted rope, had welled the life blood.

The wounded man gaped dreamily as the doctor knelt by him, gaped as if sleep was the one thing desirable, and then sank into unconsciousness. Evident it was, if an Angel of Rescue was nigh, the situation cried out for the most advanced type in Angels of Rescue.

"Come now, boys!" cried the captain, expostulating with the men that crowded into the cabin, "give these women leeway!—give them light, too!" He waved away the

faces pressed against the skylight.

Baring the uninjured arm, the doctor encircled it with her thumb and forefinger and pressed firmly. The veins stood out, a sharp-pointed bistoury did its office, against the marble skin grew a purple boss, into the tiny slit made in the vein a glass-barbed tube was inserted and then twelve ounces of a sterilized solution of common salt was cascaded into the circulation. The heart, with something now to grip to, began pulling the wounded man, beat over beat, out of the depths. His eyes quivered, then opened on the kindly face of "Big Mary."

"Mother," he deliriously muttered, "I—I'm sorry I—I ran away, but I—I couldn't stand to have him strike me, my—real father—wouldn't have done it!"

Tenderly, very tenderly, the doctor unwound the mass of bandages that had but aided, by their capillary attraction, in sucking out the life blood.

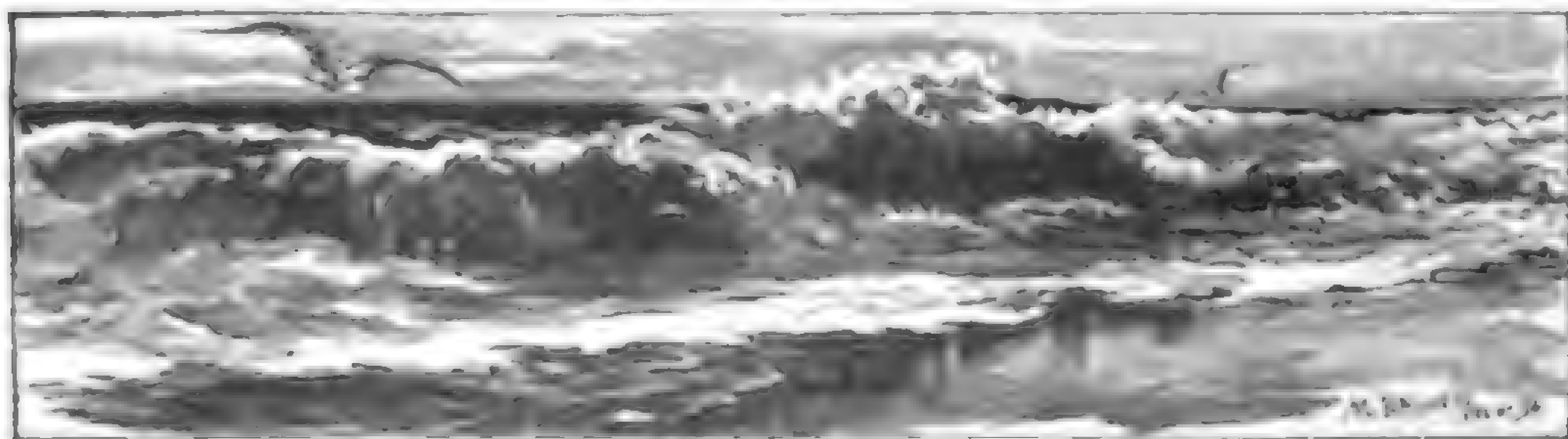
"In hemorrhage, Mary," said the doctor, "after pressure, air; air always—cold air—God's air!"

Slowly, very slowly, the doctor untwisted the tourniquet, just as if she had imprisoned a butterfly under her hat and was trying to catch it before it could escape, watching with expectant eye, the

while, for the artery, retracted in its sheath like a snail in its shell, to betray itself. Suddenly, a curving, crimson jet pointed out the ambush. Firmly, but mercifully the doctor cut down and exposed the sheath, and the treacherous mouth, dragged from its lair by the teeth of the forceps, was soon effectually closed against all further power of harm.

Bandaged and revived, the patient sat up, very white, somewhat dizzy, hungrily swallowed a bowl of gruel brought aft by the cook, and then the wonderful human economy fired all its furnaces, adjusted its retorts and immediately went into the manufacture of blood, for the demand was far in excess of the supply.

The wind went down with the sun; the waves with the wind. In the late afternoon, the "John G. Whittier" hove short. A ground swell, its teeth extracted by the lull, billowed down, broke out the anchors and the vessel, paying rapidly off, ran for the inner harbor. The captain stood bending the flag to its halyards. "It's the custom to set it," he said, in answer to the doctor's inquiry, "when we come home with all our salt wet. Thanks to you, Ma'am," he hoisted away, "it won't stop at half-mast; up she goes, block and becket!"



The Mines of Falun

By EMIL REACH

TILL recently the musical and literary world did not know that Richard Wagner ever intended to compose an opera of the above title. To-day we know that he went as far as to sketch the libretto. In the "Deutsche Rundschau" (Berlin) Dr. Hubert Ermisch publishes an article which includes the whole sketch. The manuscript of the latter has been found among the papers of Wagner's intimate friend, August Roeckell, who died in 1876. Let me at first quote a few of the interesting remarks with which the sketch is introduced by Dr. Ermisch:

"Wagner has, as we know, in the year 1839, when 26 years old, resigned his position as musical director of the Riga Opera House, to move to Paris. . . . To this period, full of privations and full of work, belongs also our sketch. . . . The manuscript consists of a copy, written in a neat hand and filling two sheets and two leaves, showing the well-known characters of Wagner. The copy is without the end, Wagner's autograph without the beginning, . . . the autograph is at the end provided with the date, 'Paris, March 5th, 1842,' and his signature."

The following extract from Wagner's libretto-sketch is largely composed of literal translations, showing the principal phases of the plot, and the matchless imagination with which Wagner always attended to the description of scenic effects.

* * * * *

ACT. I.

The scene is laid in Falun (Sweden) in front of the house of Pherson. The background represents the large entrance to the mines. It is the day of the miner's tribunal

over which Pherson has presided. The miners, after having made the usual procession, have assembled to congratulate him on the success of the mining operation which he has directed with so much foresight. With them is Joëns, a young mariner, who has returned for some time to his birthplace; he praises his vocation. Pherson, assisted by the chorus of miners, praises the life of the miners, comparing it with the life on the sea. Finally Pherson and the miners enter Pherson's house, while Joëns remains.

Appears Ellis, the principal figure of the play, formerly a seaman and a comrade of Joëns, now a miner. In a *duet* between Joëns and Ellis, the latter confesses that he is very earnestly and deeply in love, without betraying the name of his love. He also explains his conversion to his new vocation; he relates that a somewhat queer old miner, who associated with him, told him much that was strangely attractive and delightful of the miner's life and endeavors, of the wonderful treasures which, hidden to ordinary eyes, disclose themselves to the eye of the initiated. He showed him how in the centre of the earth much greater happiness may be found than on its insipid surface,—this and a wonderful dream have mightily driven him to the mines of Falun, a dream which disclosed to him the nameless splendors of the subterraneous world with seductive power, and in which appeared to him a womanly figure of celestial beauty. After

some controversy as to the comparative attractions of their vocations, Joëns and Ellis unite in an *ensemble*, praising the sea and the life on the water: "On the sea, on the sea, there is freedom alone," etc.

Ulla, the daughter of Pherson, with whom Ellis is in love, and who is in love with him, now appears and at the end of a *tarzello*, Ellis and Joëns both believe they have found a special place in her heart.

Follows the *finale*: Pherson and the miners return to the scene. Pherson cautions Ellis against Torbern, of whom he laughingly says that he is the oldest miner of the district and the most tenacious of life; though he perished in a landslide a century ago, he is yet said to appear now and then, especially to those miners, who are the most zealous in their trade . . . from time to time, above all, if there be a scarcity of hands, young people arrive from distant districts who have been mysteriously enlisted by an old miner (of course no one else than Torbern). Ellis grows pale and is visibly affected. Soon, hereafter, Joëns asks Pherson for his daughter's hand. Pherson consents, and Joëns unburdens his joy with the words: "Triumph, triumph!" But Ellis, crying like a madman: "Torbern, Torbern, thou wert right," rushes to the background, where he disappears. All show the intensest amazement, "What's the matter with him?" "Did he lose his senses?" Ulla flings herself on her father's bosom. Joëns stands as if paralyzed.

ACT II

The stage represents the bottom of an entirely unlighted shaft. A dull ray approaches from above. Ellis descends the rocky wall, puts his miner's lamp on the floor and

sinks down exhausted, exclaiming: "I am betrayed!" Follows *aria* with wild calls for *Torbern*, who steps forth from out the stone wall, which does not visibly open. Follows *duet* during which Ellis promises allegiance and faithfulness to Torbern, actuated by his desire to see the splendors that are hidden in the bosom of the earth and to find thus the happiness which is denied him in the upper regions. The *duet* ends with an *ensemble*; then Torbern exclaims: "Dost thou behold now yonder lode that clearly appears? Dost thou perceive that for which thou greedily searchest for years?"

Now a change of scene takes place. The wall of rocks in the background gradually grows illuminated and begins to recede. A steadily increasing bluish luminousness spreads everywhere. Wonderful formations of crystals show themselves with increasing distinctness to the eye. They adopt by and by the outlines of flowers and trees. Flashing gems sparkle upon them. Other crystallizations show themselves, shaped like fair maidens, entwined as if dancing. Finally one beholds in the remotest background the throne of a Queen. Upon it, encompassed by strange lustre, a beautiful, richly adorned fairy is seated.

Presently from above Ulla's voice is heard: "Ellis, Ellis, I am thine." and in the very moment, the shaft is put back in its former state. Torbern has disappeared. The miner's lamp of Ellis throws a faint sheen from the ground through the shaft. Ulla, Joëns, Pherson and the miners appear and unite in a *finale*. They explain to Ellis that Ulla has never ceased to love him; the act closes with an *ensemble*.

ACT III

Scene as in Act I. The early morning of Ulla's wedding-day. The miners' *serenade* her and ex-cunt. Follow Ulla's *prayer and aria*, then a *duet* between Pherson and Ulla and after the exit of Pherson an important *duet* between Ellis and Ulla. In the course of it Ulla thus addresses her bridegroom: "How art thou, Ellis mine? Thou lookest pale. Surely thou wert without sleep to-night. What happened to thee? Thou alarmest me." Ellis comforts her: "Fear nothing, beloved Ulla, rather rejoice, for a happiness such as seldom falls to a mortal's lot, is opening to us. Only think of it! This night everything has been disclosed to me. Down there, far below, in the depth, there lies a wonderful radiant gem, more red and more beautiful than the most brilliant ruby. . . . Listen to me, my angel, when we have this costly gem and in united love and with clear eye look into it, then we shall see how our hearts are closely interwoven with the peculiar veins of this stone." Ellis has decided to win this gem and to present it as a

wedding-gift to Ulla. Notwithstanding all her impetuous entreaties and adjurations to desist, he descends into the shaft. Ulla weeps fervently.

Soon hereafter the wedding festivities begin. Pherson, Ulla, Joëns, miners and guests appear on the scene. All comment upon the absence of the bridegroom. Follows a jolly song of Joëns, music, dancing, rejoicing. Suddenly a terrible crash is heard, succeeded by a hollow thunder. The shaft in the background has considerably settled down. The entrance has collapsed. Ulla cries: "Ellis! Ellis!" All are standing in utmost terror; after the first confusion the miners endeavor with great alertness to discover an entrance into the shaft; everyone digs, hoes, shovels. Ulla, beside herself, rushes to the shaft; she wants to reach Ellis. All others exclaim in unison: "Ellis is lost! No hope! Pray to the merciful God." Ulla collapses as if dead.

* * * * *

Thus ends the sketch. Will some genius of a future day transform it into an opera? *Qui vivra verra*

Heimweh

By ISABEL E. MACKAY

Ah me! to be at home again,
To see the harbor lights
Shine softly through the floating mists
That veil the summer nights.

Ah me! to cross the fretting bar,
To gain the sheltered bay,
To drop a quiet anchor there
And never sail away!

Ah me! had I the dove's swift wing
'Tis there at home I'd be—
There, where the misty harbor lights
Shine softly out to sea.

How a President Spends His Salary

By KATHERINE ELWES THOMAS

THE sixth of January was marked in a recent Congress by introduction of a bill to increase the salary of the President of the United States to \$75,000. The bill contained two other clauses providing for an increase of the Vice President's salary to \$16,000 and an annual donation of \$25,000 to the President upon retirement.

While it is scarcely likely that the latter provision will become a law or even receive serious consideration at this time, it is generally conceded that the addition of \$25,000 to the sum now received by a President of the United States will be granted if at all only by its ability to rise superior to violent opposition of half if not three-quarters of the House. In the Senate the bill will as well have to wade through deep waters of opposition since Members and Senators regard it necessary to keep up an appearance of laying the iron hand of restraint upon the country's expenses.

For the most part Members and Senators before taking their seats in Congress honestly coincide with the suburban short sighted views of their constituents in this respect. Later on their views change from this narrowness toward wholesome and intelligent expansion.

However hot the debate, however serious the opposition to the present proposed increase, it is not likely to eclipse the scenes enacted in Congress when in 1873 a law was passed by which the salary of the President of the United States was raised from \$25,000 to \$50,000.

Included in this bill was a provision to raise the salaries of Senators and Members from \$5,000 to \$8,000 per annum. After tumultuous scenes almost beggaring description the bill finally passed both Houses and went to President Grant for his signature. Grant, while heartily in sympathy with it, refused for certain reasons to sign it. In the last hours of Congress it was returned from the White House and passed over the head of the President.

Then the storm that had raged in Congress broke loose over the country and the Legislators were so mercilessly assailed by people and press that the first measure rushed through upon convening of the next Congress was the repeal of that portion of the bill relating to Congressional salaries.

Unquestionably the increase of Presidential salary would have been repealed as well had it not been for the President's personal action in the matter. With a vigor of speech that did honor to himself and the point under discussion, Grant declared that the increase was not only right but a matter of already too long delayed justice and that in the face of opposition and invective he should insist upon the Presidential salary remaining at \$50,000. His oratory was brief, to the point, and carried with it such absolute conviction as to right and purpose that no further attempt at repeal was made, but from each of the Legislators was required a return of their surplus salary paid under the bill's first ruling.

It is scarcely likely that anything of this nature will transpire in the present Congress but thinking people will regret that the recent bill did not fix the appropriate salary at \$100,000. Even at this figure it would have been far less than is paid to the head of any of the leading countries of Europe.

Many people have the impression that when a President is elected he takes up his residence in the White House with every living expense provided for by the Government and that he is under no personal outlay during his term of office; that in fact his sole use for the \$50,000 a year salary is to bank it as rapidly as paid him by the United States Treasury. This is the picture commonly drawn of the Presidential expense situation. The reality is vastly different.

When, at noon on the 4th of March following the inaugural ceremony at the Capitol, the President, riding up the broad avenue with the cheering populace doing him honor on all sides, turns in at the White House gates he enters upon his four years occupancy. He finds awaiting him paid for by the Government three things, the Executive Mansion with its furnishings, the coal to keep it warm and the gas or electricity wherewith to light it. To these three items Congress annually makes an addendum in an appropriation to pay the wages of a corps of servants wholly inadequate in number to the requirements of a house of such size. This wage list includes a coachman and two stable men. There is also a Presidential carriage. As not one of the Presidents has been known to make use of this small two seated official vehicle, its appearance may be understood to be entirely unsuited

to the Executive dignity. This carriage has invariably been turned over for the use of the President's private secretary in riding to and from his duties.

From the moment of entering the Executive Mansion the President's heavy personal disbursements begin. His ordinary living expenses are large. He is no longer a private citizen who can when he so desires retrench along personal lines. The President must live in such style that at any moment his hospitality may be extended to the most distinguished guests in the land. In order to do this he must keep a chef. In the kitchen, the laundry and throughout the house the force of servants must be increased. This increase must be met out of his own exchequer. At the present time Mrs. Roosevelt has upon her own payroll her private secretary, four maids and a number of attendants for the children.

Ex-President Cleveland kept a body servant but President Roosevelt has from the first steadily refused to employ a valet. Fastidious to the last degree about his clothes, with a multiplicity of changes far in excess of any Chief Magistrate of modern times, the President's clothes are brushed and his linen kept in order by one of Mrs. Roosevelt's maids. When travelling the President is accompanied always by his private secretary (Mr. Wm. Loeb) and one of the colored messengers from the official department of the White House. This colored messenger is the nearest approach to a valet ever tolerated.

When it is taken into account that in the living of his strenuous life the President has a number of suits for each of his favorite pastimes, riding, hunting, golf, tennis, boxing,

fencing, yachting, in addition to the full complement of customary morning, afternoon and evening suits, it would seem that not one but several valets could well be kept busy caring for them all. Especially when to this is added the collection of shoes, gloves, cravats and all the paraphernalia of the always immaculate, up-to-date, twentieth century man.

The Presidential realization of "My Milliner's Bill" must be a very serious one for, notwithstanding reports to the contrary, no mistress of the White House has ever dressed more elegantly or with greater number of changes than Mrs. Roosevelt. When it is remembered that while for the simplest of Mrs. and Miss Roosevelt's gowns the price may be fifty dollars, and handsome ones may cost hundreds and at times approach the thousand dollar mark, some definite idea may be gained of the Roosevelt costuming bill for a single season.

When this reckoning is in order it would be well for the computer not to lose sight of the annual clothing bills of young Miss Ethel and the four growing boys. Having done this, account should be taken of the school bills, tutors' fees, travelling expenses, doctor's bills and the hundred and one things that crop up as incidentals in the modern upbringing and educating of five children.

A glance into the President's stables will reveal another large personal expense of the Chief Executive. The total equipment of every style of open and closed carriage for his own and his family's use has to be paid for out of his salary. The adjoining stable of blooded horses, mounts for himself, for Mrs. Roosevelt and the boys, as well as the carriage horses, are the President's

private property. Even in the details of harness, whips and liveries for all his coachmen and drivers the President must personally pay. To the coachman and two stable men provided for by appropriation of Congress is to be added the requisite stable equipment of employees whose wages the President must assume.

When there is a splendid State dinner in progress with from forty to fifty guests, as is the case generally at Cabinet dinners and from eighty to one hundred when the Diplomatic Corps sits at the table with the Chief Executive, the President's salary undergoes heavy drain. Every item of those dinners excepting the floral decorations which come from the Government greenhouses, must be paid for by the President.

There are four of these functions given each season, functions which it is obligatory upon the President to give, and on each of these four occasions he is personally taxed from five hundred to one thousand dollars. The Marine Band plays the music as the guests enter the State dining room and sit about the magnificently decorated table. But it is the President who alone must face the music when bills for that dinner are to be settled. Those who are in position to speak with authority state that on the quality and variety of wines served depends whether or not the State dinners to the Diplomatic Corps, always the largest of any given, approach the one thousand dollar mark or come squarely up to it.

State dinners are now cooked in the White House kitchen by the President's own and additional chefs engaged by him for the occasion. By this arrangement everything is

served piping hot from the enlarged and remodelled kitchen constructed at the general overhauling and changing of the White House several years ago. Before that time these dinners were cooked at outside catering establishments and brought to the White House kitchen to be kept warm until served, an altogether unsatisfactory arrangement.

The four State dinners while the largest and most important functions each season at the White House are by no means the only ones. Formal dinners are the rule there and rarely indeed does a week pass without chronicling several dinner and lunch parties. The President and Mrs. Roosevelt are lavish entertainers and the guest rooms are generally full, while for the family to sit down to any meal without one or more friends is a reckoning unknown to the present White House occupants.

Of the afternoon teas, evening balls and musicales *ad infinitum* concerning which backwoodsmen grumble on the score of their own parsimony, it is to be recorded that they each have their purpose to serve and their part to play in proper upholding of the exalted position of the head of the nation.

The public knows that when a President travels there is generally a special train and always a private car provided. The conclusion is therefore jumped at that there is no personal outlay required on his part. So far from this being the case, when he has made up his expense account, jotting down all the adequate tips to the various attendants, his travels have cost him several times over the amount necessary for an ordinary individual to travel first class the same time and distance.

The wealth of the Union would

hardly meet the amount asked of the President during a four years' term of office through the medium of begging petitions that pour into the White House by every mail and from every section of the country. The amounts asked for in these appeals range in size from those required to build and endow churches, lift home and institution mortgages, pay annuities to old soldiers and widows and supply hospitals with expensive surgical instruments, down to the smallest individual requests of every known nature.

In comparison with the President's salary it will be of interest to cite the following: £110,000 is the amount of the privy purse of England's sovereigns. Of this the King's share is £33,000. The salaries of the royal household amount to £125,000. The expenses of the household £193,000; the Royal Bounty and Works £33,000 with a contingency fund over and above of £8,000.

The President of France has a dotation of 600,000 francs with further allowance of 600,000 francs for his expenses.

The Civil list of Italy's crown expenditure is 15,050,000 lire. To this is paid an additional million lire annuity to Queen Margherita.

The Czar of Russia is undoubtedly in possession of the largest income of any reigning monarch, the exact extent of it being practically unknown. The budgets and finance accounts of Russia fail to estimate the extent of the Czar's income which includes the revenue of the Crown domains consisting of more than a million square miles of cultivated land and forest. To this is added the vast revenues accruing from the gold and other mines of Siberia.

The reason given by the Russian Government for omission of any tabulated statement is to the effect that the Crown domains are considered the private property of the Imperial family.

Germany ranks next to Russia in the size of its ruler's income and like the former country the estimate given is decidedly vague. The Kaiser's dotation in actual moneys is however one million thalers with an additional 3,300,000 marks added in 1889. The private property of the reigning house includes possession of a vast amount of forests, landed estates and castles in various parts of the kingdom. This, technically known as *Kronfidei Komains-und-Schaterllguter*, serves to defray all expenditures of the royal family and of the Court.

King Christian IX of Denmark has a Civil list of one million kroner settled upon him by vote of the Rigsdag in 1863. The heir apparent to the crown has in addition an allowance of 120,000 kroner settled upon him in 1868.

King Leopold of Belgium has a Civil list of 3,500,000 francs. In this is included a dotation of 800,000 francs to the heir presumptive (the Count of Flanders).

In Japan the Civil list at the present time gives to the Emperor 3,000,000 yen. The gratitude of the Diet by unanimous vote in 1898 for his masterly conduct of Army and Navy operations against China assumed the substantial form of 2,000,000 yen for the indemnity secured through victorious outcome of the famous war.

Snow

By KONAN MACHUGH

Gray clouds the far horizon bar;
 The night is chill, the wind is sharp,
 And like sad breathing of a harp,
 Sighs through the treetops from afar.
 Where but last night there shone a star,
 Slow sinking in the amber west,
 The low sky frowns with clouds oppressed
 Nor glimmerings of sunset are.

Unseen soft fingers touch the form;
 With ghost lips cold upon the brow
 An unseen presence lingers by,
 Voiceless, save for the shrill wind's cry,—
 Echo from unknown space—and now,
 With rush of scurrying flakes, we feel the storm.

The Pompeii of America

By CHARLES MARSHALL GRAVES

A SHORT time ago, a Boston tourist stood upon a foundation wall of the Honorable Philip Ludwell's house on Jamestown Island, and looking down into the cellar from which the earth had been but recently thrown, said to a companion: "Truly, this is the Pompeii of America."

Before this descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers lay the ruins of the "Country House" and the third and fourth State Houses. He had just come from the old tower and the chancel of the old church which have recently given up so much of their intensely interesting history under the touch of the spade. He was amazed, and well he might be.

There is no place in the broad stretch of America like Jamestown. The history of none is so rich, so mournful, and so dear to the whole American people. The American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society recently submitted a report to the legislature of the State of New York which contained this paragraph:

"Jamestown, Virginia, is not in a class with any other historical site in America. It has no duplicate; it is unique. It is the place where the civilization which over-spreads and dominates the continent took root. It is the cradle of English-speaking America. Its significance is not sectional or local. One may not even limit it by the word 'national,' for it was the birthplace of English-speaking Canada as well as English-speaking United States. Its significance is at least continental, and, to the extent that the nation, sprung therefrom, exerts a world-wide influence, it is universal."

A sketch of Jamestown, published two years ago, by the same organi-

zation, embodies this graphic description of the island at that time:

"The little colony of 1607 has grown into one of the dominant powers of the earth, but Jamestown herself is no more. She is a vanished city, partly buried in the earth, partly submerged in the river; for that which was once a peninsula is now an island, completely severed from the mainland and steadily disappearing under the ceaseless gnawing of the surrounding stream. Upon the shore one may gather, like crumbs dropped from the river's greedy maw, pieces of brick from the foundation of the houses that sheltered the pioneers, beads with which they bartered with the aborigines, stems and bowls of tobacco pipes with which they consoled their hours of suffering."

John Esten Cooke in his history of Virginia, written twenty years ago, presents the picture interestingly:

"Nothing remains of this famous settlement," he writes, "but the ruins of a church tower covered with ivy, and some old tombstones. The tower is crumbling year by year, and the roots of trees have cracked the slabs, making great rifts across the names of the old Armigers and Honorables. The place is desolate, with its washing waves and flitting fowl, but possesses a singular attraction. It is one of the few localities which recall the first years of American history, but it will not recall them much longer. Every distinctive feature of the spot is slowly disappearing. The river encroaches year by year, and the ground occupied by the original huts is already submerged."

The picture was true twenty years ago, was true two years ago. It is not true now. A great change has taken place, the precious island is saved from the merciless river. Recent excavations have shown that far more than the ivy covered tower remains, that the history of the nation's forefathers lies buried on the Island in a grave waiting, under the hand of the student, to give up

its dead. Mr. Samuel H. Yonge,* civil engineer, has successfully shown, I believe, that the city was not located for the most part west of the church tower, as had been thought by historians and antiquarians for a hundred years, but east of it. What does it mean? Nothing less than that a buried city is presently to be uncovered, that a hundred new lights are soon to be shed upon this city of the past, and that matters long in dispute are to be settled.

Whole libraries have been written about Jamestown and yet no one has ever been able to give the street plan of the ancient "city." The excavator's spade may show this, and the wave-lashed island, on the eve of the three hundredth anniversary of its settlement, is at the threshold of a period of new and intense interest.

This rekindling and quickening concern for Jamestown, at many times in its checkered history the forgotten island, is traceable to a number of circumstances.

For a hundred years antiquarians have been pounding into the nation's head that the Island was washing away and in time would absolutely be no more. As early as 1768 the Rev. John Clayton was writing that the neck of land connecting the Island and the mainland was submerged at the spring tides.

Colonel Tarlton, recounting "Campaigns" in 1781, says that Jamestown was then separated from the mainland at low tide by a stream two feet wide. Professor L. H.

Girardin wrote of Jamestown in his "Amœnitates Graphicæ" twenty years later:

"This place of original settlement has undergone a very considerable alteration by the elementary war which the waves and the winds have incessantly waged against it. Its diminution both on the southern and western side may be easily traced. Many yards of the palisades erected by the first settlers are still to be seen at low tide standing at least one hundred and fifty or two hundred paces from the present shore. The pieces of timber which were fixed perpendicularly in the ground have decayed until they have been entirely submerged by the gradual advancement of the river upon the land where the fort originally stood."

The lone cypress tree which stands now three hundred feet from the western shore bears most striking testimony to the rapid destruction of the Island. President Lyon Gardiner Tyler, of William and Mary College, was told by a man who lived on the Island as a boy, that in 1846 this cypress was on the shore where even the highest tides did not reach it. This cypress, known to be of great age, is one of the most interesting objects about the Island. Closely associated with it in writings was the old powder magazine near by, doubtless the oldest building on the Island and probably the oldest in English America of which a remnant remained until recent years. This too has now gone without a vestige left. It stood just inshore from the cypress, and the foundations were in good condition fifteen years ago. The river ate its way up to it, and, with no hand to save, down it came. There is no picture or print of it anywhere, so far as I can learn. Mr. Edward

Grateful acknowledgments of assistance in the preparation of this article are made to Mr. Samuel H. Yonge, author of the "Site of Old James Towne," to President Lyon Gardiner Tyler, of the College of William and Mary, author of the "Cradle of the Republic," to Mrs. Parke C. Bagby, chairman of the Jamestown Committee of the A. P. V. A., Mrs. W. T. Robins, corresponding secretary of the A. P. V. A., Mr. John P. Kennedy, librarian of the State of Virginia, Mr. W. G. Stanard, secretary of the Virginia Historical Society, Mr. Robert Lee Traylor, and to Mr. William L. Leal, caretaker of Jamestown.

Jamestown Island has always been the Association's first born as the object of special care and affection. Of all who have owned the Island, none seemed to honor its sacred associations or appreciate its peculiar historic value until it came into the possession of Mr. Barney and his wife, Mrs. Louise J. Barney. To Mrs. Barney, now living at Meadowville on James River, the whole country owes a debt of gratitude. She at once did all in her power to preserve the ruins from further destruction and vandalism. When her husband died and she could no longer live on the Island, she gave the site of the church tower and the surrounding acres to the Association. This organization was oppressed by the thought that the Island would soon be gone; that the church tower and the ashes of the pioneers would follow the fate of the powder magazine. Congress was appealed to and an act was approved August 17, 1894, appropriating ten thousand dollars. With this small amount the engineer could do nothing more than construct a very crude break-water, piling heavy stones upon the western and southern shores. It was ten thousand dollars wasted, for the waves made playthings of the stones, dashed over them in wicked glee and scooped out the very earth upon which they lay. Again the ladies went to Congress for aid and on June 3, 1896, an act was approved appropriating fifteen thousand dollars for the work.

Mr. Yonge, this time in charge of the work, designed a sea wall that has in turn laughed at the waves, and will be an enduring monument to his skill as an engineer. But the amount allowed by Congress was not enough to construct it over but

half the area at the mercy of the river, and the Fifty-eighth Congress appropriated fifteen thousand dollars more for the completion of the task. This Mr. Yonge will do with the least possible delay.

Ladies of the Association were very anxious for intelligent excavations to be made on the Island, but, having little money, the way was not open for this to be done until the spring of 1901.

"In 1893, when visiting Jamestown Island," says Mr. John Tyler, Jr., civil engineer, in his report to Mrs. Parke C. Bagby, chairman of the Jamestown Committee of the Association, "I was impressed with the peculiar typography of the land back of the old tower. Feeling sure that there was something buried there, I was very anxious to excavate upon that site."

But Mr. Tyler was not able to begin this work until eight years later, May 25, 1903. Again I quote from his exceedingly interesting report:

"I have found that there remains of the original church all four walls, to a height of from six inches to three feet above their foundation. Starting with excavations at the southwest corner, I carried the work along the south wall, keeping down to the top of the foundation, or beginning of the neat work. At three feet four inches west of the southwest corner, I struck the east side of a buttress, extending three feet one inch north and south, by two feet eight inches east and west. At eight and forty-five one-hundredths feet from this was discovered the east side of a tile pavement in front of the ministers' door, which entered through the south wall, into an aisle crossing the church in front of the chancel. Immediately upon entering this door was found a tomb, lying north and south along the aisle. This tomb had been robbed of the brass tablets with which it had been inlaid. The stone, however, bears the channels in which the brass was, as well as the brass bolts, leaded in the stone. These bolts held the tablets, consisting of a rectangular border two inches wide, inclosing in the northeast corner of the stone a shield, and in the northwest a scroll, and down the middle of the tomb a knight in armour, standing upon a rectangular place which evidently bore the inscription.

"At right angles to the first tomb, and

The Value of Genealogy

By G. W. DIAL

"There is a great deal more in genealogies than is generally believed at present."
—*Thomas Carlyle.*

"WHY don't you trace your family history?" The common reply to this question is summed up in the words; "If I knew how to go about it, I should enjoy doing so." For few are the individuals who do not at times feel a longing to open the book of the past, and read the records of their ancestors. Edward Everett felt that longing when he wrote: "There is no man of any culture who does not take some interest in what was done by his forefathers." The desire to trace the descent of one's family and to transmit the record to one's successors, is as old as life—a strand in the binding cord of filial love. So prevalent has the desire been among all nations to which either history or tradition extends, that it has been regarded by many writers as an instinct in human nature. Observing its universality, the historian Hume began his history of England with these lines. "The curiosity entertained by all nations, of inquiry into the exploits and adventures of their ancestors, commonly excites a regret that the history of the ages should be involved in obscurity, uncertainty and tradition."

The work of gathering together a family history or of tracing a particular line of descent, requires perseverance and industry, but no mental recreation is more enjoyable and beneficial. Too frequently we read a burlesque by a satirical critic

who—possibly with some taste of sour grapes—"feels it his duty to show how the matter of pedigree stands in the eyes of the people who see even romance with one glowing and one practical eye." Rarely we read how the matter of pedigree stands in the eyes of the people who find more than mere romance in genealogy. Seemingly the critics do not know that for many people the romance of genealogy exists not alone in the glowing eye, and the practicability not alone in the practical eye. Basing their convictions in part, perhaps on a few of the facts which are here presented, they find the romance and the practicability to be the inherent qualities which give genealogy its value.

First, as to the pleasure denoted by the "glowing eye," many people hold that the joys and interests which attach themselves to any collecting fad, are to be found to the full measure in ancestral research. No pursuit, no game of chance is more exciting than this groping in the dark of the past for "finds." In gathering information, and in more earnestly grappling with difficulties as they interpose themselves, the genealogical enquirer experiences the most intense satisfaction.

"If you imagine family history to be uninteresting," writes one devotee, "follow in his search a thorough-going genealogist. Behold him poring over dusty tombs, forgetful of all that is passing around him—translated to some ancient epoch—living and almost convers-

ing with those who have lain for centuries under crumbling grave-stones; a restless traveler he, sojourning hither and thither as if seeking some hidden treasure, climbing into foresaken attics and ransacking mouldering bundles of papers, earnestly questioning old men and matrons, recording every date and fact as if each were his title to the realms of bliss. Later see him stretch out his chain of lineal descent, all complete except one missing link. . . . Hear his shout of joy when he at last finds the lost link." Then you will agree with Henry Ward Beecher that "the dry branches of genealogical trees bear many pleasant and curious fruits for those who know how to search for them."

From time to time we read that genealogical study is a fad. Yet, the very use of the term "fad" is in itself an argument for the interest to be found in ancestral research, since fads are taken up entirely for the pleasure to be found in them. Though genealogy may lend itself for use as a fad, however, it cannot be justly termed a fad. Who would dub book collecting a fad, simply because certain bibliophiles and bibliomaniacs made a mere fad of collecting rarities of the press. The same relations exists between genealogy and its use as a fad, as between the stocking up of private libraries and the collection of book rarities.

"Faddism" in genealogy is not born of a love of lineage, but of a wrong estimate of its value, not of a desire to possess family records, but of that pride which exaggerates the prestige conferred by descent from prominent ancestry and membership in hereditary societies—the "ancestral trusts" so-called. In patriotic

societies, individuals, now and then, lay too much stress upon social distinctions and give far too little attention to the patriotic purposes in which they originated. Such persons forget that we may all be exclusive and have our crests engraved since, "There can few, if any Englishmen and Americans to-day, but have royal blood in their veins." For the living descendant ten generations back, had one thousand and twenty-four ancestors; and at the time of the Norman conquest, thirty-one generations back, he had sixteen billion progenitors, if we may accept the authority of the scientist David Starr Jordan. It is unfortunate that the actions of the "faddists" react not alone on themselves, but work harm upon their societies and the purposes of genealogy in general.

This class of faddists, Daniel Webster characterized well, as "only shallow minded pretenders who either make distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach." This false and foolish pride in lineage, has received its full measure of censure and ridicule. With the conceit of such pretenders in mind, Cicero, when told by a patrician, "You are a plebeian," retorted: "I am a plebeian and the glory of my family begins with me, while that of your family, ends with you." Lord Bacon remarked: "They who derive their worth from their ancestors resemble potatoes, the best part of which is buried under ground."

It is one of the excellences, however, of American institutions, that the mantle of no man's nobility descends to his posterity. Those alone are distinguished who distinguish themselves. And seldom more than

temporarily do faddists distinguish themselves. Only thus temporarily distinguished, for example, was the sad-faced tramp who pathetically whispered to a stern-looking New England lady: "You may imagine how dark life has been to me, how few advantages I had in my childhood. Our family had but one ancestor in the Mayflower." The good woman's eyes filled with unwonted tears.

When the collection of the faddist is finished or when the fad is out of fashion, the fun is over and the collection becomes a mere curiosity, soon relegated to the attic, or if of any intrinsic value, to the auction room. With the death of the faddist this breaking up of the house of cards almost invariably follows. A fad then is something which by its very nature is new and novel—something which lasts for a season, exists but to give pleasure and departs leaving nothing of interest or value behind.

Herein again genealogy differs from the fad. Every successful effort of the genealogical collector adds to a more or less complete whole something which by its very nature is so incorporated into the whole that it can never be separated from that whole again; adds something of interest and value to thousands of persons living and to many thousands yet to be born.

Fascinating as genealogy may be in the way of pleasure, as a pastime its value is much less significant than the second quality we have to consider—its value as a practical pursuit. The practical services it renders give it even stronger claims on our time—claims which should interest those persons, who when asked, "Why don't you trace your family history?" reply, "What is the

use? What good will it do me? My ancestors did nothing for me, why should I trouble myself about posterity?"—claims which answer those indifferent friends who, though they know not where the earthly remains of their forefathers are interred, build costly monuments to procure present distinction and a memorial for their present family. These claims should answer the question; "Why is it," as Edward Everett Hale said, "our duty to indulge the (latent) interest in the lives of our forefathers?" The claims rest on the value of genealogical knowledge, as an aid to court records, as a preventive of family quarrels and controversies over property distribution, as an important branch of history, as an incentive to right living, as being most fundamental in the study of hereditary instincts and characteristics, and as a means of perpetuating good family stocks.

The most practical service, although it may be considered by some a selfish one, is the aid given to court records and court officials in the distribution of property among heirs. Its value has been most conspicuous in the efforts of American residents to prove heirship to unclaimed estates in England. The reported extinction of all English heirs to large estates has incited many persons, who believe themselves to be the true heirs, to spend much money in ancestral research. In most cases these claimants are descendants from branches of these old families—branches which emigrated to this country prior to the beginning of the nineteenth century; and had these branches recorded their genealogical tracings, to-day their descendants would be able

clearly and unmistakably to prove their derivation.

In our own country how many bitter family quarrels over heirship would have been prevented, how many fraudulent distributions of property defeated, how many of those who have been rendered destitute by the deception of false claimants would have enjoyed their legal rights, if correct family records had been kept? Sooner or later, this reason "Why, it is our duty to keep our family record" may come home to each of us with its truth sharply emphasized.

An extravagant assertion, it seems perhaps to say, that genealogy is the cornerstone of history; but John Fiske states that "without the study of genealogy, history is comparatively lifeless." Family history has always exerted a strong influence on the diplomacy of nations; and to understand the secret motives and the political manœuvres of the statesmen of Europe, one must know the relationships of the leading and controlling families. Family pride, the love of one's blood, the reliance upon ties of kindred and consanguinity, explain periods of history whose complications are otherwise unintelligible. With no less gratifying simplicity the relationships of families have explained enigmas in American history, and occurrences in the annals of our towns and cities.

The descendant of the woman who after being captured by Indians in Virginia and carried away to Detroit, was traced by the rags of a crazy quilt dropped along the path, and was ransomed by her husband, enjoys a particularly individual interest and personal pleasure in reading the detailed account of the incident in the "History of the Girtys." The descendants of a Revolutionary

soldier, and the happy reader, who in Winsor's "Mississippi Basin," in Churchill's "Crossing," or in Roosevelt's "Winning of the West," follows his forefathers in their toilsome journeys and Indian fights along the trails across the Alleghenies, turns pages of history with thrills of joy, which lie with the grasp of many unsuspecting readers.

The study of the frontier movement, the migration of the American peoples, the building up of new communities, the study of the character of these early immigrants as stamped upon their descendants to-day, all have a unique concern for the genealogist. These historical facts are the tools used by the searcher in family history. There are few facts, indeed, in the annals of our country which neither had their origin in or became intimately involved in a question or fact in genealogy.

Historical genealogy, in its significance in the study of the origin, growth and decline of nations, is very closely allied with what has been called "Philosophical Genealogy"—the study of hereditary instincts and characteristics. Its purpose is to classify and analyze the historical facts so that they may illustrate the natural history and the psychology of races. As will be pointed out in succeeding paragraphs, in such scientific studies as "Heredity and Human Progress," by Duncan McKim, the "Kinship of Men," by Henry Kendall, "Hereditary Genius," by Francis Galton, and "Foot-Notes to Evolution," by David Starr Jordan, the truths developed in philosophical genealogy are being applied to facilitate our present race development and to increase the happiness of our every day life.

Considered in this light, genealogy is a science of the utmost utility. Mr. Galton states: "The principle of hereditary descent by which the characteristics of races are preserved, is a fundamental law of life; and the investigation of its action, limits and causes is the task of biological science." Genealogy alone can supply the facts for such investigation. And Mr. W. S. Mills, in his "Foundations of Genealogy," looks forward to the time when genealogy, having united all its parts now scattered in History, Biology, Psychology, and Sociology, will be recognized as the study of present day evolution.

The race is made up of individuals; and one of the "proper" studies of man, surely is man. The past is parent of the future and no man knows himself so well but that he may know more by studying the lives of his progenitors. And since the personal characteristics are transmitted through successive generations, every one should be aware of the limits and possibilities of his physical, mental and moral prowess. Emerson observed: "We sometimes see a change of expression in the countenances of our companions and say that his father or mother comes to the window of his eyes and sometimes a remote relative. In different hours a man represents each of his several ancestors, as if seven or eight were wrapped up in each man's skin; and they contribute the variety of notes for that piece of life, which life is." We would become better acquainted with these personages wrapped up in us, did we justly appreciate the aid such knowledge gives to right living.

To inspire right living by the general student and by the descendant whose family history is known,

genealogical research possesses a moral value seldom recognized. Dominating characteristics, noble and generous as well as grovelling, may be transmitted not only to immediate offspring but to later generations. The faults, the vices, the weaknesses, the strengths and the virtues of the father do not end with himself; and well it has been said: "Abolish the law of primogeniture, scatter rich men's fortunes as you will, but nothing can affect the law of our race that your children shall be better for your virtues and worse for your vices." This quotation states accurately the motive of Ibsen's drama, "Ghosts." No one who reads that play, certainly no one who sees the scenes of the tragedy, will forget its teaching that each person can make the bad worse, and the good better by his actions and the social connections which he forms.

This fact does not imply that human beings should be mated on a mere pedigree basis—far from it. In matrimonial matters the less emphasis placed on ancestry, the better, other things being equal. But in so far as pedigree serves to make known the virtues and vices possessed by the individual, its record should be carefully studied. Writing on marriage in his "Map of Life," Sir William Lecky says: "There are pedigrees of character which it is not prudent to neglect." Both contracting parties are entitled to a full knowledge of the facts out of which gossips ghoulishly manufacture "family skeletons." Truly Steele, in "Sir Roger's Ancestors," notes that "misfortunes happen in all families." And seldom do such happenings deserve a stronger title than misfortunes.

At rare intervals, however, the

arrival, in a white family, of a baby with wooly hair, thick lips, and a flat nose is followed by a hasty genealogical search—research that, in the lineage of one parent reveals a carefully concealed case of miscegenation. It is then too late to regret that the family tree was not traced previous to marriage. The lack of a tracing, the failure of one parent to demand such a tracing, has destroyed the life happiness of a father, of a mother, of a child—possibly of grandchildren. Fortunately, nature limits this possibility by decreasing the power of reproduction in successive generations of mixed blood.

It has been a much mooted question among scientific men, whether such a physical atavistic tendency—reversion to a more or less ancestral type—can be eradicated. The present consensus of opinion seems to be that a tendency concerning the racial peculiarities of the individual cannot be checked, but that tendencies of mind and body acquired by one's ancestors and not germane to them need not burden posterity, if posterity takes proper precautions to root out the tendencies. Thus the so-called "hereditary diseases," though atavistic in their nature, by physical and mental development may be so thoroughly extirpated that they will not reassert themselves in the posterity of those who suffer from these diseases.

The possibility of atavism thus places upon parents a solemn responsibility. For atavism in some one or more of its many aspects often carries out the biblical declaration that the "iniquity of the fathers will be visited upon the children of the third and fourth generations." Criminologists note that the "black sheep" of an otherwise reput-

able family is not infrequently discovered to have had one or more ancestors given over to the crime which makes their descendant a social outcast. It cannot, therefore be too generally known that the efforts of parents if consistently followed, and the efforts of children if properly directed, can largely if not entirely overcome any inherited tendency resulting from the doings of their forefathers.

President David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford University, writing on the "Heredity of Richard Roe," in his "Foot-Notes to Evolution," gives the sources and proportional strengths of the possibilities inherited by each of us, as follows: "Each person has the sum of species characters; race characters; one unequal fourth of father's peculiarities; one unequal fourth of mother's peculiarities; one-sixteenth from each grandparent; one-sixty-fourth from each great-grandparent, etc.; an unknown part of the gain through the father's activity; an unknown part of the gain through mother's activity; an unknown part of the loss or idleness or non-development of each; an unknown chance through the prenatal influence received through the mother; the whole multiplied by or divided by the influences arising from transmission or early nutrition, and to be modified in every part by the fact that he is a man."

"But," continues Dr. Jordan "these peculiarities make up but the architect's plan on which his life is to be built. . . . In building, the plan admits of much play for deviation. . . . Some of the elements will be systematically fostered or checked by those who determine Richard Roe's early environment. The final details will be

beyond prediction. The ego or the self in the life of Richard Roe is the sum of his inheritance, bound together by the resultant of the consequences of the thoughts and deeds which have been performed by him and perhaps by others also. Thus each day in his life goes to form a link in the chain which binds his consciousness process together. The "vanished yesterdays are the tyrants of to-morrow."

That the foundations of life may be well laid, the parents should study the inherited architectural plan on which their children's lives are to be built. And that the early environment may be most productive of good, the growing child should be trained in great part with attention to his inherited traits. In his "Hereditary Genius," Mr. Galton writes: "It is possible to see much of the capabilities of the child in mind and in body, much of the probabilities of his future health and of his tendencies to special forms of disease, by a knowledge of his ancestral precedents. We may rest assured that fewer blunders will be made in the rearing and educating of children under a knowledge of his antecedents than without it." The youth should early learn

"Yet the best blood by learning is refin'd
And virtue arms the solid mind;
Whilst vice will stain the nob'est race,
And the paternal stamp efface."

—*Horace, Ode IV.*

And in due season he should be acquainted with the tendencies and frailties to which he is heir.

Daniel Webster in his Plymouth address of 1820, dwelt upon the value of genealogy as an aid and as an incentive to right living in these words: "Next to a religious duty I hardly know what should bear with stronger obligation on a liberal and

enlightened mind than a consciousness of an alliance with excellence that has departed, and a consciousness too that in the acts and conduct and even in its sentiments and thoughts, the mind may be actively operating on the happiness of those who are to come after it."

Hawthorne also writes, in the "Custom House" chapter of the "Scarlet Letter": "But the sentiment (genealogical interest) has its moral quality. The figure of that first ancestor, invested by family tradition with a dim and dusky grandeur, was present to my boyish imagination as far back as I can remember. It still haunts me and induces a sort of home feeling for the past."

This "home feeling for—this consciousness of alliance with the past" constitute the importance of genealogy in perpetuating good family stocks. "There is nothing," writes Mr. Galton in his "Hereditary Genius," "that appears to assign a more exceptional and sacred character to a race than the families which compose it. Eminent families, like races, are built up, flourish and decay." To postpone and prevent this decay, President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard University, in his "American Contributions," considers: "What are the means of perpetuating good family stocks in a Democracy?" For he maintains that "if the family under a Democratic form of government is prosperous and permanent, the state and civilization itself will be safer and safer through all generations." With more truth than oratory, Edmund Burke has said: "People will not look forward to posterity who never look backward to their ancestors."

Other reasons why you should trace your family history have been adduced, but in general they serve

A Duel at Dottleford

By DAVID H. TALMADGE

SHORT as it is I would not presume to tell this story on my own responsibility, for it concerns serious things of which I was not an eye witness. Mr. Dolan was an eye witness and is unafraid. Wherefore I let him tell it.

Mr. Dolan has been for ten years Dr. Stephen Cleve's right hand man. When Dr. Cleve graduated from the Rush Medical school and hung out his sign in the main business thoroughfare of Dottleford Mr. Dolan threw over the position of hired man at the paternal Cleve's farm and attached himself modestly to the medical profession.

"We've made a go av ut—Steve and me," said he proudly a year or two later. "We've man-ny patients—most av them alive, and we're gettin' more av them every day."

Which was true. Steve Cleve made good, as the saying is, from the start. None of us who had known him from childhood was surprised that he did so. A handsome fellow, keenly sympathetic, gifted with the power of stingless wit, unassuming, energetic, finely educated, the soul of honor,—how, we asked ourselves, could he fail of success, even though he were so unfortunate (which he was not) as to be deprived of the services of that prince of hostlers and office attendants, Willy Dolan?

Mr. Dolan was sitting in the doctor's chair, his feet upon the doctor's desk, when I entered the office one day not long ago. He arose and came forward with gratifying haste and with an expression of counte-

nance also gratifying when he recognized me.

"Well then and how are ye after all these eight years?" he asked while I pulled my fingers apart. "Sure ye're lookin' like a daisy fresh from the dew. And how's things up north?"

"Couldn't be better, Willy," said I. "Where's Steve?"

Mr. Dolan's face instantly sobered. "He's gone off to the Atla-antic ocean for a month," he replied, "and there's a little thing with a bald head and pink whiskers that's takin' his place here—aw my, such a cute little thing! Calls me 'Me man,' he does, and exa-asperates me some-thin' tremendous. I've been on the verge av slappin' him more times than wan already. Heaven only knows how much longer I'll be able to control meself. Sit down."

"Steve away for his health?" I asked, taking a chair. "You haven't been letting him overwork, have you, Willy?"

"No, 'tis not that—and yet 'tis. I'll tell ye: he fought a dool and he's away with the effects av ut."

"A duel!"

"Yes, a dool, and all owin' to a girl, av course."

"A duel—a girl—but, Willy," I protested, "people don't fight duels in this country any more."

"The devil they don't," said Mr. Dolan, slowly drawing down the lid of one eye. "Where did ye learn so much, Dave,—did ye read ut?"

"No, I—er—inferred it from the fact that we hear nothing of such things."

"Well then,"—wisely—"ye can't believe everything ye don't hear nothin' av,—there's an epigram for ye. I'm not sayin', mind ye, that 'twas a dool strictly in accordance with the pervailin' notion av dools. 'Twas not. But 'twas a dool just the same."

"Tell me about it," said I.

"Listen then: 'Tis the first time mortal ear has heard the story,—but 'twill not be the last, for I can see ut in yer face that 'twill be tattled. I'm askin' no pledge from ye. 'Tis a story that by rights should be handed down to posterity, and 'twill hurt me conscience none to let it loose. Only"—he drew his chair so close to mine that our knees touched—"don't mention ut in this town; wait till ye get back up north and then disguise the names a bit. Will ye do ut?"

I promised.

"What is yer idea av honor, Dave?"

I arose and took from the book-case a volume of Wordsworth, Steve's favorite poet. After some search I found what I wanted. "'Tis the finest sense of justice which the human mind can frame, intent each lurking frailty to disclaim, and guard the way of life from all offense suffered or done," I read.

Mr. Dolan's eyes distended and he looked at me somewhat blankly.

"I'd never considered ut in just them same words," he said slowly after an interval. "Are—are them words poetry, Dave?"

I nodded.

"English, Dutch, French or American? I know well they're not Irish."

"English."

"I might have known ut. The Britishers warble without music,

but" — magnanimously — "they've said wan or two good things. Read them words to me again now—slow—wan at a time—and give me intellect a chance to chew them. 'Tis the finest sense av justice—yes—which the human—mind—can frame—intent each lurkin' frailty—hold on—stop—'tis enough! What's the use av spoilin' ut with a long string av words? 'Tis the foinest sense av justice the human bra-ain can frame. 'Tis so. That's what's the matter with Steve."

"Yes?"

"Yes. Eight months ago or such a matter as that old man Redway comes heré from Chicago with his furniture factory and his wife and his daughter to save taxes or la-labor troubles or somethin' av that sort. 'Tis the Redway girl that's kicked up all the trouble. Ye wouldn't wonder at ut when ye seen her, Dave. Av all the peaches the human fruit tree ever brought forth she's sure the prize winner. Several times she visited us perfessional-l-ly, and at them times I lifted me foot to me knee and counted me pulse through the leather; so much for the general effect av her. As to the specific effect 'tis sufficient to sta-ate that Steve fell into love with her, which is the same as bein' tempora-arily insane and not responsible for his actions. Aw, woman, woman! that was the first time ye ever ensnangled that boy in yer meshes! it came near to bein' the end av him, too." Mr. Dolan rolled his small eyes and sighed deeply. "Dave, have ye ever been in love?"

I shook my head emphatically—and falsely.

"Well then, don't do ut. Get vaccina-ated or somethin'. Trouble comes plentiful enough in this world without courtin' ut. From the min-

ute Steve gets to hankerin' for a life av bliss with that Redway girl he's a changed la-ad—clane different from himself—melancholy by fits and elevated by starts—exasperatin' entirely. He takes to spendin' his evenin's outside the office, throwin' on me the responsibility av keepin' the after-dark trade in good humor, which ain't easy at all, considerin' that each and every personal fraction av that trade has a pain requirin' attention more or less prompt. 'Unless 'tis somethin' very important, Willy,' says he, 'don't send for me.' And he smirks at himself in the glass and picks a speck av dirt from his collar and wiggles his necktie and dabbles his face with Florida wa-ater till 'twas all I could do to restrain meself from kickin' him wance good and swift for old time's sake. Then he departs, and that's the end av him till next mornin'. And when the sufferin' popula-ation staggers up the stairs and asks for the doctor I tells them the God's truth.—'The doctor's out,' says I, 'attendin' a case av heart trouble,' says I, 'complicated with softenin' av the bra-ain, and I have no means av knowin' when he'll be in again.' We lost a number of good cases before Steve comes out av that spasm av infa-uation. After that—

"Well, all av a sudden, like a colic in the dead av night, comes a man from Chicago. He's an old friend av the Redway girl's and his intentions in comin' is to push along a courtship he'd begun before the furniture factory was moved. The effect av him on Steve is hor-r-rible, nothin' less. Steve is plunged in despair—not so much to the hearin' as to the eyesight, for 'tis plain as the polish on the back av a Scotchman's Sunday coat that the girl is

gla-ad to have him with her. They goes automobilin' and societyin' and thisin' and thatin' and the otherin' for days at a stretch, leavin' Steve out mostly, so far as a fellow av limited educa-ation can see, and Steve don't take ut graceful at all. Heavens and earth! he's ugly and foreign to himself durin' this spasm! To the world at large he's the same as ever—anyhow I'm hearin' no gossip av ut if he's not—but in the boosom av his official family, the same bein' meself and the blue cat on the rug yonder, he's indescribable."

Mr. Dolan blinked meditatively at the cat.

"He sits for hours in his chair at the desk, his legs stretched out, his mouth drawed down till it looks like a wet moon, and his eyes starin' straight ahead and seein' nothin'. When a patient comes in he braces up and tends to business, but he relapses again the minute the patient goes, not givin' me and the cat a chance to speak the greetin's av our hungry hearts to him, and 'tis hard on us, Dave, almighty ha-ard, and that's the truth.

"I'm near the limit av me endurance when the change is rung. 'Tis wan mornin' before Steve has come to the office. I have the windows open and am strikin' right and left with a dustin' rag, sort av breakin' up the smell that's escaped from the bottles overnight so it can float out doors and get lost, when the telephone bell jingles. I answers ut. 'Send the doctor to the Redway residence at wance,' is the message. 'The doctor will be here in about fifteen minutes,' says I, squintin' at the clock and placin' me hand over a funny feelin' in me stomach. 'Who is ut's sick?' says I. 'Mister Wendell,' says they, 'and he's got it

ba-ad. Tell the doctor to hurry," says they. 'Aw, he'll hurry," says I in me best perfessional tone, 'don't ye worry about that now.' And then I drops into a chair and fans meself with the dustin' rag, for I realizes what a complication it is, Mister Wendell bein' the man from Chicago.

"Steve jumps like he's been pricked with a pin unexpected when I tells him, and I can see his hand tremble when he puts some stuff into his medicine case and a bit av other stuff down the inside av his neck. When he's gone I enjoys a rippin' old shudder, for says I to meself, 'The la-ad's more than half crazy with jealousy, and he'll prescribe poison for that unfortunate devil as sure as the good Lord made little apples.' I'm nervous as a hen with ducks. Every time there's a step on the stairs I explode into a million fragments with a crash most hor-r-rible. But when he comes back he's whistlin'. I asks him what's the matter with the man from Chicago. 'He has a bad fever settled upon him, Willy,' says he; 'tis a very ba-ad case. He should have had medical attention a week ago, but he thought he'd stave ut off.' 'He didn't want to lose any time,' says I. 'I suppose he didn't,' says he, grim like. 'But, Willy,' says he, 'I'll tell ye somethin',—the poor chap's goin' to extend his vacation into eternity if we don't help him.' 'Help him?' says I. 'Yes,' says he; 'there's no other nurse to be had, Willy, that's broad enough across the back for this case but yerself. I want ye to help me save his loife,' says he. '"Twill be a matter av constant, unvaryin' care—a dool with the cleverest and most cruel av swordsmen, Willy, me friend. Old Death asks no quarter and gives

none. We'll go him a fight to the finish. Are ye with me, Willy?' 'Steve,' says I, 'I am,' and I grasps his hand, lookin' straight into his eyes. 'I'm on; 'tis for her—for the girl's sake, Steve.' 'Yes,' says he, turnin' his face away and swallowin' hard, 'tis for—the girl's—sake, Willy; she loves the chap.' Whatever else I have in me mind just then is thunk, not spoke.

"And so the dool's begun. By all the demons av darkness! 'tis a fight! For ten days Steve stays at the bedside av his rival, strugglin', over that poor, weak, moanin' bundle av bone and skin, with Death. I helps all I can, but 'tis little I can do but yelp to Steve for help when the sneakin' old enemy tries to take advantage av his absence. 'Tis a place where fists are av no account at all. God! Whether Steve eats or sleeps I don't know. He's like a madman—a cool, calm, reasonin' maniac. 'We must keep the temperature down, Willy,' says he, 'keep ut down, keep ut *down*.' Never a change takes place that he don't know ut. 'Should this occur, Willy,' says he, 'or should that occur, Willy,' says he, 'while I'm gone, ring me up *quick*.' And then, his own face little less worn and weary lookin' than the patient's, he drags himself away. Dave, ye have no conception av ut!"

Mr. Dolan leaned forward, grasping the lapels of my coat.

"'Tis the wonder av me life that Steve stands ut. Every day wance and some days many times he has to face the girl, and smile and smile and *smile*. He has to say things to her gently and without her suspectin', and 'tis harder and more unpleasant than takin' sawdust from a bucket. But he does ut. 'I've known cases fully as bad as this, Miss Redway,' says he. 'Don't give

up hope. We'll bring him out av ut yet.' 'O, Doctor Cleve,' says she, 'ye're puttin' us all under a va-ast debt of gratitude to ye,' says she; 'such devotion is almost saintly.' 'Fudge!' says he, ''tis only the physician's duty, nothin' more.' And then he rushes away like he's left a batch av bread in the oven. He never looks back to see the girl's face, but I—I see the girl's face, and I'm knowin' somethin' that he don't know and wouldn't believe if he did know.

"On the eleventh day there's a fresh development. Steve crawls up the office stairs, reels through the door and falls in a heap on the floor. 'The crisis is past, Willy,' says he that faint I can just catch the words; 'Wendell—will—get—well!' 'To hell with Wendell!' says I in a burst av emotion. And I carries the la-ad to bed and sends for another doctor.

"'Tis the fever he has—that part av ut that was frustrated from gettin' Wendell, I'm thinkin', and 'tis ra-agin' savage. I'm not sendin' for his folks; he tells me not to do ut. 'Ye can take care av me, Willy,' says he, a little, tired, ragged smile playin' on his lips; 'I'll not make much trouble.' 'So be ut,' says I, tryin' to be cheerful, and buckles down to the job. 'Tis the hardest wan av me life,—not physical, but—otherwise. I can hardly stand ut when the la-ad goes out av his head, which he does frequent. I'm a wrung dishrag in them minutes—wrung ha-ard. 'Mister Wendell,' he mumbles, respectful as though his heart wasn't bleedin' on the chap's account, 'ye're a lucky man in havin' the love av that girl, and I'm not goin' to have ye give her pain by dyin'. Don't ye think for a minute I'm that sort of a fellow, Mr. Wendell.' And he's laughin' a

creepy, rattlin' laugh that's meant to be pleasant, and I'm shiverin' and sweatin' at the sound av ut. And then av a sudden he begins talkin' love to the girl—that tender, Dave, and that earnest it—it chokes me up completely. I don't like to talk av ut—I—I—"

Mr. Dolan, his face working convulsively, hastily arose and absented himself from the room. When he returned he sat silent for a time, apparently studying from my face the effect of his story.

"A queer thing happens wan day," he resumed slowly, rubbing the stubble of his chin, "when Steve's beginnin' to get his strength back a bit. 'Tis a tr-r-remendous queer thing. The girl comes to the door av the room and knocks softly with her white knuckles. 'O, Mister Dolan,—says she when I opens the door, and there she sticks for all the world like a kid speakin' in school for the first time. I tell ye 'tis gra-and to see her! I says nothin' more than a bob av the head and a smile that's meant to be reassurin' and then I takes her by the hand—which is still in a fist as 'twas when she knocked on the door—and leads her to the bedside where Steve is lyin', blinkin' sort av half dead like at a sunbeam that's tryin' to get up a frolic with him. Aw my! the look that comes on his face when he sees her! I could have a ba-ad case av grip and still find genu-ine delight in recollectin' that look. He's totally unsuspectin' and without hope. 'Tis a minute or three before he can realize that he ain't dreamin'. Then he gasps the girl's name and holds up wan av his thin paws to her. And the best she can do is to drop to her knees and press that paw to her red lips time and time again. I goes out av the room then. I says

to meself, 'If ut kills the la-ad, all right; 'twill be a death worth the dyin'.' I'm gone a long time—maybe a quarter av an hour. And then I goes back softly, havin' calmed me spirit by kickin' the ceilin' several times, and finds—"

Mr. Dolan meditatively smacked his lips and drew a long breath.

"And finds them just as I'd left them, only the girl's found her tongue again and is whisperin' somethin' or other that makes Steve's eyes shine with a joy passin' description. That's all, Dave,—all except that they're married seven days come yesterday, and they're honey-

moonin' at the Atla-antic ocean now.—God bless them!"

"But, Willy,—"

"Yes?"—a shade of annoyance in the tone.

"I wish you'd tell me—"

"What?"—almost fiercely.

"Whether or not you—"

"I knew ye'd ask ut," he growled.

"'Tis none av yer business, but I knew ye'd ask ut. What if I did do ut? I—I—but hush!"—he cocked his head to one side and an expression of relief appeared upon his countenance—"I'm thinkin' I hear a bald head and a little bunch av pink whiskers walkin' up the stairs!"

When the Fire Dies Low

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

When the pine logs on the ingle
Bourgeon into brilliant bloom,
Then my dream-companions mingle
Merrily within my room;
But these radiant fancies fly me,
Fade into the fading glow;—
Ah, I would, love, you were by me
When the fire dies low!

When the day is comrade-crowded
Joyance seems an easy part,
But when earth is shadow-shrouded
Loneliness invades my heart;
Then one boon would I command, love,
If the fates would but bestow;—
Ah, I long to clasp your hand, love,
When the fire dies low!

Many are the sounds of rapture
Mellow music sets afloat
For the eager ear to capture,—
Golden note on golden note.
Had I of them all my choice, love,
What I'd choose how well I know!—
Ah, I long to hear your voice, love,
When the fire dies low!

Cuba and to-day reciprocity. A man who has been thus a furious storm centre must obtain and retain our admiration for his mere fighting spirit and intellectual dominance. He has kept Massachusetts hot with partisan rage ever since he entered the United States Senate, and his thoughts and actions are to-day among the chief political concerns of every public man and newspaper in the State. It is no wonder that in the midst of the tempest which is now raging with reference to reciprocity in the abstract and reciprocity with Canada in the concrete—it is no wonder that men are asking or demanding "What good is Henry Cabot Lodge to Massachusetts anyhow?"

It is not an impertinent question. On the contrary it is exactly pertinent and reasonable. Yet it is a question most difficult to answer fairly. It is easy enough to slang-whang, as is the custom of many gentlemen to whom capricious fortune has by some incomprehensible mystery opened the door to editorial sanctums, and declare that Mr. Lodge is false to Massachusetts, that he is a "bulldozer" and a mere politician and has always looked out solely for his own interests. The trouble with such vitriolic philippics is that while they amuse all and please some they do not convince or convert any, and they bear to all thinking men the plain evidences of untruth and sophistry. One need not eulogize Senator Lodge to assert that. One who wishes to state actual conditions cannot answer so quickly and so off-hand. And before I proceed to answer it in my way I think it best to examine the man's characteristics and work in general.

What are the elements of Mr.

Lodge's prominence? Why is he so vehemently denounced and so thoroughly hated? Let us not deal with the superficial but with fundamentals. Frankly let it be said that Mr. Lodge is a type of public man opposed to the traditional ideals and idols of a large element in Massachusetts. What are these traditional ideals which his success menaces?

Massachusetts has enthroned and to-day worships several idols. One is Education, another is Ancestry, another is Moderate Wealth, another is High Social Position. No one will contest these assertions. The public man who would seek to win popular approval must have some one of these properties. Yet Senator Lodge has them all—and he is the best hated man in the state! What one thing is it that he lacks? It is not a lack; it is a possession. This: he is a Jingo. There, the secret is out, if it be a secret. A large percentage of the people of Massachusetts balk at Senator Lodge first of all because he is a Jingo—because he does not belong to the pale pink people who frown on war and deprecate a fuss. They believe that in being a Jingo, Senator Lodge is rude, coarse and non-representative of Massachusetts. They sigh for the cultured, gentle, mild and ascetic type of statesman. These protestants oppose Senator Lodge because he is always flaunting the flag, and they especially ground their teeth when in 1898, the doctrines which Mr. Lodge had in season and out of season preached regarding Cuba found their way into national legislation that showed the Don the way back to Spain at the mouth of the American cannon.

The main charge against Mr. Lodge in taking this attitude is that it does not represent Massachusetts

and is contrary to Massachusetts traditions. That charge Mr. Lodge and his friends vehemently contest. It is a point worth examining; for any study of the subject will show that neither war nor peace, neither excessive patriotism nor excessive timidity, has dominated greatly at any period of our history. The colonists who settled Massachusetts Bay certainly did not come for war; but they had within them all the fierceness of opinion and loyalty to principle which makes a man ready and glad to fight for them. And it did not take long for that fighting spirit to manifest itself. It sent within the first century of settlement raw farmers and fishermen twice to Acadia and once to Quebec in numbers which are astonishing to all students of history. And the pluck and persistence and downright good fighting ability of these undisciplined soldiers and seamen were so pronounced as to win hard-wrung but warm tributes from the enemy. Make no mistake. The race and people that settled Massachusetts and New England were a fighting race, men with red blood in their veins. Their descendants of to-day who feel that fighting spirit within them need only be proud of it. Massachusetts has no cause to regret as poignantly as did Pennsylvania at the beginning of the French and Indian war that she had refused to vote money and men to fight the red devils on her frontier. The attempt to picture Massachusetts as historically an ultra-pacific, peace-at-any-price and timid folk, because we have here the headquarters of a number of peace and allied societies (many of them doing splendid work along proper lines) is a grievous blunder and the outside world needs to know it.

Let me express this creed which I have been trying to propound in these eloquent words culled from a public address delivered in Boston by a man whom I hardly need to name:

"One hears it often said by persons who are prone to mistake for thought the repetition of aged aphorisms, that some people intend to have peace even if they fight for it. They imagine that they are giving utterance to a biting and conclusive sarcasm, when in reality they are stating a profound and simple truth. All the peace the world has ever had has been obtained by fighting, and all the peace that any nation, which is neither subject nor trivial, can ever have, is by readiness to fight if attacked. Weakness, fear, and defencelessness mean war and dishonor. Readiness, preparation, and courage mean honor and peace. Where we were unprepared in 1812 we suffered; where we were prepared we prospered and vindicated our national existence.

"The distinguished president of a great university has recently warned his students against the tendency 'to magnify the savage virtues.' It is well recognized that certain virtues can be carried to a point where they cease to be such, but it is not quite clear how a genuine virtue of any kind can be too much magnified. The virtues termed 'savage' I take to be the early and primary ones of courage, indifference to danger, and loyalty to the tribes or clans which, in the processes of time, became nations and countries. These primary or 'savage' virtues made states and nations possible, and in their very nature are the foundations out of which other virtues have arisen. If they decay, the whole fabric they support will totter and fall.

"The gentler virtues, as well as the refinements and graces of civilization, rest upon these simpler qualities, and the highest achievements of the race in the arts of peace have come from the strong, bold nations of the earth. Art, literature, philosophy, invention, in Greece and Rome, in Venice and Holland, all reached their zenith when those countries were at the height of their military and political power, and sank as that power decayed. The discoveries, the education, the freedom, the material development, the vast growth of all which is required to raise and to better the conditions of mankind, have been most conspicuous and have made the largest progress among those nations which were strongest, most daring, and readiest to defend their rights. Material success with all that it implies is a great achievement, but it is as nothing to the courage and faith which make men ready to sacrifice all, even their lives, for an ideal or for a sentiment. The men who fell upon the decks of the Constitution, or who died at Gettysburg and Shiloh, represent the highest and noblest spirit of which a race is capable. Without that spirit of patriotism, courage, and self-sacrifice no nation can long exist, and the greatest material success in the hands of the cringing and timid will quickly turn to dust and ashes."

As is suggested in that address, it is not just to assume, as many do, that the ultra-peace sentiment and the possession of culture are identical or interchangeable. It is not true, to put it in another form, that all the intelligent and refined people of Massachusetts are anti-imperialists. Yet that assumption is made over and over again, ignoring ancestry, history and all social tendencies.

We are more or less a kid-gloved constituency, but the love for contest and the passion for patriotism—for militant patriotism, for jingoism, if you please—is by no means absent from us, nor do I believe that it is growing less. Just why this false notion of the identity of Massachusetts culture and Massachusetts peace-worship has been spread abroad and allowed to go almost wholly unchallenged is an interesting topic quite apart from the scope of this paper. But it is plain that the main reason for this antipathy to Senator Lodge rises in the revulsion felt by the ultra-peace and timid element to a red blood man. Senator Lodge is opposed because he represents one element in Massachusetts and they represent another. These are bed rock facts. They cannot be ignored by those who wish to study the famous case so often brought up in the courts of our leading newspapers: The Commonwealth of Massachusetts versus Henry Cabot Lodge.

The present campaign in which Senator Lodge is a central if not the central figure has in it some of the same principles as those just defined. It is one of most peculiar interest and distinctive qualities. It is a campaign purely and on its face for the election of state officers. No person elected this year will have any voice whatever in national affairs. Not even will the legislature elected this year have a chance to vote for a United States senator. Yet on what is the campaign waged? A campaign is always fought on lines laid down by the opposition. It is they who make the issues. Consequently, in spite of the fact that only state officers are to be elected in Massachusetts this year, the issues are national. An outside

critic would smile grimly at this phase of affairs and exclaim with a chuckle, "How like Massachusetts! Imagining herself the whole United States!" And there is zest in the jest. Without entering into a discussion of reciprocity or tariff revision, it is evident that the present crusade is a sectional one. It is one based wholly on the alleged needs of this state and is in plain disregard of the aspect which the issue may wear in other states. Not only that, but the campaign for reciprocity and revision is based on the theory that this commonwealth alone can secure these boons if its senators and representatives in Congress will work for them. Thus it assumes that by paying no attention to the peculiar demands of other states and indeed by ignoring them, and at the same time by asserting its own wishes, Massachusetts can at once secure the legislation it desires—about as absurd and impracticable a legislative proposition as was ever presented, one which could not carry through a measure of even most patent justice and urgent necessity. Massachusetts may or may not want reciprocity with Canada. Certainly every Canadian authority ascertainable declares that Canada does not want the kind of reciprocity which reciprocity leaders in Massachusetts want; and practically all the other sections of the country interested at all in the question declare that they do not want that kind of reciprocity. With such conditions and such tactics, it is quite impossible for a sane observer to see how Massachusetts will be able to get what revisionist leaders here declare she must have. Now the bearing this has upon the case of Senator Lodge is obvious. He declares that he too favors reciprocity and revision.

Whether he really believes in them or has been compelled by force of public sentiment to affect a thing he has not (as many better men than he have done) is beside the point. To-day he declares for revision and reciprocity. But the means he would adopt to get them are radically different from those of the reciprocity propagandists. They are not only radically different but they are characteristically and significantly different. And in that difference we can read the whole of this man's nature and those men's natures. It is as wide as a church door. Senator Lodge believes that Massachusetts is one of the United States and only one, and he knows that Massachusetts can get nothing from Congress except as the rights and interests of the other states are recognized and considered.

His antagonists would go blindly ahead and by making a lot of noise coerce the other forty-four states into giving what Massachusetts wants. In other words Senator Lodge's view is national, broad and opportunistic; the other is provincial, parochial and puny. That national view of Senator Lodge's is what marks him apart from many of the men Massachusetts has sent to Washington in the past—men who were and are loudly lauded in Massachusetts for their independence, strength and character, and yet have absolutely made no impression on legislation or other national affairs. The bon mot which Senator Hoar made on General Butler—that his fame was "purely national"—may be reversed a hundred times regarding the men of Massachusetts in Washington past and present. Senator Lodge is not that style of man. Undoubtedly it would be easier sailing for him if

he were, but he cannot accept that conception of a statesman. And because he isn't and because he emphasizes the nation above the state he is made the object of fierce attack from the reciprocitarians.

That brings me directly to the charge that he is disloyal to his state—a charge made again and again by his opponents and to which he has responded with more feeling than he has shown on any other subject. Why indeed should he be disloyal to Massachusetts? Is it ambition that leads him to betray her? Ambition for what? He certainly is not venal or anxious for wealth. Is there any office in this nation higher than the one he now holds? Yes; one and only one—the presidency. Yet he and every one else knows that Massachusetts will never secure the Republican presidential nomination and his ambition for that office would be vain. No, Senator Lodge, I believe, has but one ambition: To continue to sit in the seat of Charles Sumner and Daniel Webster, and the best tactics for him to adopt to win that seat again and again is to serve his state. Being a rational, sensible and canny man I credit him with no other desire than to serve his state. And that he has chosen to stand up in state convention and remind Massachusetts that she is but one of forty-five states and can do nothing alone, I do not credit to insolence or disloyalty, but to something akin to genuine independence and courage, the counterfeits of which are so frequently and lovingly lauded by strabismic editors here.

Now follows the inevitable question: What value has Senator Lodge been to Massachusetts? It is a serious task to estimate the value of any man to his state. Who can trace

the subtle influences which produce action? Who can follow through all their mazes and tangles the acts and purposes of any one man to the thing accomplished? No more can this be done than can any man marshal the innumerable hosts that wander in the dark under the whole surface of human society. How many elements and forces are there in any public resolution or law? The notion that this or that man is the autocrat of Congress or even of a committee of Congress is absurd. Legislation is the result of myriads of forces, some of them patent and indisputable but most of them intangible and peculiar. Senator Lodge is only one of the ninety senators.

But what has he accomplished for Massachusetts? Has he done anything at Washington for the state? Take merely the superficial, blunt facts. It would require all the space of this article merely to catalogue the items in appropriation bills for the benefit of Massachusetts in which he has been a determining and influential factor. The force he has exerted in Senate committees in favor of Massachusetts measures and men is large. And when one comes to the administrative questions, of which there are a multitude in the care of a Massachusetts senator, his assistance and active intervention has often been of incalculable benefit, as many of the leading manufacturing and commercial concerns of Boston can testify. It has been impossible for his opponents to specify one important instance of this sort in which he has failed to represent his people with promptness, diligence and zeal.

And in the case of the only reciprocity treaties where he had a chance to assist Massachusetts, he

was loyal to the state and helped defeat the treaties he believed would injure some of the state's industries. In this I feel he was parochial and provincial, but he stood by the state. These are the tangible, direct benefits his official life at Washington has brought to Massachusetts.

Finally I am asked: Is Senator Lodge a statesman? It is too early to pronounce final judgment. A national career of only twenty years is not enough to estimate a man. Sir Robert Peel was twenty-five years in public life before he was hurriedly summoned from Rome to form his first cabinet. He had had nothing before that but political failures and it was his destiny after that to be the frail block which the great reform agitation was to sweep from its path. And his public career closed with his bitter defeat followed a few years later by his tragic death. From the standpoint of political success Peel was a dismal failure as a statesman. Yet on the currency and in administration he left his mark upon the country as one of the great constructive statesmen of the century. Palmerston entered public life two years before Peel, yet was content to remain as under-secretary and in the minor positions for twenty years. All that time Palmerston was a "promising man," but renowned more for his fashionable attire than anything else. Had he died, therefore, in 1830 he would never have been called a statesman. As it was, the succeeding years of his life showed him the only great foreign secretary England has had since Chatham. John Randolph, on the other hand, was elected to congress at the age of twenty-six and seemed destined to be one of the Virginia presidents if not the greatest of Virginia's presidents. Yet his

fame suffered an eclipse and he never made an impression upon the life of the nation. It is too early to assign Senator Lodge his proper rank as a statesman. As a thinker, historian and orator we already rank him high. His Phi Beta Kappa address on True Americanism was one of the most brilliant and inspiring ever delivered at Harvard, and his eulogy of Roger Wolcott was one of the purest gems of tender and sympathetic eloquence adorned with rich and true refinement and culture known to English prose. But as a statesman he has been content thus far to follow rather than to lead. He has been identified thus far with some issues that failed.

The force bill was one. International bi-metallism was another. Immigration restriction was a third. But he has also been identified with winning causes. His support of President Cleveland's Venezuela policy was immediate and hearty, while some of the President's own party doubted and held back. That was the red blood, the "jingo" in him. The same is true of the policy of intervention in Cuba which he urged on every occasion. Many of us had forgotten that his speech before the Republican state convention of 1896 was largely devoted to the Cuban cause which so gloriously won two years later. It was his endorsement of the gold standard plank in the platform in 1896 which made its passage sure. His activity in support of the McKinley and Roosevelt Philippine policies has been prominent and efficient and has contributed to his unpopularity with his antagonists at home. He is not popular but is respected in the United States Senate and is steadily growing in power and influence. A western leader told me last year:

"That man Lodge of yours is a pretty good man. At first I set him down as one of those Boston dudes we often see in Congress, but now I think there's a good deal in him." In the usual day's work of a senator Mr. Lodge has been faithful and industrious. As a committee worker he has been efficient and as a counsellor he has been sought—this altogether independent of his close relations with and representation of the President in the Senate. As a speaker he is at his best in written and memorized addresses which are practically impregnable in their logic and strength and crystalline in their clearness. His *ex-tempore* speeches, on the other hand, are mediocre and singularly vulnerable. His name has not yet been identified with any great measures as author but no man has risen more rapidly into a position of strength on the Republican side of the Senate in two terms than has he. He is not one of the first five senators, but he is clearly one of the first ten.

This article was not written to eulogize Senator Lodge with whom I have scarcely an acquaintance but rather to state his true position as I see it. There is enough in the man's attitude of mind to invite criticism in addition to his public

acts. He has sometimes lost friends by his brusque personal manner and this coldness has been regarded by many as a sort of contempt. He has sometimes pressed his power too harshly and has come to be the boss of Massachusetts politics—a position which has more perils than any amount of antagonism to reciprocity or hard criticism of anti-imperialists. Like his chum, the President, he has not always been happiest in his associates and adulators and some of these have helped to some of his unpopularity. He has been charged by members of his own party with tricks in politics during his early years, and I am not sure that those charges are not true. In other words he has been a crafty politician. But the main item in the indictment against him is temperamental and fundamental: He is not the sort of man one strong element in Massachusetts admires. All his other faults would be forgotten if he were only otherwise by nature.

This is Senator Lodge to-day—a keen, strong, red-blooded and aggressive man, a worthy representative of Massachusetts and a leader in the American Senate whose influence is likely to grow into dominance and statesmanship.

Compensation

By McLANDBURGH WILSON

Ah turkey, sigh not for revenge
Nor count your life as wasted;
Though in the oven, it is true,
You doubtless will be basted.

For to the gridiron man too comes,
Where he the football pitches,
And broils, and when the game is o'er
They'll sew him up with stitches.

Harvard University

Some Account of Its Makers, Its Library and Other Buildings and Its Club Life

By MARY R. P. HATCH

PAUCITY of material does not present a stumbling block to the writer on Harvard. "Quite otherwise," as Sherlock Holmes would say. It is the matter of selection of what *not* to say that is the difficulty. Ever since the year 1636 when Harvard College was founded and the General Court of Massachusetts passed a vote "to give Four Hundred Pounds toward a school or college," to the present year when the University students number fifty-two hundred and six plus, it has been making history either directly for itself, or through its graduates for the whole world.

Harvard University is made up of sixteen departments including a large number of museums, laboratories and other establishments. The total area is a little more than five hundred acres, the quick capital of the University, July 31, 1902, was \$14,114,541. Five million dollars represents the value of the land and buildings.

Lowell, in his oration on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the college, said that the past of Harvard was "well nigh desolate of æsthetic stimulus"; that it had none, or "next to none of these 'coigns of vantage' (meaning the architectural beauties of Oxford and Cambridge) for the tendrils of memory or affection. Not one of our older buildings is venerable or

will ever become so. Time refuses to console them. They look as if they meant business and nothing more."


These remarks might be applied moreover, and not unjustly, to many of the newer buildings, notably the Harvard Union, which rather accentuates the declaration by its almost ostentatious plainness. However, Memorial Hall, at least, considered interiorly, Austin Hall (the Law School), Appleton Chapel, Fogg Museum, Harvard Hall, and a few other buildings, furnish a grateful break in the uniformity of architectural simplicity. Individuality marks the fences and gates surrounding the yard, while the harmony is perfect. Although these constitute one of the newer features of the college, they yet set apart the yard and cause it to be pervaded by a scholastic atmosphere, charmingly urban and redolent of reminiscences. Here in University Hall were entertained Presidents Monroe, Jackson, Van Buren, as well as Lafayette. Here in Massachusetts Hall were quartered the Continental soldiers who came here to barrack after the battle of Lexington. This hall had been in use by the college only since 1770 and the soldiers damaged it considerably. With Harvard and Stoughton Hall it made a small triangle, and behind Stoughton there was an old field, crossed by a brook. Cambridge lay chiefly "between the

college and the river," and Boston was a small, though thriving town. There was no bridge between them and when Cambridge folk went to Boston they had to go by "Roxbury Neck" or by Charlestown Ferry. This ferry was a source of considerable income to the college.

The elm under which Washington stood when he took command of the American army is still standing near the Common, an eloquent and not wholly mute memorial of the strife for freedom which surged around the old town of Cambridge. Quincy, Otis, and the two Adamses, President Langdon and Treasurer Hancock were all Harvard men, and with the ending of the war there was but little change to be made in the charter.

Under the first president, Henry Dunster, 1642, the first class graduated numbered nine; when Massachusetts Hall was finished in 1720, a class of thirty-seven was graduated and there was little increase for many years. In 1774, according to

the Boston Post and Newsletter, a vote was taken by the "Corporation of Harvard College" that "considering the present dark aspect of our public affairs there be no public Commencement this year." In the same year the College and a part of the library were transferred to Andover and thence to Concord. Mr. George Tolman, the distinguished antiquarian of Concord, replying to a letter addressed to him for information regarding college remains in Concord, writes, "I know of no building now standing in Concord that can be identified with the college. The cellar hole of the old dormitory on College Road (visible twenty years ago) is now filled up, the Dr. Lee house where some of the professors lived and the Meeting House, where some of the lectures and recitations were held, were both burned some years ago, and there is not even a tradition telling where students and teachers were sheltered." Mr. Tolman alludes funnily to Artemus Ward's assertion, made

1. fter God had carried us safe to *New-England*, and wee had builded our houses, provided necessities for our liveli-hood, rear'd convenient places for Gods worship, and setled the Civill Government: One of the next things we longed for, and looked after was to advance *Learning* and perpetuate it to Posterity; dreading to leave an illiterate Ministry to the Churches, when our present Ministers shall lie in the Dust. And as wee were thinking and consulting how to effect this great Work; it pleased God to stir up the heart of one Mr. *Harvard* (a godly Gentleman and a lover of Learning, there living amongst us) to give the one halfe of his Estate (it being in all about 1700. l.) towards the erecting of a Colledge, and all his Library: after him another gave 300. l. others after them cast in more, and the publike hand of the State added the rest: the Colledge was, by common consent, appointed to be at *Cambridge*, (a place very pleasant and accommodat) and is called (according to the name of the first founder) *Harvard Colledge*.

FACSIMILE FROM "NEW ENGLAND'S FIRST FRUITS"
TELLING OF THE ESTABLISHMENT OF HARVARD COLLEGE

Matters in Alaska

By A. G. KINGSBURY

Nome, Alaska, Oct. 10, 1905.

LIKE all new places, and mining camps especially, Nome was sure to have its "baptism of fire" and it came on the 13th inst. The fire swept away about sixty buildings occupied as business houses, saloons, lodging houses, etc., with their contents. The loss is set at \$300,000. Only the most primitive facilities for fire fighting were at hand, and the disaster was complete. The bursting of a gasolene lamp started the trouble and as each building had its gasolene equipment the path of the conflagration was wide open, each explosion spreading the havoc. No lives were lost, but a large part of the stock of goods depended on for next winter's supply was destroyed. There was no insurance, as rates were prohibitive. The merchants are, however, full of courage, and plans for rebuilding are already under way. The crude, cheap, rambling structures that have served their day will be replaced by something more substantial, and an orderly and convenient arrangement of streets will also result. Orders have gone on to Seattle and San Francisco for fresh stocks of goods, and for the remainder of the open season the steamers for Nome will have all the freight they can handle. It is expected that enough will reach here before the ice sets in to prevent any serious suffering during the winter. The fire is a disaster, but it was sure to come, and better now than later.

A side-light on the eagerness of

Seattle people to entertain an Alaska territorial convention this fall, and to arrange an Alaskan exposition there in 1907 to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of the acquisition of the country by the United States, is given by the troubles over transportation rates from Nome to Seattle. As I have already written, the steamship people have imposed increased rates, especially on gold, and San Francisco business men are hustling to divert Nome business to that point. Strong steamer lines at fair rates are promised for next season, and Seattle must do something to win the interest and patronage of the Nome people, whom they have offended. Hence the interest in assisting in Nome territorial aspirations and the exposition.

There has just developed a curious juggle in the salmon canning market. The season opened with one dollar per case as the fixed price, but when it was more than half over the price was cut to eighty-five cents, the cut to be retroactive on all this season's orders. There was a large stock of last season's goods on the market, some having cost the jobbers \$1.30 a case. The slump in price forced the sale of this line of goods at a loss, and the market is bare of all but fresh goods. The middle-men are held responsible for the cut in price, and the canning factories declare that the cut has cost them all of this year's profits. The intimation that the price is soon to go back to one dollar will not help them for they have

sold about all their goods at cut rates. This season's salmon pack is estimated at over four million cases, an increase of over a million cases from last year.

Word comes in from the headwaters of the Tanana and White rivers of what is alleged to be the world's greatest copper district, out-weighting in real interest and value the placer revelations of Nome and the Klondike. Parties in interest profess to believe that the ore can be shipped by rail two hundred and thirty miles to Valdez and smelted at a cost of five or six cents per pound, or half the present cost of production in the Lake Superior region. Development work is in progress, and the promoters expect within two years to take out two or three thousand tons of ore a day, carrying from ten to thirty per cent. of metal. The work is in strong hands, the New York Havemeyers being credited as backers of Henry Bratnober, the local manager. The prospect is so encouraging that other strong interests are pushing the Northwestern and Copper River railroad into the district and promise its completion within three years.

Alaska gold miners are a persistent class of men, and each season sees some new scheme of work adapted to the peculiar conditions prevailing near and under the Arctic circle. Until last winter it was supposed that the short summer season was all the work-time possible in the placer diggings, but some venturesome spirits undertook winter mining, some of the results of which I have already reported. It was found that the absence of excessive water in winter work was quite an advantage, summer pumping costing quite as much as winter thawing.

The roofs of the drifts freeze so that there is no caving in of barren material, and the output is therefore much richer. Next winter will see a very considerable increase of this new system of work, and the million dollars cleaned up last winter promises to be largely increased.

A startling announcement comes to me from the Anacortes mine, at Canyon Creek, some fifty miles from Twisp, in southern Alaska. It is that a "stringer" has been opened which yields thousands of dollars in gold to the ton of ore. The rock is so infiltrated with wire and ribbon gold that when the quartz is broken with a hammer the threads of gold hold the mass together. The work at this point has thus far been only for development, but the superintendent claims to have sacked over \$50,000 of this ore this season. Like many another good mine, this was discovered by accident. Work on a tunnel into the mountain was in progress, and a blacksmith shop was wanted. A site was selected away from the supposed vein, but in clearing a spot for the shop a small blast opened the treasure which has been sought for the last five years. A new tunnel was opened and has followed the vein some sixty feet, the ore growing richer at every advance. Canyon Creek is in the Slate Creek district, and another season is expected to show a wonderful development. Aside from the money value of the "strike" it is of interest to scientists, as the wire and ribbon gold is an unusual formation and will be greatly desired for cabinets and collections.

The development of Alaska has given Seattle a generous commercial boom, and the consular reports show that the Washington port is

already far ahead of San Francisco in shipments here. For the year ending June 30, 1904, Seattle sent us \$6,736,383 in value, while in the year 1904-5 the amount grew to \$9,210,397. For the same periods San Francisco's shipments were \$3,000,000, and \$1,871,318. Seattle thus increased her business over 30 per cent., while San Francisco fell off 40 per cent. The same change is noted in general shipments from Puget Sound ports as compared with San Francisco. For the seven months ending July, 1904, San Francisco led by over \$2,000,000 but in the corresponding period this year Puget Sound shipped \$31,386,705, while San Francisco handled only \$26,994,872. These figures emphasize the fact that the northern ports are in time to become the great commercial centres of the future on the Pacific coast.

Besides inaugurating a celebration of the fortieth anniversary of the acquisition of Alaska by the United States, and offering hospitality to Alaskan delegates to a convention to be held this season to consult upon a territorial organization and statehood, the people of Seattle, Washington, are recognizing Alaskan interests by naming a recently erected school building the William H. Seward school, in honor of President Lincoln's Secretary of State, who negotiated the Alaskan purchase from Russia.

Inasmuch as Alaska is a gold country everything pertaining to the precious metal is of interest here, and worth mentioning in connection with matters here. I therefore feel at liberty to record the fact that a metallurgist at Los Angeles, California, has succeeded in hardening and tempering pure gold, giving it all the distinctive qualities of

steel. His name is E. F. Vaughn, and he expects to produce cutting implements, needles, etc., commercially, at once. He has spent years in experiment, and seems to have re-discovered one of the secrets of the ancient world. In surgical work and in the arts, where corrosion of steel is a material defect, his gold implements will be appreciated, but it is hardly possible that they will supersede the baser metal for current industrial work.

The federal Department of Agriculture is taking moderate interest in the investigation of Alaskan possibilities in agriculture, and its report for 1904 is full of interest if not of encouragement. The season of 1903-4 was unpropitious, and except in favored locations the experiments with vegetables were not satisfactory. Quick-growing peas, lettuce, radishes, etc., did well in the southerly section and on the islands as far west as Unalaska. Quite complete observations were carried on relative to forage plants, grasses, etc., but the season was not favorable for hay-making. The conclusion is that the silo must be the main dependence of the dairy and meat interests. As all stock here must be fed for half the year, the silo, for economy of space and in other practical ways seems best adapted to the needs of the country. Several abundant native grasses make excellent silage and its use promises to become general. Cattle do fairly well here if carefully tended and when, in some cases a quart of milk a day brings in ten dollars a month dairying has attractions. Sheep-raising has many drawbacks, several test herds having been almost entirely destroyed by foot-rot. Angora goats however seem to be able to hold their own.

Henry Irving Dead

HENRY IRVING is dead. To the thousands who have witnessed his dramatic impersonations and to the many other thousands who have only known him through his reputation, the announcement came with a shock of personal grief. He was much larger than the stage on which his life-work was spent, and his influence for the elevation of the drama, and the production of a higher type of dramatic criticism have made a mark upon the human mind that will not soon be effaced.

He was born in England, in 1838, his name being John Henry Brodribb, the change to Henry Irving being the not uncommon one for professional reasons. His school-life was brief, as he was messenger boy in a commercial house at the age of fourteen. He was advanced in time to a clerk's desk, but his tastes and ambition were in another direction. As a school-boy he attracted local attention in recitations and declamation, and while a clerk his leisure time was spent about the play-houses and in studying elocution, his taste leaning toward poetry and romance. His early purpose was for a stage career, but he was quite aware of the difficulties before him, and recognized his need of training and culture. He read and studied, combining with his books a thoughtful and discriminating criticism of such stage work as came under his notice. His first dramatic effort was in 1856, as the Duc d'Orleans in Bulwer's "Richelieu," and it was a failure. He narrowly escaped instant dismissal, and was

the butt of the older members of the company. He had the satisfaction, at a later day, of giving some of those critics minor places under his own management. For three years he clung to his ideal but with disheartening results, for he could not "get on." In 1859 he got an engagement at the Princess Theatre, London, where he scored another failure and was forced to undertake dramatic readings to maintain himself. The London pace was too much for him and he took refuge in the provincial circuits and kept up his struggle for five years.

But he conquered. At the Theatre Royal, Manchester, in May, 1864, he essayed "Hamlet" as a benefit part, and this was his first substantial success. His talent had critical recognition and thereafter he was cast for leading parts wherever he was engaged. He got another London engagement, but made only moderate progress, "Macaire," "Bill Sykes," "Joseph Surface" and "Dorincourt" being his principal impersonations. His fame dates from 1870, when he made a hit with his creation of the part of "Digby Grant" in Albery's "Two Roses." His work was the talk of the town, and the part was repeated three hundred nights—an almost unprecedented run for that period. Next year he became leading man at The Lyceum, and thereafter grew into his place as the most noble actor of his time. For a score of years he remained at The Lyceum and "in his time played many parts" in plays which include almost all the "standards." He came to this coun-

His creative faculties, his ripened experiences, his marvellous mental activity, his delicate imaginative temperament, his exquisite sense of the values of color and tone, his intense loyalty to his ideals, his passionate nature, his keen perception of right and wrong, his most praiseworthy ambition, his all-consuming, self-effacing art were constantly in evidence. In 'Dante,' Mr. Irving was Dante, as we know it in the portrait by Giotto in the Bargello, the vision of the famous death mask; and with his eagle nose, his firm jaw, his salient under lip, his stooping shoulders, he well embodied the description of Boccacio. He was simple, religious, intense, a noble, long suffering, finally triumphant personality, a distinct character addition to the stage. Such was the last, newest character Irving presented to Boston, though he will be best remembered in many others according to the different views of different admirers."

Julia Arthur, now Mrs. B. P. Cheney of Boston, who supported Irving in some of his most important work, says of him: "Few persons knew Sir Henry intimately. He was a singularly reticent and timid man. No one could know much of the working and feelings of his great brain. He was what you would call a most lonely man, and yet one of the gentlest and kindest natures that ever lived. Hundreds owe their happiness to his generosity. He had an enormous pension list; no one will ever know how many veteran actors he carried on it. He was known never to refuse an old actor who was in straightened circumstances. No one will ever know what a lovable, delicate nature his was. His only

weapon was his sarcasm, which was of the most intense sort and was perfectly delightful. It was not the biting sarcasm that hurts any one, though he could have used it that way many a time had he wished. But his sarcasm was always of the quietly humorous sort. He was intensely human and I don't believe he ever hurt any one."

Prof. David Lee Maulsby of the dramatic division of the English department of Tufts College said: "In the death of Sir Henry Irving the stage of the English-speaking world suffers a momentous loss. He set an entirely new standard of stage management. Booth used to hold that scenery and costuming were unnecessary to a perfect dramatic production. Irving first showed the American audience the possibilities of complete stage presentation by the lavish use of all the arts that support the drama. The American theatre owes a profound debt of gratitude for the standard character of his plays and the entirely adequate methods of their presentation."

The Rev. Dr. Edward A. Horton, a personal friend of Irving, said: "I remember his comment on Jefferson, made to me. 'Jefferson,' he said, 'is the sanest, wisest member of our profession.' This remark disclosed Irving's clear sense and wide observation. He was a rare combination of talent and tact, energy and control, inspiration and detail. I know that he loved America. I am sure he was free from small jealousies. I saw abundant proof that he ever entertained a conscientious spirit about his art, even unto the smaller matters."

New England Women

By E. MARGUERITE LINDLEY

NEW ENGLAND women have never held a leading place in the history of our country. From the landing of the Pilgrims to the present day, this has been acknowledged by all. It is said that the term, "better half," originated on board the Mayflower. Whether or not this is true, in those days the wife proved herself to be fully the equal of her husband. She shared with him the hardships and privations of life in bleak New England and she in equal measure created and endowed the home. Even though the men of the Mayflower drew up the compact that has proved a *magna charta* of American liberty second to nothing, in our country's history, the women endorsed the articles as a complement to the Christian religion which they came hither to enjoy. They reared their children to respect, obey and believe them, and the echo of those articles will be heard to all future time whenever Pilgrim or Mayflower is mentioned.

The phrase, "created a home," means a world of achievement. The powers of the New England homemaker in Colonial days were taxed more sorely than were those of any other location. This was due to geographical environment.

All early immigrants shared hardships and privations, faced dangers from Indians and piratical neighbors, and took upon themselves the labor of clearing forests and tilling the soil and the responsibility of forming a nation, but none

were forced to endure the severity of climate that confronted the New Englanders in winter. With dauntless courage they remained where they first planted their banner, even though southern climes offered freedom from the terrors of frigid winters.

The severity of climate brought the imperative need of comfortable clothing and the capabilities of the home-maker were developed in meeting this need. With hand wool-cards, spinning wheel and loom she manipulated crude wool, flax and cotton, weaving fabrics which she fashioned into bedding and garments for wearing apparel. Her kitchen in winter and her attic in summer were the grandest factories our republic has ever known. How substantially she spun and wove is proved by the fact that bed covers, blankets, and even table and bed linen of that early labor exist to this day in many of our homes and are held as priceless heirlooms and a "sampler," wrought by an ancestor of that day, is framed and kept as our most valued "coat-of-arms."

How substantially the homemaker really spun and wove she never knew. The work of her hand and heart broadened out into village enterprise and finally into the vast factories that constitute so great a feature of the wealth of our nation. Vastly more than this was done. In those kitchen enterprises while hand was busy with spinning wheel and loom and "foot with cradle," as history goes, the mind of the New Eng-

land home-maker was ably engaged in the education of her children. Morality and mentality were the real home industries of that day. Many of our ablest ancestors had no early education, except what was gained at their mother's knee. They were doubtless far in their teens or twenties before they saw the inside of a school room, if ever this was their privilege. But their "three R's" were well taught them in those days. Like the growth of industries from home enterprises to factories, so education grew from family lessons to neighborhood classes, then on through the "old red schoolhouse" and the academy to the educational facilities of the present day where, under the impetus gained from that early struggle for education, the march of improvement still goes on.

Whether woman is man's equal now or not, it is not my purpose to discuss in this article; she was his equal then. While the man faced perils and hardships in out-of-door life, she dominated the home; and, in creating the fabrics wherewith to clothe the family, she also wrought those imperishable axioms which tended to establish and sustain the statesmanship of our nation. Her work holds good and will ever hold good. The much hackneyed joke, "the pies mother made," has a deep rooted sentiment of more than dietetic value; the mother's influence shaped the child's life and to it does his mind ever revert in after years. She taught him self control, developed his moral courage, and established in him honesty of purpose, integrity of thought, and a respect and desire for education and Christian religion.

Wherever a New Englander resides, prosperity prevails. Educa-

tion is never at a discount. In antebellum days nearly all of the editors of the South were New Englanders. It is well known that New Englanders settled, to a great extent, northwestern Pennsylvania and Ohio, and also the remotest West, founding business enterprises; and everywhere they are considered the ablest citizens. Where the West would have been to-day, had it not been for the "New England school marm," is a conundrum we do not need to answer, since she is there, has always been there, and will always stay there.

For the past half century New Englanders have been organizing themselves into societies in different parts of the country where their lots have been cast. In New York, Brooklyn, St. Louis and Scranton, Pennsylvania, there are large and enthusiastic societies of men. In Cleveland and Detroit there are societies of both men and women.

In Philadelphia there is a fine society of about three hundred women.

In New York City New England women have organized one of national import. It is called the National Society of New England Women. It numbers about eight hundred members besides half as many more in its various colonies, as the branches of the parent society are called. These are ten in number at present writing and several others have applied for charters. It is anticipated that the Society will draw up articles of affiliation that will offer fraternal relations to the Mayflower Society, Alden Society, Daughters of Pilgrims and others that represent strictly New England lineage.

The parent society has adopted the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE as its official organ, hence its readers may

anticipate data of interest in each issue.

The following sets forth briefly the purpose of the Society and the eligibility requirements; though it is anticipated that at the next revision of the Constitution, these will be drawn a little more tightly.

"The purpose of the National Society of New England Women shall be to perpetuate the memory of our glorious ancestry, and to bind by the ties of a common interest the women born in New England, or of direct parentage therefrom; to give aid and encouragement to those New England women who are strangers and at a distance from their birthplace, who may be in need, and to instill into the hearts of the younger generation a love for

the traditions of New England and a proper pride in its history.

"There are two classes of members—active and associate.

"Any woman born of American parentage and over eighteen years of age who was born and brought up in New England, or both of whose parents were born and brought up in New England, or who represents through either parent two lines of three or more generations of New England ancestry, may become an active member of this Society.

"Any woman over eighteen years of age, one of whose parents was born and brought up in New England, or who represents through either parent a line of three generations of New England ancestors, may become an associate member."

Rescued

By REYNALD SMITH PICKERING

Upon the snow I saw the footprints clear,
And thought "How odd this season of the year
To find a little barefoot child about;
What carelessness to let him wander out.
I'll find the lad." So out upon my quest
I followed where the tiny feet had pressed.

And on and on I went, yet still ahead
There showed before that little barefoot tread.
It bade me follow and in some dim way
I knew I must not question but obey.
And so I journeyed on until at last
I found him where a drift had held him fast.

And there beside him in the driven snow
There lay an arrow and a broken bow;
And you were near him and you helped him rise,
Half happiness, half pity in your eyes;
And then I knew, and blessed the joyous way
The little footprints bade me take that day.

Historic Hingham

By HOMER GREGMORE

THE feet of pilgrims from the wider world who come to worship at the shrines of their Puritan and Pilgrim ancestors in New England tread on sacred ground when they press the soil of old Hingham. I say old Hingham, for such the town is to us of the New World. To the people of the mother country it must still be new Hingham for the English Hingham which gave it name and birth was an old town when yet the shores of "Bare Cove" were innocent of the foot of the white man. The sons and daughters of the Hingham of the old world came to people the Hingham of the new in the first dawn of New England history. One might say that the adventure to Plymouth was made in that darkest hour which precedes the dawn and the earliest glimmerings of light began with the landing of Priscilla and John Alden, yet treading almost on their heels came the feet of the men who followed their lead on the shores of the New World and Hingham was the second town to be established on the shores of southeastern Massachusetts, Plymouth being the first.

* The story of these new settlers centres about one bold man, a minister of the gospel, a dominant personality and a leader who feared his God, indeed, but none other. Like the other Massachusetts men of the elder days he was too fearless and independent for the community in which he was born. In the England of his day the oppressive laws of

the Stuarts were forcing an observance of the unscriptural laws and ceremonies of the established church. Fines and imprisonment were frequently imposed to break the spirit of those who dared dissent and the leaven of independence that sent the Pilgrims to Plymouth was sending out hundreds of others to sail in their wake. With these came the Rev. Peter Hobart.

He landed at Charlestown but did not elect to stay in that already established community. Charlestown already had its minister and its leaders. Hobart wanted a following and a community of his own and he knew a man or two who had come out of the English Hingham before him and were established at a beautiful spot in Boston harbor known to them as "Bare Cove." Here amid virgin forests, fertile meadows, and on the shore of a sea teeming with fish he could find that freedom which he sought, and hither he came with a little band of followers in the summer of 1635. They sailed up the picturesque land-locked cove at the flood of the tide, landed at the mouth of a little river and gave thanks to God, holding in the open air the first religious service in the limits of what was destined to be a new town whose influence was to be second to none in moulding the destinies of a new republic. The act was characteristic of the man and marked the deep lying reverential spirit which has been a key note of the community ever since.

Yet they represent tradition only and not the Hingham of to-day. You shall find all these if you seek and the pleasure of the discovery is well worth seeking. Blended with the quaint traditions and stirring his-

tory of the past is all that exalts and embellishes a modern town. The casual visitor, or the pilgrim who plans a longer stay, finds modern comfort as well as natural beauty and historic interest.

In Darkest Africa

By HENRY L. SHUMWAY

(The Story of the Congo Free State. By Henry Wellington Wack, F.R.G.S. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$3.50.)

IN the historic past the civilization of barbarous peoples has been a slow and uncertain process, generations elapsing before really substantial results have been apparent, while often long-continued efforts have seemed to be ineffective. Until very recently such efforts at civilization have originated and been carried forward almost entirely through the agency of Christian missions, whose prime object was the conversion of heathen people to some especial form of Christian faith, while civilization itself has followed these efforts but lamely and haltingly at best. Under the limitations controlling the work of missionary associations their success has been commendable, and in the past it has, perhaps, been all that could be expected. The time has come, however, when more rapid progress is possible, and modern conditions are insistent that civilization must be promoted on broader and more general lines. Much that is outside of creedal religion is in evidence in to-day's program of civilization, and the influences at work are far more powerful. Besides, the rapid evolution of modern agencies in mechanics, industry, commerce and education makes the task of civilization less tedious and burden-

some. Not yet is the prophecy fulfilled,—“a nation shall be born in a day,”—but the process of the making of history is wonderfully accelerated, and in the work decades are taking the place of centuries.

Mr. Wack's “Story of the Congo Free State” is a vivid picture of modern methods and celerity in civilization, and in his administration of the affairs of Central Africa for the last quarter century King Leopold II of Belgium has given the world an object lesson in “benevolent assimilation” which is in startling contrast to former methods, in which national prestige and commercial advantage have been the controlling factors. A similar task confronts the United States in the responsibility it has assumed towards the people of the Philippine Islands, and those in authority and all intelligent students of the Philippine situation will find much for thoughtful consideration, and not a little that is worthy of imitation in the story of the Belgian administration of African affairs.

Mr. Wack has been a close and persistent student of affairs in Central Africa for several years, and has observed with a critical eye the operation of the opposing interests of the “commercial” nations and of the Belgian authorities. The latter, in his opinion, have had in mind a

broad and systematic plan for the development and permanent advantage of the people of the Congo basin, while he finds the "commercial instincts" engaged in depreciating and misrepresenting the Belgian administration. Observing that the campaign of "commerce" which was inaugurated in Great Britain has extended to the United States, he has undertaken to lay his version of the history and present situation of the country before the public. As a preparation for this work he secured at Brussels a full opportunity to examine and study all the archives pertaining to the subject and to secure such material as he found desirable, free from governmental espionage or dictation. His purpose was fully understood, and it was stipulated at the outset that his story was not to be subject to revision or control by the Brussels authorities. Its publication is the first intimation these authorities will have of the result of his investigation. Under these circumstances Mr. Wack's facts and conclusions must have great weight with impartial readers. His picture of the conditions controlling the work of King Leopold II, and the success that has thus far attended it, brings before the public a most interesting revelation of what is possible in transforming a barbarous and cannibal people into conditions which promise full civilization in the near future. In his preface Mr. Wack says:

"That this story is true I have satisfied myself in every particular. It is the story of a great colonizing undertaking founded upon modern social science. It can hardly fail to interest the reader who admires the courage and daring which small countries sometimes display in extending their borders and establishing new markets."

The founding of a free political state in the very heart of Africa, the

work of a quarter century under the guidance of a kingly philanthropist, a humanitarian, such as is here described, is perhaps the most remarkable achievement of modern times. Leopold succeeded his father as King of the Belgians thirty-six years ago, and Africa was then only "the dark continent." He had the prescience to perceive there the means to uplift twenty millions of the Negro race to peaceful civilization, and at the same time, and by the same means as a necessary result, to found a colony for the surplus population of the small state of which he was the ruler, with its dense population and its necessity of dependence upon foreign markets for their productions. In 1860, before his occupancy of the throne, in a speech before the Senate he declared, "I claim for Belgium her share of the sea," a prophetic demand for a share in the commerce of the world. This was about the time when modern exploration of Africa began, and Burton, Speke, Grant, Baker, Livingstone and Stanley, one after another, made public their experiences and observations covering the period from 1860 to 1871. Public attention was drawn to Africa, and the revelation of the prevalence and atrocities of the slave trade shocked the whole world. The European powers did something to compel the Khedive of Egypt to suppress the slave trade on the Upper Nile, but King Leopold, who had always had an interest in the country as a geographer and a philanthropist, felt that much more was necessary, especially in the district between the equator and the Zambezi river, where no efforts at control had been attempted. Acting, upon this conviction, in 1876, he invited representatives of all the

leading geographical societies to a conference, at Brussels, to consider measures for the united action of their several governments, for systematic exploration and the suppression of the slave trade. Great Britain, Germany, France, Austria, Italy and Russia were represented at the conference. In his opening address the King said:—

"The subject which brings us together to-day is one that deserves in the highest degree to engage the attention of the friends of humanity. To open to civilization the only part of the globe where it has not yet penetrated, to pierce the darkness enshrouding entire populations, that is, if I may venture to say so, a crusade worthy this century of progress."

As practical points for concerted action the King advised the designation of a base of operations near the mouth of the Congo river, the designation of various routes of exploration therefrom, and the institution of a central advisory committee and of national committees. At this conference the "International Association for the Exploration and Civilization of Central Africa" was organized with headquarters at Brussels, and committees for each country represented were appointed. Although not represented at the first meeting, the United States soon joined the association and General Sanford, for many years minister to Brussels, became a member of the executive committee.

The Belgian committee became active at once, and at its first meeting the King re-stated his idea of African civilization and his desire that the extinction of the slave trade should be a leading purpose in the movement in Africa; but he also frankly avowed his desire to find there new markets for Belgian products and a wider field for the surplus population. Livingstone and

Stanley had demonstrated that white men could safely live in Africa, and proof that the country was fertile and possessed great natural resources was not wanting. England, France and Portugal had already claimed large sections, and Italy and Germany were anxious for a share, but King Leopold alone had a clear grasp of the whole situation and the prescience to understand the permanent value of the region. He had, at his own personal expense, made considerable explorations, operated routes, established stations, etc. The other powers were each seeking selfish advantage and were jealous of the work of Stanley, who was the King's representative. Portugal claimed the mouth of the Congo river, a claim which Great Britain at first disputed, but later found compensation for supporting it. France and Germany opposed the Britain-Portugal agreement, and King Leopold secured delay and the appointment of a commission to examine the Portuguese claim to the river territory for which he held titles from the natives. This commission supported the claim of the King, and later the International Association was generally recognized as an independent government, and the Congo Free State became a national entity in 1884 through a conference at Berlin, at which it was formally recognized by the interested powers, the United States having previously and independently recognized it. King Leopold was constituted the sovereign ruler of the new state—a territory of about a million square miles, inhabited by some twenty million semi-barbarous peoples. Before and after this the work credited to Belgium in exploration and development was not at public cost but was

paid for by Leopold from his private fortune, until a private company was organized with Belgian capital to carry on the work.

Belgian exploration of the Congo district began in 1877, and thereafter the work went forward under men whose instructions were to maintain peaceful relation with the natives so far as was possible. When Portugal asserted a claim to the mouth of the river Leopold and his associates sent Henry M. Stanley into the field, and he worked in their interest until the new state was fully established.

The mouth of the Congo was discovered in 1484 by the Portuguese, who had more or less possession till 1816, when a British expedition went up the river some two hundred miles. The river with its tributaries drains an area larger than that drained by the Mississippi and fourteen hundred miles in length. Its natural resources are unsurpassed in any part of the world. It has over nine thousand miles of waterways open to navigation, and almost the whole vast area is easily accessible. Already barbarism is suppressed, the country is under intelligent and beneficent control, its population is being converted to civilization, internal communication is established and the systematic development of its natural resources is well begun. Great areas are already under cultivation.

Mr. Wack discusses, with much detail and many citations from authorities on international law, the intricate questions that have grown out of the irregular and conflicting occupations of the Congo basin by various commercial parties, and concludes that the claim of the independence of the Congo Free State, and of Leopold as its legitimate

ruler are incontrovertible. As an international problem this is of interest, but to the general reader the progress of civilization under an accomplished national independence is of more importance.

Much space is given in the volume to descriptions of the slave trade as it existed before the organization of the Congo Free State, and of the ivory and rubber trades which had been carried on by Europeans without regard either to humanity or to the permanent well-being of the country as a commercial factor. The slave trade is practically suppressed, and all commercial matters are under systematic control. At first the new state organized a military force from outside its own dominions, but now a native local force is found adequate. Military posts and stations have been established, with several corps of instruction from which to secure future enlistments of trained men. Thus the state is creating a purely national army in which the natives are learning order, cleanliness, obedience to law and other essentials of good citizenship. Already the Congo Free State has become a member of the International Postal Union, and telegraph and telephone service is quite generally installed. There are twenty-three postoffices, and in 1902 there were almost four hundred thousand pieces of mail matter handled. Native carriers transmit mail from the postoffices to all points in the interior. There are thirteen telegraph and telephone offices in the state, and nearly seven hundred and fifty miles of line are established. Steamship lines ply regularly from the mouth of the Congo river to Belgium, Lisbon, Bordeaux, Marseilles, and Hamburg. Last year's tonnage out of the two

principal ports aggregated five hundred thousand tons. Similar development has been made on the upper Congo by over a hundred river craft running regularly. A railway line of two hundred and sixty miles, around the thirty-two cataracts of the river, is in operation, and other shorter lines are in use and under construction.

In discussing the development of the country, Mr. Wack says there are no two countries in the world more dissimilar than the Central Africa of thirty years ago and the Central Africa of to-day. There are nineteen permanent scientific stations for the collection of data on all subjects involved in the development of the country. The death rate of white settlers has been largely reduced, and the climate is no longer feared. In and far around the government stations life and property are fully secure. Agriculture is considerably developed, and coffee, cocoa, tea, cinnamon, pepper, ginger, nutmegs, cloves, vanilla, etc., are systematically cultivated. The breeding of cattle, horses and donkeys is well established, and the natives are taught and assisted by the government in promoting practical agriculture.

Rubber is the most valuable vegetable product indigenous to the country, and before the establishment of civilization European merchants found large profits in collecting it from the natives, who were encouraged to bring in the product regardless of the destruction of the trees. The regulation of the collection of rubber, by restrictions upon the method employed, an export tax and a requirement that new plants should be set in proportion to the amount of rubber collected in a district, has put this industry on an

economical basis, so that a permanent income to the country is secured. The interference of the government with the methods of the European merchants was the cause of great friction. Commercial interests made loud protests, and their right to buy rubber without control has been a subject of considerable international discussion. The mercantile side of the controversy has been loudly defended in London and Liverpool, and to some extent in the United States, but the government of the Congo Free State has successfully defended its position, and the controversy seems to be ended.

Ample statistics are given of the development of commerce. In 1887 the total exports amounted to only 1,980,441 francs, while in 1903 the amount was 54,597,835 francs. Of this over 47,000,000 francs was rubber; the other leading products in order of value were ivory, palm-nuts, palm-oil, coffee and cocoa. The total imports in 1903 were 20,896,331 francs, of which three quarters was from Belgium. The revenue of the state for 1903, amounted to 28,000,000 francs. Of this amount about 16,500,000 francs was from the state lands, while direct personal taxation was only 600,000 francs. Import duties were 1,600,000 francs and export duties were 4,450,000 francs. The revenue of the state for 1903 was a little over 26,000,000 francs.

Christian missions are extensively established, the government protecting all creeds and sects alike, the original constitution providing that the Powers, "without distinction of creed or nation, protect and favor all religions, scientific or charitable institutions and undertakings created and organized for the above ends,

or which aim at instructing the natives, and bringing home to them the blessings of civilization. Christian missionaries, scientists and explorers, with their followers, property and collections, shall likewise be the objects of special protection."

Such a quarter century of national development is unique in the world's history. Of course much remains to be done which can only come through the slow and natural progress of human development, and

several generations must elapse before full civilization can be accomplished. If, however, the success thus far attained is compared with the slow progress which followed the opening of the valley of the Mississippi river to European development, the unique character of the work may be appreciated. Such a work proves, in a large way and with tremendous emphasis, the world's progressive humanitarian and economic directions.

A Poet Passes

By FRANK PUTNAM

Frederic Lawrence Knowles

"Thou higher Truth, Love's sister, Wonder's bride!

O larger Science with the God-turned face!

Clasp my cold heart to thy supreme embrace
Until my blood flow through me like a tide,
And my sad, pulseless soul be deified

With the divinest currents of the race;

I stand upon this wandering star in space
And pray thy coming though all worlds divide!

"Behold! I feel thy lips upon my own

Often, O Goddess, till thy wings sweep by
And leave my spirit passionless as a nun's;

Then, ere I quite despair, gray Ocean's moan

Resummons thee, or some red-shouldering sky
With mountain summits dipped in dying suns."

HE had just begun to live when Death o'ertook him, touched him upon the shoulder and bade him come. In his brief span he dared the noblest fortunes, practiced self-denial, strove with infinite loving labor toward the perfecting of his talents, exemplified,

as far as in him lay, the splendid aristocracy of service, giving his best, his all, freely to any that would partake thereof.

His published works are now in some demand. We, that knew him not when he was with us, will now be curious to know what manner of

casting it in the crucible of his imagination into forms of rare and exquisite beauty. Thus does the truth fly farthest, winged with a poet's wit and fancy.

He died full early, yet, as our greatest novelist said of another young man summoned in his prime, the works he left are sufficient for his fame. Especially shall we cherish his love songs and his lyrics born out-doors, the former rich with passion and with beauty, the latter fresh and airy as a breeze of

an April morning. Few men have handled the sonnet with greater dignity and grace than he and in its stately measure one of his most beautiful poems was written, a poem that breathes all the rugged beauty, the inspiring grace and the divine fire of that New England which was his home land and which he loved with the passion of the poet's heart. This inadequate tribute may well close with this, perhaps his noblest utterance.

NEW ENGLAND

Bleak was the sea, and pitiless the shore,
 When our brave fathers, tyrant-driven, accurs'd,
 Unlock'd the future's inauspicious door,
 And, bold of brow, trod Freedom's threshold first.
 Staunch hearts! beneath the arrogant garb of sect
 Beat bosoms warmed by fires not lit on earth,
 And the real man—supreme, secure, erect—
 Gave to an iron creed its human worth.
 The cold frosts fell relentless on the grain,
 The cunning savage lurked by rock and tree,
 No sound was heard in that lone, desolate plain
 Save, on the rocks, the ravings of the sea.
 Yet, O our fathers, how your hands were stayed!
 The Pilgrim's God was with you—ye were undis-
 mayed!

And we, the scions of a gentler age,
 The latest birth of slow-maturing Time—
 Shall we be heirs of that high heritage,
 Partakers of that legacy sublime,
 And not be sharers of their solemn vow—
 Those forest-conquering heroes, dauntless, free,
 By the long, treacherous cape which, then as now,
 With gaunt, crook'd finger beckoned to the sea?
 Tell us, ye stars, that watched their lonely fires,
 Yea, watch each generation as it runs—
 The witness of their prayers, and our desires
 High as their own—say, are we not their sons?
 Shall not the virtues which have made them great
 Rule, animate, enthrall our hearts, control our State?

Thou art the rough nurse of a hero-brood,
 New England, and their mighty limbs by thee
 Were fashioned—they, the bards, the warriors rude,
 Whom Time hath dowered with fame imperishably.
 But not alone for this I love thee; I
 On thy bare mother-breast have laid my head,
 And drunk the cool, deep silence, while the sky,
 Confederate of my joy, laughed o'er my bed.
 Thus have I lain till half I seemed a part—
 In my clairvoyant mood—of Nature's plan;
 The very landscape crept into my heart,
 And they were one—the sense, the soul, of man;
 My kinship with life's myriad forms I knew: —
 Worms in the world of green, wings in the world of
 blue!

Nor less I loved thee in those hours of blight
 When winter fell upon thee like a sleep;
 Again I watch along the drifted white
 The dark triangle of the snow-plough sweep,
 Behold the oxen draw the creaking sled,
 Hear the sharp sleet rehearse upon the pane,
 See the wise village prophets shake the head
 While through the elms the witless winds complain.
 Ah, in those hours, O native hills! I know
 Alert beneath thy guise of seeming dead
 The roots are warm, the saps of summer flow,
 The wings of immortality are bred!
 In all things reigns one immanent Control;
 The life beneath the snow, the Life within my soul!

Then hail, ye hills! like rough-hewn temples set,
 With granite beams, upon this earth of God!
 Austerer halls of worship never yet
 Had feet of Puritan or Pilgrim trod:
 Abrupt Chocorua, Greylock's hoary height,
 Katahdin, with her peak of bare, scarr'd stone,
 Sloping Monadnock, and, in loftier flight,
 Thou, rising to the eternal heavens, alone—
 Thy Sun-wooded sisters, less divinely proud,
 Bribed to compliance by their suitor's gold—
 Thou, wrapt in thy stern drapery of a cloud,
 Chaste, passionless, inviolably cold,
 Mount Washington! sky-shouldering, freedom-
 crowned,
 Compatriot with the windy blue above, around!

And hail, ye waters! whether, mountain-locked,
 The timid lake shines in the valley's palm,

Where strident human discord never mocked
With alien clamor the primeval calm;
Or whether streams insistent to the sea
Urge their impatient way, till far behind
The hills are left, and, black with industry,
Through long, low meadow-lands their path they
wind.

O'er stream and lake alike the slight canoe,
Artful though forest-born, once found its course,
By dark hands guided which the war-axe knew—
Hands skilled in dexterous craft and fearless force.
Now by those waters blue the warriors sleep;
The still heights taciturn the destined secret keep!

Perished that forest-nurtur'd race; the winds
Have scattered past recall their nameless dust.
Forerunners they of more heroic kinds,
The harsh Fates slew them, but the Fates were just.
Thou more intrepid brood! these hills were thine
Which had been theirs, O valiant elder band!
Let us in our unventurous ease, supine,
Spare those a thought who met the time's demand,
Ploughed these unwilling plains, these woodlands
cleared,
The sons of God because the sons of Toil,
Who in this wilderness their temples reared,
But knew no shrine more sacred than their soil.
When tyranny this freeman breed defied,
Through the hot lips of merciless cannon they replied!

Who was it, when the British thunders broke,
And Western Conquest staggered to her fall—
Who was it then unchained the tyrant-yoke?
Oh, answer, memory-haunted Faneuil Hall!
And when our North was menaced by her foes,
Blind with the lust of gold, deaf as the sea,
Though bondsmen plead for pity, who arose
And sundered first those shackles—who but thee?
All-sheltering as a mother, thou didst stand,
New England, with thine arms outstretch'd to save;
Europe, the prairied West, on either hand,
And, clinging to thy garment's hem, the slave!
And shall we love thee less whom, at thy shrine,
Our sires pledged in their hearts' best blood—that
costliest wine?

Nay! though we wander where against the sky
The sun-burnt leagues of low plain stretch away,
Or where on silver coasts the warm waves sigh

And green, palm-crown'd Decembers vie with May,
 We still are thine; and in our sad, fond dream,
 They rest again—these weary feet that roam:
 We see the farm, the orchard, and the stream,
 And, rising to the heavens, the hills of home.
 The quest of gain has called us from thy breast,
 Our common mother! but the noisy mart
 Can never drown the inner voice of rest;
 The child's pure peace still harbors in our heart.
 Though far our footsteps stray, though years be long,
 The kindred loves of home and truth shall keep us
 strong!

Where Two Ways Meet

By ELIZABETH HYER NEFF

THE purring, sunny wood fire illuminates a glowing bit of *genre* in the barbaric scheme of the rooms, yet the vivid colors are harmonious enough. If a woman, like a bird, lines her nest with the feathers nearest her heart, it is a gorgeously plumaged personality that has designed these brilliant effects. Here is no New Art austerity, no penitential chairs nor colorless rugs.

She is a handsome woman—note the mirrors! She is luxurious—hence the inviting couches and cushions that can be used; she is tall—for the chairs are large and low, while draperies and pictures are both hung high. She is dark—for what blonde would pose herself against that Indian red and gold? The music room with its open piano and scattered sheets shows familiar use; but the closed cases of the library are filled with unworn books. There is riotous license in heavily framed pictures and choice bric-a-brac, but after all the most beautiful, brilliant thing in the house is the woman

herself, lounging with graceful abandon in a great chair in the crimson firelight. Her shimmering yellow satin gown frosted with rich lace harmonizes with the dramatic suggestion of her surroundings; it is of quaint, ancient fashion. Her eyes are radiant with triumphant happiness; her hands are restless with impatience as she listens, starts and sinks back again when the one she expects does not come. She smiles and frowns alternately as she watches the fire and listens. At last she starts and thrills with expectancy. The hall door slams and he comes with a slow stride through the long rooms to this nook by the fire. He does not speak to her but walks to the mantel and leans his tall, finely knit figure lightly against it, looking down into the swaying flame. She watches him with eager expectancy; at last she says, "Well?"

"Well?" he repeats—after a pause.

"Is that all you are going to say?" she asks poutingly.

"What do you want me to say?" he responds dully.

"Say anything! Say something! Don't stand dumb! How did you like it? How did you like—me?"

"I don't know. I did not see it through; I came away after the second act." His tone is hard and strained.

"You did!" she blazes. "And I wouldn't believe it! I thought you must have changed your seat—for some reason—when I missed you. You left! Were you ill—or were you ashamed of me?"

"Both," is the reluctant reply.

She gasps with amazement and the hot color flies over her face.

"Please tell me what you mean?"

The man faces her for the first time. "I don't know what I mean. I haven't had time to think; I couldn't stay—I couldn't!—that is all."

"You are a hard critic; I looked so—ugly and played so badly that you had to leave!"

"You know it was not that. You looked beautiful—oh, Lord, yes!—and you played well, I suppose, but how could I judge that!"

"You 'suppose' I played well! Why, everybody raved! You should have seen how they went wild over the other acts. But, of course, one's own husband has the right to be disagreeable on inopportune occasions—but no one else will agree with you. I know you don't believe it—but I made a tremendous success."

She links her hands around her knee and rocks back and forth in angry elation; he is in no humor to allow for her triumphant mood.

He drops into his first weary attitude with his deep-set eyes upon the roseate coals in the fireplace, but he does not answer.

"Isn't it enough, Raymond, to disown me in public by leaving the theatre after the second act without being quite so—so brutal at home?"

This with crisp iciness.

"I left the theatre because it was impossible for me to stay. I have said only what you have made me say since I came home." His dull, strained tone especially irritates her in the high exaltation of her mood, yet she cannot keep silent.

"It is fortunate that critics beyond my own fireside are more kind," she begins bitterly. He turns upon her quickly. *Beyond your own fireside, yes,*" and there is significant emphasis in his tone.

"Perhaps if the one by my own fireside were less severe I should not be dependent—"

"Stop!" he interrupts her, while a hot flush covers the gray pallor of his face. "You dare not say that, Victoria."

She stares at him without seeing the lines of suffering in his face. Possibly that perception has never been hers.

"Don't fly into a passion," her voice is hard; "it is so vulgar." And after a pause, "What is the matter with you to-night? You are not angry at me because I—succeeded? I have only used my talent for a great charity. You are not so narrow as to object to that?"

He has gone white again and the drawn lines sharpen. She is turning the flashing rings on her fingers.

"I am not narrow and I am not mean, you surely have no cause to say that of me, Victoria," he pleads. "Because I will not contribute my—wife to the hospital it does not follow that I am uncharitable. I only claim the right of a husband to—"

"To dictate your wife's deeds!"

"No, oh, no! Only to claim the first place in your heart."

"Why do you question that? What have I done?"

"How can you ask? Don't you see what it means to us?"

"No; what does it mean to us?" She rocks to and fro, her eager eyes on his face. She sees her husband in a new role to-night and she is unconsciously noting how well he plays it. He has always been self-contained, absorbed and indulgent without question; now his deep eyes are eloquent with hopeless tenderness, his very pose is full of passionate protest; his chin is cameo-cut against the wall behind him and she wonders why she never saw its fine, firm line before. She admires him in this mood, but she does not like it—not to-night of all nights. He searches her face keenly.

"What does it mean to us?" he repeats intensely. Shall I tell you? It means that my house will 'be left unto me desolate; our home darling, where we have lived these five years. It means the sundering of our marriage vows—yours and mine! You are the one love of my life—you know that; you have made the only home I ever had—you know all about that, too. And you and I are not the first consideration at all. I don't see how you can forget our tremendous responsibility to her for a minute. I went up to look after her when you had gone this evening and the sight of her, asleep in her baby trustfulness, dependent on us from hour to hour for the keeping of her little fluttering life—wait a moment, Victoria, I shall never say this again—and from there I went to the theatre and saw—you—come out—my baby's mother!—painted bedizened, glittering in the glare of the footlights, making a mockery of

sacred passions for the amusement of the public—my wife! Between my eyes and the picture of the stage always floated that little sleeping face, forgotten in her nursery—and I couldn't stay! I had to go. I got out into the air. No, I didn't come home; I couldn't. I tramped about in the storm to get steadied a bit; the air was cold on my head—"

She stops him with an imperious gesture. "I don't think you quite know what you are talking about, dear."

He wipes the moisture from his white forehead.

"Go to bed, Raymond. You are overwrought to-night. I am sorry I had to succeed against your wish, but no one else could do the part and it is a grand charity. If you think it so bad for me to play two nights for a hospital that burned, what criminals you must think women who play to support their children!"

"Oh, Victoria, don't you understand? That is noble."

She looks at him blankly. "But they work for money and I only for art—and charity."

"They work for children and home. You will abandon child and home for love of this 'art.' That is the difference."

"You talk as if I had taken up the profession."

"It has possessed you—soul and body. The first glance at your face when you came out told me that I saw my rival; I never saw that look before—your supreme passion. No woman has two loves like that—one must yield—I dare not ask which."

"Come upstairs, dear, you are not yourself."

"No, not until I know—I saw a friend go through the awful stages of slow estrangement—and I cannot

do it. Our history must be lived to-night. We have come to a spot where two ways meet—and you must decide which you will take. You cannot go on in my path except through utter renunciation."

"Oh, barbarian! We don't live in the dark ages!" She is looking at him in amazement; the gentle, adoring husband whose law was her lightest wish could not be transformed into this stern dictator.

"No, that is gloriously true—yet every great advance sweeps under some innocent lives. You are free to choose, now, even though Baby and I have a supreme claim."

She sprang to her feet with a glance at the ashes in which a jewel-like coal or two still gleamed, and held out her hand with a queenly gesture. He ignored it.

"Wait a minute, Victoria, we might as well understand now."

"Understand what?"

"What we are to each other. We have lived blindfolded for five years; now our souls stand face to face. I am absolutely yours—without reserve; I want to fulfil my trust to you and Baby to the utmost. How much do you give me in return? Enough to make us husband and wife? Nothing less than perfect love sanctions marriage."

"What can you mean?"

"If I am not first in your heart—I am not your husband; I don't belong here."

"Oh!" she cries. "And all this because I have done a deed of charity!"

"No, oh, no! Because you love your part in it so intensely—and—because—you—can be—great in it. You were magnificent."

She sways toward him with her face alight. "Oh, darling! Then I did it well? You admit it at last?

you dear!" She drops her sweeping train and lays her beautiful bare arms around his neck, drawing his face down to hers. "Oh, I forgive you everything, you darling, jealous bear! Now, come upstairs; it must be nearly morning; the servants were abed hours ago. It will seem very different by daylight."

He held her off and looked straight into her eyes. "First, tell me—that you love me."

"You know that."

"Then crucify my rival. Promise me—swear to me that you will never again appear upon the stage—even in an amateur performance; this so long as I am a good husband."

"But I must play again to-morrow night."

"Yes, no one else can take your part. Then, after to-morrow night?"

"Oh, you ask too much—when I have made such a success!"

"Oh, love, don't hesitate; don't prove that I have reason for my—insanity. Show me that you are nobly great—as well as womanly sweet—and that I am a mad, jealous fool!"

"You are wearing me out. You have no right to make such exactions."

The man's face grows ghastly as he puts her away from him. "I am answered," he says hoarsely. But as she turns away he catches her arm: "There is one who has a stronger claim than mine. The privilege of holy motherhood has been given to you;—I wonder sometimes what its dear mystery must be. Come up with me to the nursery; come up and look at her and see the appeal of her helplessness. Come, Victoria."

She draws away weariedly: "No, we should wake her."

He leans dizzily against the man-

tel. The clock beside him strikes four slow, musical notes. She turns and walks with tired grace to the door, her long, bright train sweeping across her husband's feet. He stands moveless, watching her out of the room, grey eyes black with pain, listening till he hears her cross the room above. The ephemeral fire has gone out, its last coal turned grey, and he looks into the powdery ashes of what was lately so warm and bright. Then he turns with utter weariness in every line of his strong figure, passes lingeringly through the gay rooms and out into the wintry street. He stands irresolute for a moment, then walks slowly away in the direction of the city over whose spires the faint flush of the frosty dawn is creeping. At the turn of the street

he looks back at his home. A light window flashes in its darkened front; he stands breathless:—"She has gone into the nursery! Perhaps—"

A graceful silhouette is thrown upon the white shade—a woman's beautiful head that comes and goes with a quick, passionate movement; it lingers now and bends forward—low and lower—over something low, with a suggestion of ineffable tenderness in the curve of the proud neck. There is a sudden, swift, downward sweep of the head. The man starts: "Thank God!" he chokes in a broken voice, as he turns with long strides to his home. "My queen, my queen! You have laid a great talent on the altar—to Love."

My Trust in Dreams

By EUGENE C. DOLSON

O, Loved One, far away,
If this I knew—
That lovers' dreams come true,
I could be glad to-day.

For in the still night-tide
Of you I dreamed;
Your mystic presence seemed
Forever by my side.

In the dim world of sleep
May it not be
That spirits wander free,
And hearts their trystings keep?

I send my trust to you
Across the gray
Long leagues of watery way—
My trust that dreams come true!

THE EDITORS' TABLE

A movement is on foot to induce the state legislature or the national congress to appropriate a million dollars or more to preserve the forests of the White Mountains from the lumbermen and the paper-pulp makers by the purchase of all the land of the Presidential Range. The landowners, the mountain hotel people and a considerable contingent of the general public in New Hampshire are active in promoting the scheme, but there is also an active opposition. The arguments of the advocates of the scheme are on the surface of things. A great, national summer-resort park for New England is desirable and can only be secured by prompt action. Landowners and the mountain hotel people naturally take this view. But against it is urged the fact that such an expenditure would be of little value to the people of New Hampshire, for only a few of them go to the mountains, and the hotel business there adds but little to the income of the people. Supplies for the hotels, and a large part of the employes come from Boston and other outside points, in which residents have no interest. If the state is to spend a million dollars, it is urged that the people will be much more generally benefited if it is spent on highway improvement, for easier access to the innumerable smaller places where summer boarders are less transient than at the mountains, and whose expenditures go directly into the pockets of the people of the state. These people would perhaps not object if the nation should spend the money for the mountains, but they will probably vote against the state doing so, on the ground that the public at large will be more benefited by a wider distribution of the funds.

* * *

The preservation of local history is more and more highly esteemed as time goes on. There is wide-spread public interest in the annals of the past, and every attempt at research reveals a lack of first-hand material. Whether the student attempts to review the personal life of Shakespeare, or the story of the settlers of New England while they were at Scrooby and Delft-Haven, every step evokes regret that so little authentic material has been preserved. New England is yet young, but her scholars have recognized this situation and have taken vigorous measures to conserve all that can be secured of local history, and to gather and save the record of the present as it is evolved. To this end flourishing societies, covering general and

special fields, are very numerous. The latest, and a peculiar organization, has just been formed in Uxbridge, Mass. Its active membership is confined to residents and past residents of sixty years of age and over. Younger people can become associate members and assist in the work of the society, and are thereby in line for full membership when they attain the required age. Its title is "The Sexagenarian Society of Uxbridge," and Hon. A. A. Putnam is its president. Besides recording all material recollections of older citizens who have passed away, the members are required to contribute to the files of the society autobiographical sketches, with such genealogical material as is within their reach. The scheme is an admirable one; its success will depend upon the interest and perseverance of its members.

* * *

Numismatists are finding a fertile field of research in the rural districts of the Carolinas. Gold was found in western North Carolina during the first half of the nineteenth century in small quantities as compared with results on the Pacific slope, but enough to compensate the operators for their crude style of mining. One Christopher Bechtler undertook to coin the gold, and thought it no wrong as he put more value into his \$1 and \$5 pieces than did the government mints. These coins had general circulation in the rural districts of the two states for a considerable period, but the federal government interfered and the coinage was stopped. A large proportion of the coins in circulation found their way to the lawful mints and were melted, but here and there throughout the district specimens of the Bechtler coins are still held as especial treasures, and their value is much enhanced as the collectors pursue them. Professor W. E. Hidden, of Newark, N. J., whose mineralogical fame is embalmed in the Hiddenite, a valuable emerald discovered by him in North Carolina, has made an extended research into this coining episode, and collected many of the coins. He has in hand a biography of Bechtler and a history of his work, which is eagerly awaited by all who are interested in coins or in the unique bits of minor historical matter.

* * *

The semi-centennial of the opening of the Sault Ste. Marie canal, connecting lakes Superior and Huron, has just been celebrated, Canada joining with the United States in the observance. The develop-

ment of the great northwest during the last fifty years has more than justified the national expenditure on this enterprise. Lake Superior and its tributaries, including a vast area of Canadian territory find the canal the most practicable outlet. The first year after its opening showed the transit of only 106,296 tons of shipping. In 1902 the aggregate was about 36,000,000 tons. The capacity of the canal has been increased from time to time to meet the increase in the size of vessels, and now plans for a channel twenty-five feet in depth are under development. The Suez canal, which draws its traffic from the entire world and is open the year round, handles only about one quarter in amount of the traffic of the "Soo," which is closed in winter. Single steamers now pass through capable of carrying the total business of the first year of the canal's existence, and vessels of greater capacity are only waiting the deepening of the canal for construction. This and the Welland canal are international bonds of such importance and character that they must ever be recognized as guarantees of peace between the two nations whose commerce they serve.

* * *

In the Forum, October-December, Mr. Ossian H. Lang describes the recent session of the National Educational Association at Asbury Park, N. J., and incidentally he makes a caustic criticism on modern journalism. He says: "It was to be foreseen that the reporters would describe the teachers after their own fashion, drawing for coloring chiefly upon their prejudices. However, there is no need to worry about it. The people generally care little for the real facts. Newspapers are read for entertainment rather than for information." If his last two sentences are true the question is raised—Who is to be blamed. Have the people fallen away from their desire for real information of their own motion, or have they been so fully fed with sensation, misleading headlines and impossible pictures that taste and interest have become corrupted? It is doubtless true that exaggeration and "yellowness" have for the last few years become unduly prominent. Newspaper publishers excuse themselves with the plea that they give only what the people call for; that the public taste calls for highly spiced viands. This seems but a low view of the true function of journalism which was once held to be a powerful agent in popular education and true culture.

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Professor Moore of the United States Weather Bureau thinks it necessary to refute the popular notions in regard to changes in climate. The "oldest inhabi-

tant" who says both winters and summers have changed since his boyhood, and the nervous modernite who declares "there never was such weather before" are both unconsciously untruthful. Weather conditions depend on natural laws, and these do not change. Only under the wide sweep of geologic ages can the general weather conditions of any given locality change. The perspective of the "oldest inhabitant" is what has changed, and in the case of the younger weather critic his declaration is born of inattention. His "never so cold" of last winter is contradicted by the thermometrical record of every winter since he was born, and his "never so hot" is equally at variance with the facts. The wonder is that the big man of the weather bureau should think it worth while to spend the people's money to tell them all this. It will do no good. They will forget it all, and go on with their inane declarations, probably until the end of weather and time.

* * *

A queer story comes from San Francisco. A brother of the late Senator Stanford, who resides in Australia, offered to give Stanford University a priceless collection of antiques from pre-historic Egyptian tombs, and President Jordan of the University declined the gift. His reason, as stated, was that the collection was secured by the astral body of an Australian blacksmith, which made the round trip between there and Egypt, securing the "loot" meanwhile, in twenty seconds. We fear President Jordan is too much of a materialist. He had better have accepted the gift, which is certainly not tainted with either oil or iron, and then set the *savants* with whom his university is swarming, at work to demonstrate the genuineness of the "priceless" relics, and then to do the "Sherlock Holmes" act to demonstrate the foolishness of their reputed recent history.

* * *

Chicago pays a million dollars a year for sand, for use in building. We know several men who have turned their barren paternal acres to excellent account by marketing this necessity of building construction. So necessary is it that "sand" has become the colloquial synonym of courage, perseverance and firmness. But neither constructively nor colloquially is sand of much value alone. In house building, lime or cement are necessary. In life building sound judgment, high purpose, and intelligent integrity are equally essential. The man whose house was built upon the sand was homeless after the first flood. Character, on only a similar foundation, is equally hopeless.

BOOK NOTES

THE BOSS OF LITTLE ARCADY, by Harry Leon Wilson, author of "The Spenders" and "The Lions of the Lord."

"The Boss of Little Arcady" is not a collection of short stories, but it has all the qualities which give the short story its popular place in the world to-day; and that same public which is unanimous in its approval of the short story will welcome Mr. Wilson's new novel with a warmth to be expected in view of the scarcity of such books. The village of Little Arcady is somewhere in the west, and the story is told by one of the townspeople himself—a charming old bachelor with a sympathetic understanding of the world around him. He begins with a very laughable account of Colonel J. Rodney Potts, a cumbersome, unwieldy and unwelcome figure in Arcadian society. The efforts of the town magnates to persuade some other community to adopt the colonel, together with the advent of Mrs. J. Rodney Potts, make a ludicrously readable chapter. Leaving the colonel to his fate, the reader is next refreshed by a breath of sweet southern quaintness in the person of Miss Caroline. Seldom has the distinction between northern and southern types been so cleverly drawn as here. Mr. Wilson is never monotonous and he presents a wealth of original episodes, maintaining the strict coherence of his novel, and, as we remarked, with all the charm of the short story. "The Truth about Shakespeare at Last" is one of the best of these episodes, and "A Matter of Personal Property" is really exquisite, portraying the devotion of an ex-slave to his mistress: "Well, seh, Mahstah Majah, Ah ain't eveh raghtly comp'hended but Ah've reckoned that theah wah business an' Proclamashun an' so fothe was fo' common niggehs an' fiel' han's an sech what b'long to th' place. Ah b'longed to Miss Cahline lak Ah endeavah to explain. Ah was a house niggeh an' futhamoah an' notwithstandin' Ah was th' pussenal propity of Miss Cahline. Yes, seh, Ah b'long dreckly to huh—an' Ah bet them theah lawyehs at Wash'nt'n, seh, couldn't kentrive none a' they laws that would a' teched *me*, seh. No, seh—they cain't lay th' law to Miss Cahline's pussenalities. She ain't go'n a' stan' no nonsense lahk *that*, seh; she ain't go'n a' have no lawyeh mixin' up in huh private mattechs. Ah lahk t' see one try it—yes, seh." (Lothrop Publishing Company, New York.)

THE HAPPY LIFE, by Charles W. Eliot.

"Once when I was talking with Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes," says President Eliot in "The Happy Life," "about the best pleasures in life, he mentioned, as one of the most precious, frequent contact with quick and well stored minds in large variety; he valued highly the number, frequency and variety of quickening intellectual encounters. We were thinking of contact in conversation; but this pleasure, if only to be obtained by personal meetings, would obviously be within the reach as a rule, of only a very limited number of persons. Fortunately for us and for posterity, the cheap printing press has placed within the reach of every man who can read all the best minds both of the past and the present. For one tenth part of a year's wages a young mechanic can buy, before he marries, a library of famous books, which, if he masters it, will make him a well read man."

Certainly one of the books the young mechanic should buy is this little volume by President Eliot. The frontispiece portrait of the author gives you the key to the book. It has the genial, cultivated, kindly smile which is the best sort of an introduction to a work which merits close attention. In it President Eliot deals genially, kindly, yet with firm touch, with many problems which perplex the every day man. The book was written long before Pastor Wagner's "Simple Life" appeared and should certainly be as widely read. It is small enough to take along in your pocket and its cheery guidance suggests such a course. Neither should the mechanic alone carry it with him. Its subject is one that appeals to professional men as well as anybody else and might well be studied carefully by the so called leisure class. The book makes a direct appeal to the young, perhaps because its author is President of Harvard University, but many of us who were freshmen longer ago than we care to recall will welcome it and profit by reading it. (Charles W. Crowell, New York. 75 cents.)

THE TRUE STORY OF PAUL REVERE, by Charles Ferris Gettemy.

Longfellow's poem perpetuated and broadened the story of Paul Revere's ride, but the poet used a "poet's license" in some of its leading particulars. Mr. Gettemy has made a careful study of all available

material, and not only "The Ride" but practically all the leading features in Revere's biography are given in his book. His story of "The Ride" was first given the public in the *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE* of April, 1902, but a mass of interesting material pertaining to the early days of the revolution is included in the book, re-cast in such a manner as to make the old, old story appear to be almost new. The narrative of the Penobscot Expedition, 1778, its failure, the charges against Revere and his final acquittal, 1782, covers an episode of the time which will be novel to the majority of readers. The whole book, written by an expert newspaper man who has the genius of his craft in seizing and grouping events in a picturesque and attractive manner, is a valuable epitome of one period of Massachusetts history. The author's pen-portrait of his hero is especially striking:

"If he was not by virtue of natural ability or Harvard College education capable of taking a place around the council boards of statesmen, he recognized the part he was fitted to play, and he generally played it well. If he could not rise to a seat in the legislature he could succeed in getting elected a fireward in the town of Boston; and if he could not acquire the eminence of the bench, he was at least not to be condemned to the commonplace lot of one who had never crossed the threshold of a court, for his unbridled temper caused him on one occasion to be arrested and fined for assault. To his country and the cause of liberty he rendered patriotic, useful service, sharing the hardships which the Continental Army everywhere endured in the war; and in his financial dealings with the government he hardly ever failed to send in bills for work performed which the authorities deemed extravagant charges and pruned down accordingly. Yet he coupled with such thrifty business traits, which enabled him to die rich, a restive, pugnacious temperament that was probably responsible for some personal enmities and may have caused him to chafe under discipline when serving under the military command of superiors." (Little, Brown & Company. \$1.50 net.)

THE BOY CAPTIVE IN CANADA, by Mary P. Wells Smith.

The Indian massacre at Deerfield, Mass., in Colonial days, and the story of the captives who were carried away into Canada, has been a fruitful theme for the chroniclers who write for history, but Mrs. Smith is doing good service in another direction by bringing the story down into the realm of childhood. Her hero is Stephen Williams, the ten year old son of the Deerfield minister, who was separated from the other captives and spent a long

time in captivity, learning Indian ways and experiencing many privations. Where he went and how he fared make up a very interesting story, and the Puritan Christianity which was a marked feature in the boy's character is well presented. Mrs. Smith is a prolific writer in her chosen field, and all her books have had a cordial welcome, which is sure to be repeated for this latest number. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.25 net.)

THE INDIANS DISPOSSESSED, by Seth K. Humphrey.

The story of the dealings of the United States government with the Indians is not new, but Mr. Humphrey has succeeded in compiling from official records the salient features of some of the typical experiences of Indian tribes in their dealings with "The Great White Father." That the Indian must have been displaced seems now to have been a necessity of the progress of civilization, but the process was accompanied by wrongs which Mr. Humphrey presents in vigorous language. Broken treaties and violated reservations are the bulk of his story, and the reader can hardly wonder at the retaliation wrought by the red men upon others than those directly responsible for their treatment. Fine portraits of several noted Indians add to the attractions of the story. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50 net.)

THE WARD OF THE SEWING CIRCLE, by Edna Edwards Wylse.

A homeless orphan boy and a sewing circle of motherly women none of whom can assume his permanent care give a problem which is solved by each woman receiving the lad for two months at a time. He was a "real boy" and they were real people with all the mingled goodness and weakness of humanity. The rich and the poor, the minister, the doctor, the deacon, and other village dignitaries are all described in a lively manner, and the boy's adventures in his variety of homes are cleverly depicted. The story is simple and natural, and should be a success. (Little, Brown & Company, Boston. \$1.00.)

DAVE PORTER AT OAK HALL, by Edward Strathemeyer.

Mr. Strathemeyer has carried his boy-heroes almost over the known world in his thirty or more books of juvenile adventure, and "all the boys" have had a taste of his interesting narratives. In this book the boy goes to a school where his unsophisticated nature is subject to friction against other boys. He has a hard time at first but proves himself good and jolly, and when he gets on the baseball team and helps to win an exciting game, his social standing is established. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston. \$1.25.)

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

BEN PEPPER, by Margaret Sidney.

This makes an even half-score of Peppers and as each has appeared this quaint circle has held admirers. This Number 10 promises to add to the attractions of the series. It tells the experiences of the hero, who, it will be remembered has been the quiet steady boy, but when he has the stage to himself he comes out strongly. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston. \$1.50.)

DAN MONROE, a story of Bunker Hill, by W. B. Stoddard.

Mr. Stoddard has identified the boy-hero of the Lexington militia at Bunker Hill as Dan Monroe, and his companion fifer as Nat Harrington. With these real figures, and close historical accuracy he has retold the story of the early revolutionary days in such a way that it is fresh, interesting and instructive. (Lothrop Publishing Co. \$1.25.)

WHEN GRANDMA WAS FOURTEEN, by Marion Harland.

The third generation of Marion Harland's readers is already on the stage, but she is still able to interest and command attention. In this book she tells much of her own experience as a girl in her Richmond, Va., home, in the '50's, and wins and holds attention by the interest in the story and its times, and the charming way in which it is told. (Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. \$1.25.)

MARRIAGE, by Jane Dearborn Mills.

This is a frank but delicate discussion of marriage as a true spiritual union between man and woman, resulting from all the social and physical relations involved in domestic life and from the finer union which has been the ideal of poets and romancists, but which is so rare in real, prosaic modern life. The book is prettily published and is a desirable wedding gift. (The Nunc Licet Press, Philadelphia. 50 cents.)

THE ONLY TRUE MOTHER GOOSE. Reprint of the original edition, 1833, with introduction of Edward Everett Hale.

Mother Goose and her rhymes are well-known by children the world over, but a reprint of their original form, with the accompanying wood-cuts adds much to their interest. There are but few copies of the original edition, and they are almost priceless. The reproduction is well executed, and Mr. Hale's introduction is in his best vein. (Lee and Shepard, Boston. 60 cents.)

THE RUNAWAY DONKEY, and other poems. By Emilie Poulsson.

Some thoughtful people are doubting the value of some of the many contributions for the "education" of children, but Miss

Poulsson is not subject to their criticism. She has a rare faculty of interesting children with rhymes that are amusing and at the same time are lessons in nature study that are of value. Kindergarteners will find her little book of especial value. (Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 51.50.)

THE MAKING OF A MAN, by Dr. Orison Sweet Marden.

Dr. Marden is an expert in approaching boy-nature, and in this series of essays, or talks to boys, he touches many of the essentials of the principles of success in life. He discusses Self Honor, The Price of Success, Ruskin's Motto, I Must Therefore I Can, Courage at the Sticking Point, Courtesy, Tidiness and Heart Sunshine in a way to attract and hold the attention of young readers, and to be most helpful to them. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Co, Boston. \$1.25.)

MRS. JIM AND MRS. JIMMIE. By Stephen Conrad.

Mr. Conrad amused many readers by his "The Second Mrs. Jim," and they will all be glad to read of the further happenings in her social circle, with its quaint and true to life characters. The people introduced are commonplace, perhaps, but their portraits are so cleverly drawn that many readers will almost recognize some of them as acquaintances. The narrow minds of the country gossips give no end of opportunity for satire, and while the book is primarily amusing, it suggests serious consideration of social faults, and admiration for the good points illustrated in the action and conversation of the better people of the stories. As the stories are semi-detached, the book is particularly pleasing as a "pick me up," for brief recreation. (L. C. Page & Co., Boston. \$1.50.)

THE CHARACTER OF THE BIBLE, by Rev. L. P. Mercer.

This is No. 4 of the New Church Popular Series, and aims to present in brief but comprehensive form the Swedenborgian estimate of the true character and spiritual meaning of the Holy Scriptures. The uniformity of "Correspondence" and the inner spiritual meaning of the literal text are the subjects of the writer's efforts at explanation. The most interesting portion of the book is its final chapter in which he presents the New Church answer to the "Higher Criticism." As the writer recognizes progressive revelation and the gradual discovery of correspondence, and as the higher critics do not claim that their work is as yet completed, the final word on either side remains to be spoken, and what to him appears to be diverse may yet appear to be harmonious. (The Nunc Licet Press Philadelphia.)

THE BALANCED LIFE, by Clarence Lathbury.

Thoughtful people have perhaps been equally impressed by recent expositions of the simple and strenuous life, but this presentation of "the happy mean" is far more impressive. The writer finds symmetry and harmony in all life. The material, mental, moral and spiritual are all co-related parts of a universe whose center and motive force is the Infinite God. Religion, to him, is not a matter of creeds and forms, but of conformity to the highest ideal in every phase of conscious life. The possibilities of each life are infinite and eternal, not as a matter of idealism or theory, but in the most concrete and practical way. The writer's prose is full of poetic ideas, but he never wanders beyond the plain possibilities of universal acceptance and achievement. His book is stimulating and encouraging in a normal, healthful way, and deserves a wide and thoughtful reading. (The Nunc Licet Press, Philadelphia. \$1.00; postage 9 cents.)

BROKE OF COVENDEN, by J. C. Snaith.

In America, the land of the new democracy, of no traditions to speak of, and no hereditary families of what may seriously be called "ancient lineage," the extreme instances of class distinction are not known. The oppressive and unyielding "class feeling" that dominates the English noblesse, and paralyzes the legitimate aspirations of the English bourgeoisie forms the basis of "Broke of Covenden," a novel that must be regarded as an important contribution to contemporary literature, if only because it is founded on a sentiment that has its roots so deeply sunk in the national life.

But in the writing of his novel, the author has shown qualities akin to genius. Its human interest is supreme and compelling from cover to cover, none the less so because its style is so strongly tinged with a grim satire.

Broke is not the conventional hero of romance. He is a middle-aged, commonplace, phlegmatic, beef-eating, fox-hunting descendant of an ancient county family of reduced fortunes, the father of six daughters and a son. His creed briefly stated is that only the "upper classes" of English people can be considered seriously as human beings. The "lower classes," that is, all persons, without exception, who were not born to hereditary traditions of wealth and family, are a peculiar species of animal, well enough in their way—for they have their uses—but designed by God and Nature to serve and be despised by the elect. For them to acquire wealth, education, or ideas above their station, is most revolting to healthy-minded persons, and a crime against morality.

This sentiment, of course, is a well-es-

tablished tradition in the Broke family, yet the only son, and the youngest daughter—they have somehow become inoculated with a deadly foreign poison—defy it, one to marry a sales-girl out of a Bond street shop, the other, the son of a Cuttisham bookseller.

Realistically, and with a convincing logic, the author shows what dire misfortune and unhappiness follows in the wake of an indomitable class pride like Broke's, how it de-humanizes and brutalizes, and in the end how miserably futile it all is.

As a picture of certain phases of contemporaneous English life, the book is admirable. The present is undoubtedly a transition stage of society—the new and vigorous democracy encroaching on the old and bitterly resisting aristocracy—wealth and power, lands and revenues changing hands—truly has it been called a "shuffling of the classes."

The characters in the novel are so well-differentiated, so vital, so human, that they impart to it an interest quite apart from the story itself. Broke himself, his extraordinarily able wife, Delia, Porter, Lord Salmon, Mr. Breffit, that ill-matched pair, Lord and Lady Bosket, the Duke of Wimbledon, these form a gallery of portraits one does not often meet with in the average novel. If sometimes they are somewhat broadly drawn, the defect should be laid to the sheer exuberance of the author's gifts. If fault may be found with the author's style in general, it is that of too great an amplitude. One wonders too if English people ever really do talk with such bookish fluency and precision of language as some of the speeches in the novel would indicate.

A word as to that diverting English peer of ancient lineage, Lord Bosket. He will prove a revelation—and a shocking one—to many good Americans, whose vague notions of English aristocracy are inextricably mingled with the equally vague idea, "culture." (Herbert B. Turner & Company, Boston, 1905. \$1.50.)

THE BEST ARTISTS ILLUSTRATE MISS ALCOTT'S BOOKS

The publication of new editions of two of Miss Alcott's famous stories, "Under the Lilacs" and "Jack and Jill," complete the set of the "Little Women Series" illustrated. Alice Barber Stephens has drawn eight full pictures for "Under the Lilacs," while Harriet Roosevelt Richards has provided a similar number for "Jack and Jill."

The set of the eight illustrated volumes in the series, all in holiday garb, are now supplied in a handsome box, making a valuable addition to any boy's or girl's library.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

THE BOY PATHFINDER, by William C. Sprague.

All the boys will be attracted by this story of the lad, George Shannon, who accompanies Captains Lewis and Clark in their arduous and perilous journey through the great Northwest to the Columbia river. The field is one prolific of adventure, and Mr. Sprague follows his earlier book covering the period of the Louisiana Purchase with this story of its exploration in an instructive and absorbing manner. (Lee & Shepard, Boston. \$1.50.)

JAY GOULD HARMON WITH MAINE FOLKS, by George S. Kimball.

The early success of the publishers with "Quincy Adams Sawyer" promises to be repeated in this clever story of life in the primitive wilds of Maine, with adventures, love-making and romantic episodes which will please numerous readers. The book is handsomely illustrated, and will doubtless be a favorite. (The C. M. Clark Publishing Company, Boston. \$1.50.)

THE BARONET RAG PICKER, by Charles S. Coom.

A Cornwall village with its population of ignorant fishermen, a manor-house, an entailed estate, the larceny of a marriage certificate, the death of the thief, and the disappearance of the heir, make an interesting plot, and a false claim to the estate, the return of the heir and his trial for the murder of the thief give added sensation, but all ends well and the young lawyer who unravels the mysteries and tells the story wins the hand of the daughter of the heir. (The C. M. Clark Publishing Company, Boston. \$1.50.)

THE SCARLET PATCH, by Mary E. Q. Brush.

The Mohawk Valley during the Revolution was the scene of much thrilling adventure, in which tories, patriots and good and bad Indians had active parts. The "Scarlet Patch" was a tory badge, and its wearer finds himself thwarted from time to time in his attempts to aid the enemy, by the cleverness of a boy patriot and his Indian friend. All the boys will admire the book, and their sisters will not willingly let it alone. (Lee & Shepard, Boston. \$1.25.)

THE GREGORY GUARDS, by Emma Lee Benedict, illustrated by Frank T. Merrill.

Half a dozen New York city boys are taken to a country home for a summer's outing, by a philanthropic young man. The lads, various in character, appreciate their good fortune and form a club to further the interests of their employer as

occasion may offer. There are occasions, exciting and startling, in which the lads accomplish much that is of value. Mr. Merrill's pictures are of high grade and add to the interest of the book. (Lee & Shepard, Boston. \$1.25.)

CORDELIA'S PATHWAY OUT, by Edna A. Foster.

Miss Foster is no stranger to the young people. Her former book "Hortense" won their admiration and its characters are not forgotten. They appear again in this new book, in which Cordelia's homely and commonplace virtues—earnestness and tenacity of purpose—win for her the good will of her elders and the confidence and admiration of her companions. (Lee & Shepard, Boston. \$1.00.)

AMERICAN HEROES AND HEROINES, by Pauline Carrington Bouvé.

Mrs. Bouvé's name is well known to the readers of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, to which she is a frequent contributor, and this book will interest all the younger element of our circle. She gives instructive and picturesque sketches of a score of American celebrities, in a manner to fix the attention and the memory on the historical facts involved. (Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston. \$1.25.)

UNDER THE LILACS, by Louisa M. Alcott.

Every generation of young people falls in love with Miss Alcott's stories. They are all fresh, clean and helpful, and she bids fair to hold a permanent place among the New England classics. This story, the seventh in the new series just coming from the publishers, is handsomely printed, with excellent illustrations and a very attractive illuminated cover. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$2.00.)

ROSE OF THE RIVER, by Kate Douglas Wiggin.

This a charming New England love story of very common but very interesting people, set in the scenery and conditions along the Saco river, "down in Maine." Log-driving, ice-jams, and the commonplaces of rural life are cleverly described, and the "course of true love" in the tale is quite like the erratic current of the river stream. (Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston. \$1.50.)

AMY IN ACADIA, by Helen Leah Reed.

The Annapolis Valley in Nova Scotia, with its French and English historic associations and its poetic interest through Longfellow's "Evangeline," is a delightful background for a story, and the author of the "Brenda Books" has made a pleasant choice in the location for the setting of a new series. Amy and her friends start on

a vacation trip which they propose shall be "improving" but which does not entirely fulfil their plans. It is a pretty story, and prettily illustrated by Katherine Pyle. (Little, Brown & Company, Boston. \$1.50.)

HELEN GRANT AT ALDRED HOUSE, by Amanda M. Douglas.

The thousands of girls who have read Miss Douglas's earlier books will need only to be told that "here is another" to induce them to look for it. "Helen Grant's School-days" won her hosts of friends, and in her boarding-school life at Aldred House she is the same lovable and loving girl who overcomes jealousy and spite by her winsome character and conduct. (Lee & Shepard, Boston. \$1.25.)

THE CHILDREN OF BEDFORD COURT, by Grace LeBaron.

This is number three of "The Janet Series," and Jerry and Jessica of the earlier books have here a boy companion, Roy Fitzpatrick, who makes things interesting as a boy who aspires to be a soldier, as a newsboy, and as a real soldier in the Spanish-American war. There is no lack of stirring incident, and the trio of friends will attract many juvenile readers. (Lee & Shepard, Boston. 75 cents.)

DOLLY'S DOUBLE, by Ethel Wood.

This child's story is sweet and refreshing with a simple plot which will hold the interest of all the little ones. Two girls so much alike as to confuse their friends have lots of adventures at home and at the seashore, and when they are found to be sisters both are delighted at the reason of their resemblance and of an assured future companionship. Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston. \$1.00

REAL BOYS, by Henry A. Shute.

Mr. Shute's "Real Diary of a Real Boy" gave him an assured place in the hearts of "all the boys," which was broadened by "The Squire." Now he expands his list of admirers again by introducing a group of Exeter boys who are real, and who illustrate many phases of boy character in a healthful and elevating style. Mr. F. R. Gruger supplies some interesting illustrations. (G. W. Dillingham Company, New York. \$1.50.)

MY LITTLE LADY IN WAITING, by Louise E. Catlin.

This is a possible but hardly probable girl's story, of a New York waif who begins her upward career in a vacation school where she attracts friends and learns cookery and housekeeping. These accomplishments open a good home to her, and going abroad with her friends she is

more fortunate in saving the life of a little German princess, whose parents "take up" the plucky little American, and she finds a place at court. (Lee & Shepard, Boston. \$1.25.)

LAURA IN THE MOUNTAINS, by Henrietta E. Eliot.

Mrs. Eliot understands children, and her "Laura" appears here again, a little older but still a child. A vacation with her brothers and sisters in the mountains of Oregon gives opportunity for history, geography and scenery, which cannot fail to win the attention and interest of hosts of children of all ages. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston. 50 cents.)

THE PRUDENTIAL SECURES SOME BRITISH TERRITORY

ROCK OF GIBRALTAR ARRIVES AT THE INSURANCE COMPANY'S HOME OFFICE

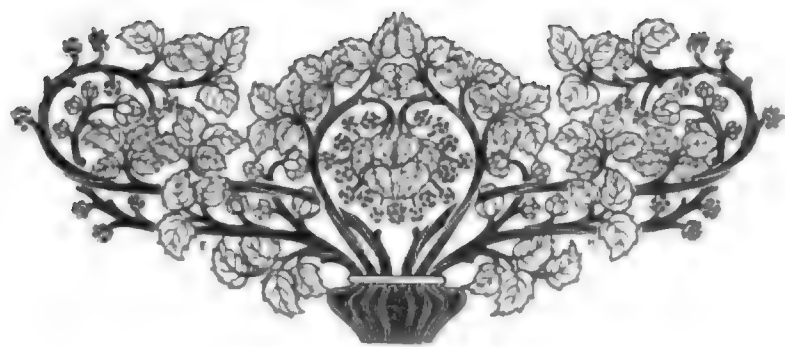
The Prudential Insurance Company of America, well known for its world-famed trade-mark, "The Prudential Has the Strength of Gibraltar," has just received, at its Home Office, in Newark, N. J., a great slice of the rock from the famous English fortress on the Mediterranean.

By arrangement with the American consul at Gibraltar, R. L. Sprague, this rock was quarried from the parent rock and forwarded to America on the North German Lloyd steamer "Koenig Albert," with certificate from the Admiralty Contractor at Gibraltar to prove its authenticity. Photographs showing the place from which the rock was cut out from Gibraltar have also been received by The Prudential.

The employees of The Prudential have a feeling of sentiment for the Rock of Gibraltar, the use of which as a trade-mark they feel has been largely instrumental in bringing about, through good advertising, increased popularity for The Prudential, and a public appreciation of the Scope and Strength of the Company, resulting from its Progressive and, at the same time, Conservative administration.

The Prudential selected Gibraltar as its trade-mark because of the great and renowned strength of that famous fortress. The rock which came to America is of grayish-white limestone of such an unusually dense and compact mass, and offering such difficulties to the stone-cutter, that the judgment of the Prudential officials in selecting Gibraltar as a trade-mark is well verified.

The English authorities at Gibraltar readily gave their consent to sending the Rock to the Prudential, and the only cost involved was that covering the shipment. Small portions of the Rock will be sent out as souvenirs to certain of the Company's employees.



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Paul Bartlett: An American Sculptor

By ELLEN STRONG BARTLETT

A CERTAIN lady often relates how she assisted at the beginning of a distinguished career, by holding in her arms a young goat which an eager little boy used as the model for his first essay in modelling from life. The clay and the model were tractable; perhaps the master's touch could be felt already in the small fingers; and the effort produced the first work in sculpture of Paul Bartlett.

This American boy, born in New Haven, Connecticut, was then living in the village of Marly, near Paris, and it was not long before his strong propensity for sculpture attracted the attention of the famous sculptor, Frémiet, who saw him modelling in the garden at Marly, criticized his work from time to time, and also received him for instruction in his class in animal sculpture and drawing in the Jardin des Plantes in Paris. At an age when most boys are absorbed in ball and skates he was zealously studying form and proportion, light and shade, the mechanics of the sculptor's art; and was observing animal life so watchfully that in after years he could

portray it with wonderful skill. Those hours among the strange and varied inhabitants of the Jardin, of intimate intercourse with bird and beast and reptile, were hours when the observant eye and willing fingers were preparing for a later acknowledged mastery of animal sculpture. In a year, his heads of animals were marked by spirit and accuracy, and had the seal of public approbation by finding ready purchasers.

The results of this early drill may be seen in such works of boyhood as the lion of the Porte St. Denis, the Cerberus with the Orpheus in the Luxembourg; and, of maturer life, the Dying Lion, the sea-horses at the Pan-American Exposition, and the noble horses of his equestrian statues.

The lessons had a definite aim; when fourteen years old, the boy attained the honor of exhibiting in the Salon a bust of his grandmother, his first public work; and in the same year, 1880, he entered L'Ecole des Beaux Arts. Years of diligent application to work followed and at twenty-two, in 1887, he exhibited

in the Salon his group, *The Bohemian Bear-Tamer*. This had been ready for the public a year before, but it did not satisfy the requirements of the ambitious young sculptor, and thus had been subjected to reformation for another twelvemonth. It received a recompense at the time of exhibition and it is unnecessary to say anything more about the merit of this youthful production than that the original cast is in the Chicago Institute of Art, while the bronze has one of the most distinguished places in the noble new Hall of Modern Sculpture in the Metropolitan Museum. It is characteristic that this early work was not a reflection of a classic *Hebe* or *Endymion*, nor even a *Fisherboy* or *Indian Maiden* but was an interpretation in bronze through life to-day of a thought that enters every meditative mind.

Here are two bear-cubs, "delightfully clumsy," as some one has said, gambolling with such grace as pertains to half-grown bruins, whether of *Berne* or of the *Yellowstone Park*, enjoying the moving of their newly-found muscles, too young to realize the full extent of their power, and yet with the possibility of revengeful harm in their brute strength. These cubs are cowed by the superior power of the man who looks down on them with the easy smile of conscious control. The reason for their latent fear, the hand of steel within the glove of velvet, is perceived in the folded whip held behind the tamer's back. Yet there is no rough force even suggested in act or attitude.

But the right hand is held up with a snap of the thumb and finger. He looks down and commands. They look up and obey. It is another version of man's dominion over Nature,

and very delicately is the version rendered. The technique is admirable; from every point of view the lines are good, the balance is satisfying, and the modelling clear. The tamer is not an *Apollo*, but his muscles are there, ready for action when required, and you know that an instant of rebellion on the part of his pupils would bring the whip around with well-directed energy.

A little later, the *Indian Ghost Dance* was made, a strong work, full of technical ability "like a plaster cast from Nature put in a difficult pose," exhibited at the *Columbian Exposition* and now in the *Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts*.

He did remarkable things in bronze casting. As the musician is trained so that hand and arm carry to the ear the finest shadings of the composer's thought, so *Paul Bartlett* became so intimate with the idiosyncrasies of sleepy owl or crusty crocodile, of things that creep and crawl and fly, of slippery fish, mettlesome horse and lordly lion, that he could play with a sure touch on any theme in the life of the brute creation. By some deft magic, he gave to these varied shapes hues as varied, gem-like purples and greens, blues and golden browns, iridescent like the lining of shells or the metallic luster of ores and semi-precious stones. In this department of art he is quite unrivalled. The collection of these bronzes as exhibited in the *Salon of 1895* was considered quite extraordinary, and won for him honors; while it was one of the unique exhibits in the *Sculpture Hall of the World's Fair at St. Louis*, so much admired by the Japanese, world-masters in the art of bronze-casting, that they asked to buy some of the

ment, and distinction, and as one of the foremost statues in Paris, its author was not quite satisfied. He had spent an additional year on the Bear-Tamer, after it seemed to be completed, had remade the model of the Michael Angelo three or four times before allowing the committee to receive it, and he determined on making an entirely new Lafayette, horse, rider and all. This model on which, from his own volition, he is now at work, has highly delighted the committee in charge. The pedestal, a beautiful structure, is by the eminent architect, Mr. Thomas Hastings. As has been said the site is unrivalled, and demands a statue of great distinction, as this will surely be. The entrances to the Square are such that it will be seen from the four corners, enforcing most careful arrangement to ensure symmetrical and striking effects. Besides this, provision must be made for the fact that it will be looked at by thousands from the windows above.

Mr. Bartlett, who is an indefatigable student of whatever subject he undertakes, is deeply versed in the costume of the Revolutionary period, and every detail of uniform, equipment, and trappings of the horse, is in keeping. He remembered that Lafayette was an enthusiastic youth of nineteen, a French officer, a noble of birth and fashion, when he crossed the Atlantic and offered his sword to Washington; and every line of the statue is springing with youthful vigor and is full of aristocratic breeding. The sculptor has said:—"He appears as the emblem of the aristocratic sympathy shown by France to our forefathers. His youth, his distinction, his noble bearing, the richness of his costume, and of the trappings of

his horse, everything serves to emphasize the difference of his race and education."

On the pediment of the New York Stock Exchange, called one of the most notable compositions in modern sculpture, Mr. J. Q. A. Ward had the coöperation of Paul Bartlett, who executed the designs of the older man.

To Mr. Bartlett, the Sculpture Commission of Connecticut has just given an order connected with completing the decoration of the north front of the capitol at Hartford. This has been without the statues that were called for in the original design by Richard Upjohn, for years, and undoubtedly the delay has been advantageous to the appearance of the capitol, for art has developed astonishingly in New England in that time, not only in the ability of native artists, but also in public taste.

For the niches in the north façade six statues of famous Connecticut men will be required. The tympana, as seen in Mr. Bartlett's preliminary plaster sketch, shown at Hartford, will portray important events in Connecticut's history as a colony; and there will be ten medallions, portraits in high relief of Connecticut worthies. Of these, one of the statues, that of Connecticut's illustrious governor, John Winthrop the Younger, one of the tympana, and one of the portraits, will be personally executed by Mr. Bartlett during the coming year. An admirable statue of Governor Haynes is being designed by Richard Brooks, the well-known Boston sculptor.

It is needless to say that an artist of Paul Bartlett's versatility, vigor, literary culture, and indefatigable zeal, will produce a work that will

in his studio, in his foundry, not only giving life to his conceptions and modelling them in clay, but after the selection of the material, it is he who cuts and chisels. He works like the ancient artisan, who spent days locked up in his studio to discover an artistic effect, which to the casual observer may pass unnoticed; but which to future connoisseurs may establish not only the lasting reputation of the artist but elevate national art."

Already the French have bestowed on Paul Bartlett nearly every honor in their gift. In 1889, he was a member of the jury of awards at the Paris Exposition, and, in spite of that, a medal of honor was awarded to him. That being incompatible with his position on the jury, it was thought to make him a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Alas! he was too young for that, and not till the venerable age of thirty had been

reached could he be decorated. In that year, 1895, he exhibited his small bronzes in the Salon, which made him *hors concours*, above competition; and he was again on the International Jury of Awards for Sculpture at the Paris Exposition in 1900, representing the United States. His works are in the museums of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Paris.

Not only has this career, long in honor, short in years, been marked by phenomenal success, but each success has been distinctly a development of powers. The genius and technical ability that produced the Bear-Tamer and the Ghost Dance have been infused by the mellowing influence of years, and the Warren and the Lafayette, full of sentiment as well as vigor, are the results.

Connecticut may well be proud of her sculptor-son.

In Ages Past

By MADISON CAWEIN

I stood upon a height and listened to
 The solemn psalmody of many pines,
 And with the sound I seemed to see vast lines
 Of mountains rise, summits of cloudy blue,
 And hear the hurl of torrents roaring through
 Riven ravines; or from the crags' gaunt spines
 Pouring wild hair, where,—as an eyeball shines,—
 A mountain pool shone, clear, of sapphire hue.
 And then my soul remembered—felt, how once,
 In ages past, 't was here that I, a Faun,
 Startled an Oread at her morning bath,
 Who stood revealed, in beauty like the sun's,
 Her deep hair, heavy with the dews of dawn,
 Veiling the azure of her eyes' bright wrath.

With the Aid of Fifty Cupids

By ALICE H. PETRIE

AUNTIE Vio was to blame for it all as you shall see. And it was because she was tender-hearted and generous and knew nothing at all about children except that they were to be loved and fed and kept out of the neighbor's garden and chicken coops. Quite as usual though Auntie Vio's part in the affair was wholly overlooked, for Mr. Reginald thanked Heaven and his own good luck, and Miss Eleanor of course laid it all to those "blessed babies."

At any rate had Auntie Vio known more about children she would never have urged Miss Eleanor to spend the day at Aurora Cliff with her kindergarten family; had Miss Eleanor been more familiar with the devious route which lay between the city and Auntie Vio's she would never have dared to go; and had Mr. Reginald's interest in kindergartens been more general he would never have been mixed up—for mixed up he certainly was—in this particular trip.

On that day so long ago when Miss Eleanor—little Nell she was then—had landed her first catch, a small white perch, square in his lap and later sauntering home from the pond through the pine grove had leaned back against a great pine and impulsively ended a calm and critical scrutiny of his tall, well built figure, large, strong hands, refined face with properly pointed beard and blue eyes twinkling bewitchingly behind most becoming glasses with a solemn, "I like you"—Mr. Reginald's interests in life had suddenly

become centralized. It was but natural then as little Nell became Miss Eleanor and learned with more grace to land the young fry at her feet instead of in Mr. Reginald's lap, that he should take care that she should have no chance to forget or outgrow her early preference and that as she became kindergartner he should assume the various roles of school committee candidate, photographer of kindergarten groups, disinterested observer in the child study movement and philanthropist in turn.

Accordingly when he "happened" to meet Miss Eleanor on the train one rare June morning and learned of her proposed trip to Aurora Cliff it at once occurred to him that here was the very opportunity for which he had been waiting to pursue his child study investigations under entirely new conditions. At least that is how he accounted for his presence at the settlement house that morning to the Personage of Some Importance who always superintended Miss Eleanor's efforts. Fortunately, however, Mr. Reginald's justification of his presence was necessarily very brief for an excursion was a great event at the settlement house and Alvira Anoncla, Peter Pasquanhi, Carmela Cantalopa and numerous other youngsters clamored for news of each and every detail of the proposed trip the minute Miss Eleanor arrived.

"O Miss Ele'nor, we'se goin' to go on a 'o go bubble,' ain't we? Lemme sit on front and make it go, won't yo'?"

"No, we be to go on a fairy boat. ain't we, Miss El'nor, a fairy boat way cross the water like we did one day." "O you mean a ferry boat," interposed another; "anyway, I'se goin' to sit side of you Miss Eleanor, ain't I?" and so on until Miss Eleanor laughed and held up her hand which with some difficulty she succeeded in disengaging from her swarm of admirers, for a moment's quiet.

"We're going on a car, little folks away out into the country where you can pick your arms full of daisies and buttercups and where you can play on the beach too and bring back all the pretty stones you wish. And all I'm going to ask of you is that my big boys will help the babies and that when I beckon to you, that you come to me instantly. And now we must hurry away and catch our car."

Then the Personage of Some Importance smiled strenuously and said, "Miss Eleanor, I want to tell the children something before you go. My dear little children, did you know that Miss Eleanor is going to do something very nice for you this morning? Did you know that she has sacrificed all her own comfort and pleasure just to come in here and make you happy? Don't you all love Miss Eleanor? Isn't it very kind of her to do all this for you? And now, little children, I want you to be very good little boys and girls to-day. Do you know why I want you to be very good little boys and girls? Well I will tell you. First of all you must be very good little boys and girls because God made you and He loves only good little children, you know. And then you must be very good little children because it is right and good so to do. And now remember that you must

mind Miss Eleanor and do just what she wants you to do and then you will be very happy little children. And now I want you all to keep your eyes wide open to-day and fill your minds with beautiful thoughts because that will drive away all evil from your hearts and scowls from your faces and make you little sunbeams, and when you come back this afternoon I want you each to bring me one beautiful, happy thought about God's sunshine, or sweet pure air, or the waves, or the beach, or the birds, or the flowers. Now don't forget, my dear little children, just one sweet thought to-day about the wonders of nature which Miss Eleanor is so good as to take you to see. God bless you all and bring you back safely." And the Personage beamingly bowed them out, quite unconscious that Mr. Reginald had been the only listener, so eager were they to go.

How Miss Eleanor and the other forty-nine ever compassed the distance between the house and the car is yet a mystery to Mr. Reginald for he found one refractory urchin of three and a half enough to disarrange—putting it mildly—temper, toilet, and thinking apparatus, but while he still struggled helplessly with this particular cherub Miss Eleanor had safely packed the forty-nine on the five front seats and, cool and cheerful, reached out for the troublesome number fifty whom she straightway cuddled into submission while Mr. Reginald was left to straighten his tie and his temper and meditate on the injustice of life in general and kindergarten discipline in particular.

Not long was he left thus. Life on a trolley car with fifty active youngsters is not monotonous as Mr. Reginald can testify. It was

at the second change of cars that he became painfully conscious of this as he entered upon the experience of wholesale chicken and grain dealer in turn, for like chickens they fluttered off both sides of the car under the feet of horses and directly in front of every passing vehicle until Miss Eleanor gathered them under her wing on the curbing and showed Mr. Reginald how to lift them rapidly into the next car one after another like so many bags of grain. It was not until the last change of cars but one, however, that Mr. Reginald's admiration for Miss Eleanor's managing powers reached its height when a kindly disposed passenger felt impelled to contribute toward the happiness of the company in the form of bags and bags of peanuts and molasses kisses which he proceeded to distribute with lavish hand in most genial fashion to the great glee of Mr. Reginald and the children, who shared none of Miss Eleanor's apprehensions. To her appealing glance of distress Mr. Reginald replied softly that nothing could hurt young hopefuls who had cut their teeth on cheese-rinds and been nourished with tea and soothing syrup and as for the stickiness of molasses it might help to keep them in their seats; at any rate no one's sense of cleanliness could be more deeply offended than it had been already, and directed her eyes toward their proud and beaming benefactor, the picture of Self Satisfied Philanthropist. What could she do but smile and bow her thanks and wait! It was as she expected. Peanuts and a jolting car were too much for baby stomachs. How she managed to evolve from her little hand bag yards and yards of old sheeting, hold five little heads out of a car

window and smile an irate conductor into a willing servant all at the same moment Mr. Reginald never knew, but while he sank into a corner in helpless mortification that is what she did. For the first time Mr. Reginald welcomed a change of cars though it meant a prolonged encounter with sticky little hands.

When, safely ensconced in the next and last car, they learned that it would be half an hour at least before they started even Miss Eleanor felt that the climax was reached. Not so Rufus Ruskin Robbins. As lithe a little monkey as ever climbed ancestral tree he sped along the running board to the front platform and seizing the brake swung it round and round crying, "I'll be de ogo man, Miss El'nor, just you see me make de car go long." With that he sank back on the seat with a howl as the released brake handle gave him a vicious blow just above the eye.

Then it was that Mr. Reginald earned his sheepskin. Quick as a flash he was on the front seat and had stopped the revolving brake. Tenderly he took the little fellow in his arms and just what he did Miss Eleanor never knew but before they had reached Aurora Cliff, Rufus was quite himself again. There stood Auntie Vio, ready to receive them with her usual gracious dignity, which savored of lavender and the old time courtliness of knights and ladies. With one wild whoop they made for the adjoining daisy field, sweeping her along with them in the mad rush. There she stood, dazed and breathless, helplessly looking about as if for a haven of refuge while the children, shrieking with delight and tearing wildly about, filled their arms to overflowing with the pretty blossoms.

"Poor Auntie Vio," whispered Miss Eleanor, "and she has always thought of children as 'Happy angels sent on missions sweet.' Shall we go to her rescue, Mr. Reginald?"

To Auntie Vio's great relief they explained that such vigorous exercise was merely the reaction from their three hours' ride and while Miss Eleanor convinced her that neither she nor the children nor the cliff were in any immediate danger Mr. Reginald, waiving all ceremony stretched himself on the grass with an enigmatical sigh, too weary for words.

Then suddenly Auntie Vio gave a queer little ejaculation and whisked off to the kitchen from whence came an odor of burning goodies. Hardly had the spluttering and sissing which indicated the removal of a kettle of burning chowder from the stove to the sink commenced when the oven door creaked and from the kitchen window issued a blackness odorous of overdone gingerbread and cookies and slam went the pans upon a nearby table. A second later out of the house rushed Auntie Vio and around the corner as fast as if the house itself were on fire.

Mr. Reginald was on his feet in a trice, and hand in hand, too excited to think of the order of their going, he and Miss Eleanor pulled each other round the corner just in time to see an excited group of cackling hens and fluttering youngsters in the neighbor's chicken coop, with Auntie Vio in their midst, shooing out children and shooing in chickens with a singed and blackened apron, while Peter Pasquanhi, the instigator of this fowl raid stood unconcernedly looking on and to Auntie Vio's vociferous pleadings and warnings that they

must go away from the hen house and never again darken its doors, nonchalantly remarked, "Ah-h, to H—with the chickens ennyhow."

Poor Auntie Vio! What a revelation of Peter's moral status, and less than five years since "the prison doors had begun to close upon his infancy!" thought Miss Eleanor and turned to Mr. Reginald for sympathy, but his head was turned away and his face buried in his handkerchief apparently struggling with a desire—to sneeze. Miss Eleanor stifled a secret tendency to share Mr. Reginald's mirth, bade the wanderers return to the rest of the flock in the daisy field, and (regardless of carefully taken notes in training school on how to discourage tendencies toward wastefulness in the children of the tenements) told them to pick her a big, big bunch of flowers. Smiling reassuringly at Auntie Vio she solemnly led the offending Peter to the judgment seat on the piazza. But she remembered Peter's father's vigorous vocabulary and his mother's limited but forceful English and began and ended the sentence with "Oh, Peter!" There wasn't time for much more either for Rufus as I said had recovered from his braking accident and a wail now arose from the beach at quite a distance from the house which belonged unmistakably to none other than he.

Miss Eleanor fled toward the cry just as Auntie Vio tore out of the kitchen door and panted close at her heels, her face purpling with the unwonted exercise and streams of perspiration pouring down her back. But when they rounded the corner Rufus was not drowned, though Mr. Reginald often declares it was through no fault of his—he was not even trying to swim—but high and

dry on the beach he was solemnly repeating between great sobs, word by word after Mr. Reginald, the "golden rule."

"And now," said Mr. Reginald "say it once more, all by yourself." Quaintly with his southern drawl Rufus said, swishing his sleeve across his face with a quick jerk, while he drew a series of staccato breaths which were almost a sob, "Do to yo'se'f whut yo'—jest done to the othuh kid—an' see how yo' done like it." Seeing a pile of bean bags lying on the ground and Alvira Anoncla rubbing her hand and softly patting a long scratch on her cheek while Carmela Cantaloopa cast covetous glances at the bags, Miss Eleanor rightly guessed what had happened and turned to Mr. Reginald for confirmation of her imaginings.

"Well," said Mr. Reginald, "only Rufus knows exactly what happened. When I came along Rufus was dividing his time between stuffing bean bags into his jumper and sailing into the other two kids. So I just gave him a little of his own medicine and tacked on the golden rule for luck. Don't know which he regretted most, slapping his own face with a little extra impulse from me, giving up the bags, or speaking his little piece."

"I hereby resign all responsibility for the downbringing and safe return of Rufus Ruskin Robbins and bequeath the same with all his sins and accomplishments to your tender mercies," enunciated Miss Eleanor with a rueful smile, half weary, half mirthful, and led Alvira and Carmela toward the house, leaving the training of Rufus in Mr. Reginald's hands—hands which Rufus quite respected from now on, for though he did at times fail to recall the golden

rule he never could forget that laying on of hands!

When Miss Eleanor reached the piazza out from Auntie Vio's best front room flocked her little brood which she had left picking flowers. "O Miss Eleanor, we couldn't find you. We thought you was losted so we just put the f'owers in here for you, a big, big bunch, just as you said." With sinking heart Miss Eleanor opened the door and there strewn on the best chairs and table and carpet, were drooping daisies and grasses, and everywhere were the tracks of dusty little feet. "Oh! oh! oh! what would Auntie Vio say?" She went out and shut the door quickly for she heard her coming and said, "Yes, little folks, and now we'll play some games right out here in the sunshine," and she gathered them around her hoping against hope that Auntie Vio would not find it out till they had had something to eat, for she knew they had had nothing since a very scanty breakfast, except the peanuts—and those wouldn't stay down.

While she wondered if she dare suggest that they usually had a cracker and milk lunch in the middle of the forenoon and it was now nearly time for Auntie Vio's two o'clock dinner, Violet Serulia Singleterry snuggled up close and patted her hand. Then she toyed with the stray curls about Miss Eleanor's ear. "I wish you wuz my mammy, Miss El'nor, 'cause 'ood be a awful nice mammy. You's got such pretty hair. I like pretty hair, Miss El'nor." Miss Eleanor smiled.

"What is it now, little one?" "Oh, nussin'; I just like 'oo, dat's all." Miss Eleanor gave her a little squeeze—"only, 'course," went on Miss Violet Serulia, "cakes and milk is ossul dood." "I'm afraid

you're hungry, honey," said Miss Eleanor, loud enough for Auntie Vio to hear. "Jiminy crickets!" ejaculated Auntie Vio, lapsing into the almost obsolete slang of her college days. "Why, I'd almost forgotten that chowder and gingerbread again," and away she tripped to the kitchen.

Pretty soon out she came and said, "Lunch is served, little ones, won't you come this way?" They needed no second call and as they gathered round the long table which she had improvised on the piazza she became her own graceful self once more. But they didn't eat—except Rufus and Violet Serulia and their kinky haired brethren. The little Jews sat and stared at the chowder in utter unconcern, much to Auntie Vio's chagrin. "Why, eat, little ones," she urged. "Don't you like it? *This* isn't burned. The first kettleful all burned up but this is good." She raised a spoonful to the lips of Peter Pasquanhi but he would have none of it.

In desperation she turned to Miss Eleanor. "What is it?" she asked. "Clams," said Miss Eleanor, "shellfish are unclean. While vile words may sometimes pass Peter's lips nothing to him unclean may pass within." Auntie Vio tried them on sandwiches. They were of ham! She gave them bread and butter. The same immutable stare. She gave them gingerbread with no better result. "And I've used all the crackers and milk in the chowder," she moaned. Meanwhile Peter had discovered pink lemonade and ice cream and his eyes were glued thereon. Miss Eleanor caught his gaze and signalled Auntie Vio what to do. In a moment Peter and his fellows were happy. How they revelled in pink lemonade and ice

cream! "Gee!" said Peter, "now we's gut ther party." Auntie Vio turned to remove the chowder plates. They were all empty! Had the little Jews repented and partaken after all, she wondered. No there was Rufus at the end of the line licking out the last plate. He had slipped along behind and eaten them all and Mr. Reginald had been too busy satisfying his own hunger to care to notice, while Miss Eleanor mischievously waived all responsibility for Rufus's table manners and awaited results.

"Now, little ones," said Miss Eleanor as the last bit of pink lemonade and ice cream vanished "we'd better sing our good-bye song to Auntie Vio and start for home."

As she headed them for the car there were wails and moans of, where's my f'owers?" and Violet Serulia started a mad rush for the best front room. "Don't let them go in there, don't—" shrieked Auntie Vio, but she was not as fleet as when she tipped the scales at a hundred and as the last child disappeared within her spick and span best room Auntie Vio sank down on the steps. "Gracious Peter!" she said, lapsing once more into the old time college phraseology, "the only place those kidlets haven't found is the garden, and I suppose I ought to thank my lucky stars for that."

Round the corner at this eventful moment came Peter Pasquanhi tugging away at a load that was almost too much for his tender years. On he came, half carrying half dragging a great armful of pea vines full of blossoms and half-grown pods. Mr. Reginald tucked Rufus under his arm and fled for the car. Miss Eleanor cast one beseeching glance at Auntie Vio. Auntie Vio clasped both her hands

tightly together and gasped, "Heavenly cats!"

This was almost too much for Miss Eleanor. Before she had time to recover from her astonishment Auntie Vio burst out into a laugh such as she had not indulged in for years, then wiped her eyeglasses and said, "Well, well, children will be children whether they are born in the tenements or in the country. Just wait a moment while I get a bag of cookies; they may be hungry going home, Nell."

Safely tucked away on the five front seats again as the car sped around a corner they saw Auntie Vio wiping her eyes with one hand while she waved her apron with the other. As the conductor—conductors on Auntie Vio's line are privileged beings—came to collect fares Violet Serulia leaned over and tugged at Miss Eleanor's sleeve. "Say, Miss El'nor, did I get sunburned?" and she stretched out a bare black arm for inspection. The conductor threw back his head and howled. "Sunburned? You're burned to a cinder," he said with a grin and turning to Mr. Reginald, "I was goin' to say if them's all yourn you must 'a left some out in the sun longer 'n you did others."

Minus the several necessary changes of cars—and Mr. Reginald said he had become so expert in handling live stock that even this was a pleasure—all went well, though not so merrily as coming down, for sleepy little heads nodded and tired little eyes closed. The numerous snores in various keys afforded quite a bit of amusement for the other passengers but Miss Eleanor and Mr. Reginald were too busy holding the youngsters on to have noticeable leisure. As they neared the city a heated discussion

arose between Rufus and Carmela Cantaloope. Rufus said, "See them sticks without any trees on 'em? Well, some time they'll be full of bananas." "Ah, them ain't 'nana poles, them's jellygraf poles," broke in Peter Pasquanhi. "Well, I bet ye don't das ter ketch um, ennyway," answered Rufus, not to be outdone. Peter was never known to take a dare, especially from Rufus. So he made a vigorous dash at every passing post while Carmela reached far out in eager excitement at the imminent peril of life and limb. Miss Eleanor tried in vain to reach them or attract their attention but her desperate attempts aroused Mr. Reginald to the children's danger.

He reached a long arm over two seats and yanked Peter down with a decided bump. Carmela he pulled kicking and screaming into his lap. She buried one hand deep in his beard while with the other she thrashed wildly about. While the kicking and screaming were at their height and Mr. Reginald was desperately struggling to retain hat and eyeglasses a howl of surprise and delight went up from the rear seat. Mr. Reginald could not mistake that laugh. Involuntarily he turned and met the gaze of Harold Adams, which with that of three other members of Mr. Reginald's city club was levelled full upon him in unholy mirth. "Ye gods!" said Mr. Reginald under his breath.

They entered the presence of the Personage of Some Importance at the Settlement House, a weary and bedraggled crowd.

The Personage again assumed his strenuous smile as he addressed the children, although Miss Eleanor was not impervious to the rebuke of

their disorderliness conveyed in the uplift of eyebrows which preceded the assumption.

"Well, my dear little children, what a nice time you must have had away out in God's sunshine and sweet pure air. And now who will tell me what you have learned to-day about the birds and the flowers and the wonders of nature? Come, dears, one sweet beautiful thought you know before you go to your various homes."

"Peter Pasquanhi swore a sware word," volunteered Alvira Anoncla.

"We had pink lemonade and ice cream," craftily broke in Peter.

"Yes, he did, he swore a great big swear," shrieked Alvira, bound to be heard.

"Rufus swiped all the bean bags," wailed Carmela Cantaloope, regardless of recognition by the presiding officer while Peter and Alvira made faces at one another.

"Yes, he did, and he scratched Alviry and made the blood to come, all red blood."

"Rufus threw peanut shells at a man and made him to shake his fist," broke in another.

Rufus alone of all that howling mob sat silent and still upon Mr. Reginald's lap. The confusion became so great it is doubtful if the Personage understood the enormity of all these crimes. In sheer desperation he covered his ears and gave Miss Eleanor a most scathing glance of reproach as he reached for his hat and cane.

"Children," he shrieked above the uproar, "you may go now and I hope the next time Miss Eleanor takes you out that she may be able to point out to you some of the evidences of God's great goodness and power and love and some of the beauties of His wondrous universe. Good afternoon," he finished with a

bow that barely included Miss Eleanor. Miss Eleanor turned to Mr. Reginald with something like a sob. The children fled through the open door with one wild whoop. "I resign the kindergarten to you," she said, "Rufus is the only one who shows any sign of training."

"Good," said Mr. Reginald, heartily, "I accept my promotion, if—" Miss Eleanor's eyes fell before the seriousness in his—"you'll accept the position I have so many times offered to you, Nell, dear—"

Rufus Ruskin Robbins was forgotten a second time, and he was not the boy to lose this opportunity to slip unnoticed from Mr. Reginald's restraining arms and take his part—belated though it were—in the "testimony meeting." Away he darted into the hall and caught at the fast disappearing coat tails of the Personage of Some Importance. "Please, Mistah, Mistah Reginal' he learned me de go'den rule."

The Personage turned. He looked down at Rufus over his spectacles. "Say it," he enunciated, and Rufus drawled forth,—"'Do to yo'se'f what yo' just done to the othah kid an' see how yo' done like it.' Dat's what Mr. Reginal' he learned me."

Miss Eleanor has always declared that the Personage found his sixth sense at that moment for never before had he been in the least degree susceptible to a joke. At any rate he burst out, "Bully for Mr. Reginald," and threw open the door with the heartiest kind of a laugh. "You have my congratulations, Mr. Reg—" he began, but as Miss Eleanor raised her head from Mr. Reginald's shoulder in blushing embarrassment he tucked Rufus under his arm and—as unceremoniously as the howling mob of youngsters had a few moments before—fled through the open door.

Divine? Ay, no less, if you will. But what is the
divine?

Is it more, after all, than the human
Exalted and ripened, made subtle and tender and fine,
Yearning with terrible love for the man and the
woman

Lost in the maze of a world with a pitiless plan;
Joyously giving all, bearing all, making no sign,
Wearing the glorious, glorified Manhood of Man?

Thus, while in dreaming and loving he waits for a
time yet in store,

From his dreams and his love and his patience a
mystic-fine vesture is wrought—

The web of divinity, wrapping his throbbing humanity
o'er;

Close in its gold-threaded meshes a splendor of
heaven is caught;

Clothed in this garment celestial, he waits for the cry
and the call

Out of the wilderness heralding Him whom the na-
tions have sought.

Many, in sooth, are divine—but the Carpenter's Son
most of all!

Silent in Nazareth, waiting he seems;

Still broods his soul as the white mother-dove—

Wistful-eyed dreamer of beautiful dreams,

Strong-hearted lover of Love.

New England's Stage Children

By ALEXANDER HUME FORD

“THE Children's Theatre” was the idea of a Boston scholar, Mr. Franklin Sargent, President of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, and it is safe to say that in every children's theatre established in the United States, New England youngsters have shone as the brightest stars.

It was Mr. Sargent who turned the beautiful little Carnegie Lyceum, of New York, into a place of amusement for the little ones. Here for several seasons gorgeous fairy spectacles enacted by tots could be witnessed by the younger generation of New Yorkers. But it was in his old home, Boston, that the juvenile theatre first received the lucrative support of the public, for the fickle little New Yorkers soon wearied of fairy stories and demanded real dramas such as their parents enjoyed.

The Children's Theatre, in Boston, however, kept to its original purpose of presenting by children only such plays as appealed to children.

It will interest New Englanders, perhaps, to know how the graduates of the Children's Theatre in the Hub have turned out. Many of them are now filling New York engagements, while others are actually starring in different parts of the country. In fact, New England has provided a host of juvenile players, and as the career of the Children's Theatre in Boston is so well known to the readers of this magazine, it may be better, perhaps, to confine the space at our disposal to a brief

narrative of the influence little New England stars have wielded over the destinies of children's theatres that have sprung up in other parts of our great country.

When the Children's Theatre in New York City required a child star, it sent to Boston for little Miss Beatrice Abbey, well known at the Hub juvenile playhouse. No less person than Mark Twain wrote the play in which this little lady made her metropolitan debut. Beatrice was then eight years of age, but already at the Castle Square Theatre, and elsewhere, she had played in stock fully a hundred different parts. As little Abbey in “The Little Lady and the Lord General,” this tiny Boston mite became the talk of New York. Hers was a star part, and the little play was the great writer's masterpiece, so that it is no wonder that this little girl, who acted her part as well as could any grown star, left the Children's Theatre only to play at the head of a large company under a famous Broadway manager.

The first juvenile comedian of the venture at Carnegie Lyceum was also a Bostonian. Master Clifford Lamont, who upon the day he reached his seventh birthday, made application for a permit to play at the Children's Theatre. This little tot brought down the house, his support being his sister and an older brother. Never before had a New York audience seen so young a comedian. Needless to state that Master Cliff was at once snapped up by a Broadway manager, and when

will come forth, and when they do, how the little theatre-goers look them over, just as grown folks do sometimes when they find themselves in close proximity to great celebrities.

After all there is little change in the formation of the brain; after it

has seen ten years of service, it gets harder and impressions are not so deep, that is all,—but that is our loss. Go with a child to the Children's Theatre and see how much more you can enjoy the event once you catch the spirit of the enthusiasm that pervades.

Pillow Fancies

By NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH

(These dreams form part of a collection which the dreamer has amused herself by making for some years past, their fantastic nature being sufficient guaranty that conscious imagination is responsible for none of them.)

I AM the possessor of a dream-book,—not one of those fat greasy volumes thumbed by superstitious old wives wherein the precise significance of crossing muddy water, seeing snakes and running from horned cattle is explained, but a small manuscript collection of my own in which stray journeys on Night's mare are recorded. The sights and sounds of many of these trips have escaped me and these, in reminiscence, seem to have been exciting as a Dumas novel, amusing as those clever things one does not say at a dinner and absorbingly interesting as the stray passages in books which one reads in a car over a neighbor's shoulder. The entries in this dream-book of mine are commonly brief and hasty, of a kind which one would naturally make in scanty attire with a blunt pencil in hand, but such as they are, they are here presented for the amusement of a waking world.

I flew last night again! How absurd it all is, this strolling about in crowded assemblies with modest de-

meanor, conversing with the common herd as one of themselves, and yet all the time conscious of a splendid pair of wings and assured that nobody else possesses even so much as a single feather! At the right moment,—(I never know it until it comes and I fear it must be the most conspicuous one,)—at the right moment I spread these magnificent pinions and soar up and away over hill and valley, followed by the admiring eyes of the earth-worms below. I really am not prideful and vainglorious in my waking hours, but who would believe it who saw me fly?

There were dream-guests in the kindergarten last night and the children were very unruly and disobedient, running about the room like mice. Jacky crawled under the stove and most discomfited and abashed, under the critical eyes of the visitors, I tried vainly for a half-hour to pull him forward with the long iron scraper that one uses for clearing out ashes.

The night mare has just borne

me to the St. Louis Exposition, and I am much exhausted. There were two hundred children with me and I tried, all alone and unfriended, to pass this army through the turnstiles! Never shall I forget my sensations as I saw the line behind me tangled into a hopeless mass of confusion, and the infants who had already passed through the stiles rushing forward and mingling, lost forever probably! with the hurrying crowds of people.

I engaged a dream-maid last night. She was a most prepossessing person and I smilingly asked her name. She gave it and I listened in astonishment. I could not repeat it, and she wrote it on a card. Here it is: Purgaledelys—and I do not wonder, although I am a fair linguist, that it “floored” me. Is Purgaledelys, euphonic creature, the forerunner of some strange inarticulate race over-seas, to whom we are to be bond-slaves in the future?

Last night's dream was not only circumstantial, but pictorial. I was in a lumber yard and saw a teamster loading boards on a large truck to which four oxen were yoked. He did this quite alone and unaided, by sliding a fire-shovel deftly under the middle of each board and tossing it on the truck like a pancake. While I was admiring this performance a Lapland sledge came in sight,—(no, of course, I never saw one, but I knew it and named it at once, just as Eve named the pig)—well, a Lapland sledge came in sight drawn by innumerable spans of dogs. But they were not all dogs, for as they drew nearer, at the head of the line, beside a white poodle, was an old brown goose pulling hard and quacking loudly. Behind her, there were

several spans of three-year-old babies, fluffy hair tossed back and dimpled knees bent to the work. Rosy babies, brown goose and shaggy dogs all were adorned with high arched Russian collars with bells and some of them wore spectacles also. I craned my neck to see who was holding the ribbons,—Homunculus for choice, I should say, with such a team, but the sledge glided by so quickly that I was in the office of the “Atlantic Monthly” before I knew it, and the editor, begging his pardon, was explaining to me what material he needed for his Christmas number.

The “Atlantic” looks with scorn, of course, upon such evanescent follies as Christmas numbers, but what does a dreamer reck of these discrepancies?

Dr. Edward Everett Hale has just paid a dream-visit to my kindergarten, and hospitable as I am, I can but wish these friendly strangers would come by day. I started to drive to the building with my distinguished guest, but my steed evidently had not the speed of a night mare for we travelled an hour without reaching our destination, and finally decided to desert the carriage and take the train, lest we be too late for the opening exercises. We stumbled over miles of rough country to reach the nearest station, and on leaving the cars found that the kindergarten was located at the top of a precipice one hundred feet high! I was not surprised,—surprise is no element of dreams, nor was I abashed at asking my reverend guest to climb up this solid wall of rock, holding on by teeth and nails. We scaled the precipice, we entered the friendly doors, but behold, instead of sweet peace and harmony

and cherub voices chanting morning hymns, an assistant was strumming a puerile melody upon the piano, while meaningless words were being shouted by a confused throng of babies as they circled in a disorderly dance about the floor.

"What are you doing, Miss Blank?" I questioned sternly.

"Why, it's the new Pinball game," she answered, "isn't it lovely?"

I dreamed some sandwiches last night, and I mean to try them by day. It's really worth while, isn't it, if one can dream a new dish and find it good. I was going on a journey it appeared, and was asked if I cared to take a luncheon. "Oh, I don't know," I answered, with equal parts of dream-indifference and dream-rudeness, "not unless you can think of anything good."

"Did you ever eat chocolate sandwiches?" queried my hostess with dream-patience.

"No, indeed," I answered, "how do you make them?"

"Butter the bread, cut it thin, and shave off the crusts as usual," she said, "then sprinkle it thick with grated chocolate, the sweetened kind, of course, and wrap the sandwiches in waxed paper. They keep well and are very nourishing."

Alas! I awoke and did not taste them, but I am sure they must be good.

This last dream is really most unpleasant and shows, I fear, too zealous devotion to Histories of Pedagogy. I was walking with a relative at midnight and trying to explain to him that I had been secretly married for five years. The dream-husband was evidently an impossible person and my distress and mortification at the unusual situation were so ex-

treme that I scarcely know how I could have borne their weight, had I not suddenly found myself in my own parlor with an aged female relative. An appalling noise was immediately heard at the back door and I hurried out with dream-courage to find the saintly Johannes Amos Comenius burgling in the kitchen! I knew him in a moment by his large dark eyes, high forehead, black velvet cap, grizzled beard, white collar and long, fur-trimmed gown and tippet. He flourished a shining knife and drove me back into the parlor. At that moment a horde of long-gowned Moravian brethren crashed through the panels of the front door, evidently with burglarious intent also. Comenius, who appeared to be the guiding spirit of this lawless band, set my trembling relative and myself in the middle of the room, covered our heads with the "Boston Transcript" and shouted in an awful voice that he would shoot if the paper rustled! It was a terrible moment, but fortunately I awoke and have not since had time to inquire if fire-arms were invented in old Comenius' day.

The baby Khedive of Egypt,—I wonder if there really is one,—enrolled himself in my kindergarten last night. He is about four years old, olive-skinned, black-haired and eyed, wears a red fez with a tassel and a long robe girded about the waist with a mysterious something. He was such a tiny, pretty, fantastic creature that I tried to fondle him, but he repelled me with a majestic wave of his small hand and marched away with a lordly strut at the head of the line of children.

I journeyed to the sea-shore last night with a company of friends on

what the Irish call a "long car." At a turn in the road the driver drew in his horses suddenly and said, turning to me, "I wonder, Ma'am, if you've ever seen the educated oysters and the turtles."

"No, nor ever heard of them," I cried. "What are they? where are they?"

"Down this road," he answered. "We'll go that way and you can see both communities."

Nobody else in the party seemed interested in learned oysters and learned turtles,—such things were doubtless everyday matters to my dream-companions, so when we reached a little cabin at the top of a hill which the driver pointed out as the home of the turtles, I ran up to the door alone. An old man, robed in a long gown,—I wonder why I dream so many gowns—stood in the doorway leaning on a crook. I was admitted without question and beheld a great company of turtles sitting upright in cane-seat chairs all around the room.

Long-gown, who proved to be the teacher, put his pupils through a great many paces, but I remember only one of them, which was the recitation in concert, in loud clear voices, of the whole Multiplication Table!

In the twinkling of an eye I found myself in the Oyster Community.

"Do you teach them in the shell, or out of it?" I asked their guardian politely.

"Oh, out of it, always," he replied. "It's so much easier." (Easier! Yes, I should think so indeed. How many more of us could teach in waking moments, if we could once get our pupils out of their shells.)

The learned bivalves were at luncheon, sitting erect in their chairs like the turtles. I don't know how

they managed it in a completely unshelled condition, but they appeared to get on very well and to be making a good meal. The table was prettily laid and I took a seat when offered one.

Alas and alack! not one jot or tittle of all the oyster-accomplishments remains with me. I only know that as soon as I sat down, my slippery neighbor turned to me and said in a very pleasant voice, "Pass the pepper, please!"

Dream-verses were in order last night. I wrote them down as I composed and I remember the shape of the note-book perfectly well. I must have tucked it carefully away in some chamber of my brain however, for no such book is to be seen this morning, and the verses are all gone, save these two lines:

There stands the green bush
Where the lollipops grow.

I wonder if I can make a whole garment out of this small remnant.

This is a faithful record of my first experience in preaching and ye who have never delivered a dream-sermon, beware lest ye attempt it. My discourse was prepared, but I seem to have known nothing whatever of the order of services and to have omitted to ask any questions concerning them. My pulpit was on casters so well oiled that the slightest movement or gesture sent it rolling into the front pews. That was the beginning of my troubles and I was obliged to ask two men from the congregation to block the casters with stones before I could open the services. Then I found, to my horror, that the pulpit was enclosed with glass like a cab, and that the front window, through which I must speak to the audience.

stuck fast and could not be moved. Red-faced and puffing, I beat and pulled at the sash a long time before I could raise it, and when it finally flew up, discovered that I had no idea whether I was to begin by offering prayer, reading the Scriptures, or giving out a hymn.

In a panic of confusion and embarrassment I flew down into the congregation again and asked counsel of the minister's wife. She replied that the order of services was to be found on page one hundred and three of the hymn-book. Hastily thanking her, I returned to my pulpit, sought the page mentioned and found it blank!

Driven to desperation, I looked boldly out upon my audience and said, "We will now sing 'Coronation' and dispense with the usual reading of the verses." This done, I was just under way with my prayer, when the soprano tiptoed to the pulpit and inquired when she should sing her solo. "Go away and ask the organist!" I whispered fiercely. "He told me to ask *you*," she replied, "and I really must know, for I have to leave early to-night."

I have no notion how I dealt with this difficulty, nor with any others that arose, if indeed there were others, but the service finally ended and I rose to give out "Sun of my Soul" as the final hymn. Again I fluttered the leaves of the hymn-book this way and that; with growing embarrassment I searched in all the indices, but no such title appeared.

Again with courage born of desperation I arose and said, "We will close the services by singing 'Sun of my Soul,' and the organist will begin the prelude at once."

I know no more, I ask no more, but oh, the bliss of waking

after such an experience.

If I had many pillow-fancies such as those of yester-night, I believe I could make use of them in a literary way. It really was a frightful dream, doubtless to be referred to an abnormal physical condition. I was walking with a friend and was urged by her to make a call at a certain house on a hilltop which we were to pass. I was extremely reluctant to do so,—why I do not know, but this entire experience was attended by fear and horror. I finally entered the house; I traversed dark and tortuous passages and at last emerged in a large dim room where a shrouded figure stood by an immense, translucent cylinder, which was slowly revolving and which was illuminated from within. The mysterious figure communicated to me in some way that he wished to show me on the cylinder the scenes of my future life. I refused to draw near at first, mortally afraid of what I might behold, and drew back, shuddering, into the furthest corner of the room. But, daughter of Eve by night as by day, curiosity finally tempted me to leave my retreat and I stood at last by a seat drawn directly in front of the great drum which was noiselessly revolving and glimmering as it moved. The first scene grew slowly into being upon the shining surface, but had not yet developed clearly enough to be really understood when my terror grew unconquerable and I turned to fly. But I did not escape, for Fate is strong in dreams; the Slave of the Cylinder caught me,—how icy was the touch of his hands!—and forced me down into the seat crying out in a terrible voice, "You must see!"

Then a crash like the burst

ing of a bomb sounded in my head and I know no more.

Who is Henry Fowler? Is he a magician, a necromancer, a spirit-tamer? He proved of service to me last night, whoever he may be.

A dream-spouse, whom I apparently held in detestation,—why, I know not, unless it may have been on account of his personal peculiarities,—a dream-spouse whom I had unconsciously taken to myself, was dying, it appeared, and I was driving with him in a closed carriage, most anxious to reach the neighboring town before his demise.

He appeared to be about the size and general build of a rag doll, and to be lying on the seat opposite me, wrapped in a red shawl. A small child, presumably my own, accompanied us, and detained us constantly by getting out of the carriage and lagging behind. I coaxed him back again several times, but he was finally laid hold of, on the roadside, by some invisible, ghostly adversaries with whom he engaged in a frightful struggle.

I leaned from the carriage window and knew by his shrieks and groans and panting breath that he was being gradually overcome. I was in agony for his life and in agony, too, lest this rag-doll spouse should expire while we were waiting. I could not alight; I could not help the child in any way; my feet and hands seemed fettered, but in the extremity of my despair I cried out to the spirits, "In the name of Henry Fowler, desist!" . . . The effect of the name was magical and the invisible enemies

immediately released the child.

Ah, but that was a lovely pillow fancy last night! "Let me dream again!" as the old song says. Who was the dear dream-friend who came to me and told me that she was thinking of composing some descriptive music for children and asked me to suggest a literary subject? I know her not, alas! but I was greatly taken with the idea as I dreamed,—as I dreamed, and pondered long over what topic would be fitting. Many things came to my mind, among others the "Bird's Christmas Carol," and I thought them all over and rejected them one by one. Finally I cried, "I have it! Dickens's 'Child's Dream of a Star.' It would be lovely!"

Even in my waking moments I think I was right. How well one might picture in it the fair boy and girl as they stroll about the flowers wondering at their beauty, at the blueness of the sky and the depth of the bright water; how well music would lend itself to the time of evening watching by the window, as the children stand there hand in hand, crying eagerly at last, "I see the star!"

And the end of the story. Might not that be set to music also, and could we not hear the bright star open and even see the rows of waiting angels with their beaming eyes as they lean forward to welcome the boy of long ago?

What shall be the closing phrase of the music? What but this?

"And the star is shining; and it shines upon his grave."



lowed. Already Kentucky University has made the start; Mrs. Hall Calhoun, who was an enthusiastic "Dame" two years ago and whose husband now has the chair of theology at Kentucky University, has recently started a society of "K. U. Dames" which she hopes will soon

be a flourishing club. It may be that as women at other colleges come to consider the plan they will adopt it and form similar organizations until the idea shall become as universal as the fraternity movement is in college circles at the present time.



A Winter Song

By PAULINE FRANCES CAMP

Come, little one with drowsy eyes,
The tree tops are bare and brown.
Where are the blossoms, the beautiful things,
That fluttered all summer on silken wings?
Blooming in Lullaby town!

Where is the path, too, to Lullaby town,
And how must the baby go?
Down from the sky, in its postman's grey,
Some wee, snowy messages float this way,
They'll tell us the road, I know.

What shall we find in this unknown land,
And what will the baby see?
Brownies, and fairies and elves, I guess,
Gay little dreams, in their holiday dress,
Toys, and a Christmas tree!

Come, little one with the drowsy eyes,
Lullaby town's a-gee;
Faster the little, white messages fall,
Louder the little brown chickadees call,
Come where they wait for thee!

The Younger Poets of New England

By JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH

OUT of the deed and the spirit is the song of a nation interwoven. It is something more than mere tradition that sanctifies New England as the birth-place of the Republic. Therefore it is no slight claim that places, as any dispassionate review of the entire field of contemporary American poetry must do to-day, the younger singers of our own soil, as a body, on the highest plane of the current generation. What patriot indeed would desire the situation otherwise?

In a day when the lack of poetical inspiration appears to be a certain cause of at least subsidiary clamor, it is well to call immediate attention to the work of certain of our New England singers, in whom youth seems to vie with genius for the continuance of the sacred tradition of song.

In Frederic Lawrence Knowles, whose untimely death a considerable public is still lamenting, for his work was more widely known than that of any other of our younger poets, we have undoubtedly the most conscientious exponent of the traditional genius of art of our times in America. He had scarcely attempted, in his short life, a new note. Unlike Edwin Arlington Robinson, another of our chiefest singers who got one out of the primitive quality of his environment; or Josephine Preston Peabody, the burden of whose innate genius forced her to blossom into new movement, he is founded wholly on the great men who have gone before. He exhibits himself consistently and conscientiously

as a craftsman, the result being a singer who has achieved notable mastery by hard work and strenuous application. It was this splendid toil which undoubtedly shortened his life. "He gave his soul for Song" might well be said of one of our youngest singers, in view of the amount and quality of the work he has produced in the comparatively short space of a dozen years. His guage is wide,—from loving first-hand nature studies, to efforts at the bardic expression of what he apprehends to be the main issues that are at present molding the world and human life.

The son of a clergyman and educator, himself trained at Harvard and afterwards an instructor there, he lived always in the closest touch with the classic tradition. Indeed he never departs from it. Mr. Knowles always held his muse a sacred thing and he never made the slightest lapse into the realms of the vulgar, the idle, or the commonplace. In such a spirit he labored conscientiously at his craft of song, and he achieved well. A few of his lyrics have the perfection, the beauty, that gave them an immediate place in the popular fancy, and will give them a very long life in the popular estimation. It is a grade of mastery, at its best, that is above the more conventionalized efforts of the men of the middle era, and we must hark back to the dewy prime of Poe and our earlier lyrists to catch an equal note. At his death the lines beginning: "Helen's lips are drifting dust," appeared to rise

almost spontaneously to the lips of half of the readers of New England. This is the sort of verdict that stamps a poet of quality.

A wider fame was just beginning to come to him when he passed suddenly away shortly after the publication of his second book, "Love Triumphant." "A poet with a fighting chance," the *Literary Digest* hailed him, which is significant not only of the laurels he had won, but of the dearth of the hour in poetic inspiration according to a large critical contingent.

His lyrical influences are chiefly Hellenic and Miltonic, although there was no poet of them all from whom, in his almost infinite browsings, he had not won some gleam of feeling. For his philosophy of life in the main, he unquestionably leaned strongest on Emerson of all men, as became his tradition. He was himself "of the caste of the Brahmin" in thought and life, and therefore in right unswerving line of descent from our chief New England bards. He was beginning to translate his time as they did theirs when death claimed him,—if not so greatly as they, because he had not yet reached the proper prime, and because it is perhaps not so great a time to translate. But he had at any rate pretty nearly mastered his instrument, and he had already begun to chant in the true bardic strain when he was cut off. That the republic had almost arisen to recognize in him a genuine singer is no mean tribute to the New England spirit of to-day. As among our own early dead, who "of dying seem made yet divine," his memory is a precious inheritance. A fair proportion of his work will unquestionably take its place among the lasting poetry of our language.

Edwin Arlington Robinson of Gardiner, Maine, is a Greek, nurtured in the New England tradition, and because he was born and grew up away off in a little isolated, inconsequential town of Maine where he was free to obey the heavenly vision, he is more nearly a Greek than any singer of note whom we have amongst us to-day. His best work has always the dignity, the calm, the stateliness, that is Greece in the echo. He could not have achieved it amidst the roar and bustle of the cities,—perhaps other men could,—but other men in his time have not been born to dispute his particular laurel. To the fortunate circumstance that a youth with a poetic vision lived in a primitive Maine town, we owe some of the most flawless verse of recent years in American poetry. The point of view is the New England tradition, but the note is the note of the old Greek masters. The voice is Jacob's, though the hands be Esau's. The lyrics that make up "The Children of the Night," the thin volume that President Roosevelt has lately praised so highly, few though they are and slight in quality though many of them be, are yet a quite sufficient capital to set up a new poet in these times. The note is original and striking,—the frank, naked, democratic view of life is the inheritance of the Puritan ideal. No man has struck it with quite the same union of simplicity and force, and we must again thank the Greek clarity and saneness of his vision. It is the fulfillment of the Christian ideal as nourished by generations of New England thinkers, the stern law of personal accountability, united to the large charity of the Golden Rule, the intimate precept

that God is Love, that Mr. Robinson preaches to us. No man, not even the men of the morning, Bryant, and the great names who followed him, has done it any better. In several of the pieces in the "Children of the Night" the Maine bard puts in perhaps an equal bid for immortality. Sympathy and conscience are the twin lenses through which he views life and mankind, and either note is found continually recurrent.

For pure artistry, Mr. Robinson cares a very great deal. Some of his work, in the earliest volume, seems cast in the mold of flawless authority. But for life and his fellow-men he cares a good deal more, and this is the ichor that makes a poet of him.

In "Captain Craig," a poem of sixteen hundred lines published several years later, he attempts to amplify and extend his philosophy of life. In the meantime, however, the dreamy Maine boy, surrounded by the simple elemental forces that molded the clarity of the vision that gave us "The Children of the Night," has gone to the great city,—first to Boston and then to New York. The impact of a complex, hustling, changing civilization (we find a prophecy of its influence in the sonnet, "Boston," written when he first came to the city, some eight years ago) of necessity has impaired his note. In "Captain Craig" he endeavors to construct an epic picture of current civilization and the result is but too sad in many passages. The characters will not for an instant bear comparison with the strong, not to be forgotten portraits he gave us in "Aaron Stark," "Richard Corey," "The Twin Clerks," and others in the earlier volumes. These were intimate, first-hand stud-

ies with the breath of life in them that came as a fresh surprise to current readers of poetry. The muse becomes amorphous in "Captain Craig"; the canvas is now blurred and mean; now overloaded with detail. Still the central figure breathes the strong spirit of much of his earlier work, and while we cannot accept him as wholly human, we somehow pity him, sympathize with, and admire him. The other poems that make the second book are for the most part extensions of his early New England studies. What the future has in store for Mr. Robinson, one of the very few genuine poets that New England has produced within the generation, and in his stark affinity with the soil and tradition perhaps the most important of them all, we do not know. He is very much in earnest, and he has "the aloofness of genius" in full measure. His life is lived very much alone, and from a personal acquaintance with him of half a dozen years, we affirm that we have never known a man who held himself so consecrated to his mission. He seems to be a poet, first and last and literally, nothing else. Had he not early given assured utterance to his inspiration it would have indeed been very difficult to account for him. With the native frankness and simplicity of his first tradition, he still follows the poet's path and lives the poet's life, and it is therefore more than reasonable with his ripening years to expect a greater profundity of utterance than he has yet given us.

An old poet begins somewhere: "The lady sat in her charmed bower." Out of that bower of enchantment in which her quiet life has been passed, Josephine Preston

Peabody has woven the fairest strangest songs that a woman has produced since the days of Sappho. It is, perhaps, in place to remark here that her closest readers long ago believed she had plucked the only bay-leaf left withering by the last of the Greeks upon the slopes of Parnassus. For the inspiration like the origin of our song is still Greek. The heavenly vision yet hovers by mortal assent over the brows of the Sacred Hill.

Her lyrical quality indeed is of the very highest character. She has unquestionably heard the music of the stars in their courses; to her the chiming of the spheres is no idle phantasy. She has in her conception of life, and the lyrical interpretation thereof, gone far past the conventional ideal of Puritan thought and feeling. In this respect she becomes at once the boldest and the most inspired of all our singers. Her conception of the poetic vision is unquestionably the purest in feeling of any of our younger American poets, and while now and then she passes the boundary into pure mysticism as is her very natural temptation, the note is usually one to be very thankful for. Something woven not all of death, nor of power, but inherited of these, is the certain cadence of her lay. At times, as in "When the Enemy Listens," the reader seems to catch the stark note of immortality. Still she remains cryptic to the many. She appears to dwell apart, like a sibyl in a shrine. To the ear of the few, there is, now and then, the true note of the nightingale. To the many, there is either the blind reverence of the uninitiate, or the fool's laughter of the hind. Her songs are, for the most part, the intimate expression of the heart, although she

now and then seeks a bolder theme. She has been much attracted to the Elizabethan Age, and has given classic expression to it in both of her poetical dramas, "Fortunes and Men's Eyes" and "Marlowe." The remarkable fact about the career of Miss Peabody thus far is that, although she has given the public five volumes of verse, those who know her best believe she is still only in her vernal equinox, if she has indeed fully achieved that period. Lovers of pure poetry, await her more extended utterance with impatience.

To the genius of a singer of alien blood, who is not yet in his thirtieth year, the spirit of New England owes no slight recognition. William Stanley Braithwaite is in a certain sense the *rara avis* among our real bards. Of full negro blood, he has yet entered the high tournament of song and borne away the prize, among a race that have been slow enough to hail his compeers.

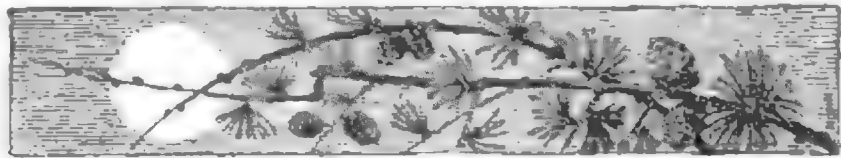
Born in British Guiana, Mr. Braithwaite has lived all his life in Boston, and here amidst the only genuine literary tradition of America, he has woven his songs. In the thin volume—first bay leaf plucked from the slopes of the Sacred Hill—surely he has given unquestionable evidence of his true calling. His work has been hailed by general assent as the most unquestionable evidence of the genuine lyrical spirit that has yet appeared from one of his race in our modern era. Mr. Braithwaite's second book, with the loyalty which is the chief characteristic of his race, will reflect directly certain phases of the life and character of New England.

To those who are crying aloud at the decadence of the purely poetical

spirit, a final word may not be out of place here. While the volume and character of the output in fiction during the current generation has reached a high-water mark, the output of poetry is not disproportionately behind it. Poetry is the rarer utterance, at any rate, and in addition it must be remembered that the commercial spirit which is just now molding the destinies of mankind, does not foster the bard. There is this unquestionable consolation, however. The advance in conscientious artistry, which is the very life-blood of the poetical tradition, has been steady and genuine and has in its degree, kept pace with the same advance along the lines of fiction.

The very much smaller amount of the genuine output has left poetry apparently hopelessly in the lurch. But it is not so. We have now

among us in America, a band of young singers, including those here noticed, who are quite capable of not only sustaining, but advancing the traditions of the bay. Their work in several instances has scarcely yet even stolen into the light of day, and whether it does ever fully burst upon this too busy era is probably a matter of comparatively small consequence. That it is and will yet be recognized an important part of the great body of English verse, there is no doubt whatever in the minds of those who have most critically examined into the situation. The mention of further names in this connection would be invidious here, but there are at least a dozen bards now living in America who are the present-day peers of song of the English-speaking race.



From the Bronze Ball of St. Peters

FRANCIS INGOLD WALKER

And so this brazen ball, that seemed a mite
 Seen from the Corso yonder, holds some score
 Of men, and here, above the muffled roar
 Of regal Rome, and on the topmost height
 Of this, her crowning glory, we can sight
 Through these small clefts a city that, before
 Great Paul and Peter walked her streets, was hoar
 With age. Bramante's glory is still bright
 And Buonarotti built this airy dome;
 But when these are forgotten, men shall start
 At tales of Cæsars and their deeds. O Rome,
 If I could climb into thy mighty heart
 As into this bronze ball, and view thee, how
 I'd know thee then, as I can never now!

THE STORY OF THE CUP AND SAUCER.

By PAULINE CARRINGTON BOUVE

OF all the arts, that known as pottery or the ceramic art is the one that appeals most strongly to our human interests, because it was evolved from the natural needs of man. First the needs of his body begot it for physical and domestic uses; then the aspirations of his mind fashioned it for ceremonial purposes, and lastly the æsthetic desire of his soul for beauty developed it from a trade into an art.

It may seem a whimsical thing to say—yet it is true—that the story of the cup and saucer is the story of man's development from animal to spiritual conditions and the history of civilization's progress among all the nations of the earth. When one sips tea from a dainty teacup at the morning meal, one is drinking from a vessel whose ancestry is nearly as ancient as humanity itself, for the cup is but the outcome of that desire of the body called thirst.

The word *keramic* comes from a Greek word meaning definitely the horn of an animal, and generally a drinking vessel; while the word *pottery* has its genesis in the Latin

"*potum*," also meaning a drinking vessel.

The Egyptian, Chaldean, Syrian, Chinese and Japanese all used various sorts of cups many hundreds of years before the Christian era, and the earliest literary reference to the cup, as an authority on the subject suggests, certainly the earliest known to the general reader, occurs in the chapter in Exodus in which the plot to fasten the guilt of theft upon Jacob's youngest born, the little Benjamin, who went down into Egypt to buy corn for the starving Israelites, is unfolded with the dramatic simplicity of an archaic narrator. The crafty steward places the king's cup in the innocent boy's sack, and then, when the hue and cry is made for the loss, just as the Israelites are about to depart, and in the general search that is made, it is discovered in Benjamin's sack, he turns to the boy dramatically and with well simulated horror asks, "Is it not it in which my lord drinketh and thereby divineth?"

This brief Bible tale shows that at this remote period the cup filled another purpose besides domestic

use and lavish display—the purpose of superstitious ritual, divination—and furnishes a curious link between the modern girl sibyl, who laughingly turns down her teacup to “read her fortune” in the figures formed by the grounds, and the Pharaohs of the Nile.

Pottery, being fashioned from Mother Earth, bears a closer relation to man, who was created also from the “dust of the earth,” than any other product of his hand and brain, and this kinship, together with those domestic uses which it has always served, makes its history of peculiar interest.

When the ancient Egyptian after a rain observed his foot-print on the wet earth harden under the heat of the sun’s rays, the first fundamental principle in ceramic art was discovered. Thousands of years have passed and the rough sun-baked vessels of the early nations of the East have, by gradual process of evolution, become the exquisite vases of the most delicate porcelain that the potter’s wheel can fashion, but the line of heritage is clearly defined and is unbroken.

The elemental processes of making pottery are two: the combination of earth and certain minerals with water, producing plastic bodies which may receive various shapes, and the hardening of these plastic bodies by the application of heat. When these plastic lumps of clay receive the shape desired by the potter they become in ceramic phraseology “green ware,” and when they are subjected to the amount of heat necessary to make the shape durable they become what is called “biscuit ware.”—a word meaning “twice baked” and therefore a misnomer until the last firing is successfully accomplished. The “green” or fired

ware is then covered over with a coating of “glaze” which vitrifies under the influence of heat, and the potter’s cup, saucer, vase, or bowl is then ready to be handed over to the decorator if he has æsthetic aspirations, but in any case the “glaze” has made his vessel impermeable.

All ware obtained by these processes (bricks, tiles, flagstones, pipes, terra cotta, earthenware, stoneware and china) may be classified as pottery; so we see that this ancient industry supplies the most diverse needs of the human family and renders service to agriculture, horticulture, hygiene, architecture and the arts of sculpture and painting.

Keramic productions are classed into five groups; terra cotta, refractory ware, earthenware, stoneware and china. Unglazed pottery is terra cotta, but as soon as it is glazed it becomes earthenware.

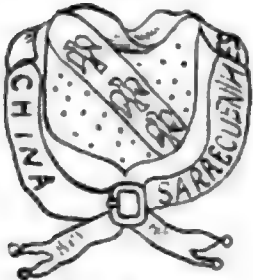
The degree of temperature is the distinctive feature on which the manufacture of stoneware depends. If the heat applied is insufficient to cause vitrification of the body, the ware is simply terra cotta. An uneven temperature in the oven will have the curious effect sometimes of producing a piece of pottery that is terra cotta on one side and stoneware on the other.

The history of the ceramic industry—for pottery was an industry generations before it became an art—leads us back into the early period of one of the oldest civilizations of the world. When Linant Bey made excavations in Egypt, he discovered about twenty-five or thirty feet below the actual level of the Nile valley the fragments of fired bricks, which, by calculating the progressive elevations of the earth from the periodic overflows, must have been deposited ten thousand years ago.

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C 1522

MAIOLICA
VENICE

1858.



Moselle

CHELSEA



1745.



CROWN



DERBY



ENGLAND
1843.

1720



DRESDEN

1848.



FRANCE

1851.

R
Sevres.

FIRST REPUBLICAN EPOCH
1792 to 1804.

1770



DRESDEN

1806

M Imp^{le}
de Sevres



1006

D P

1751 to 1753.

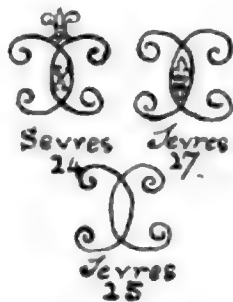


WORCESTER.

1740



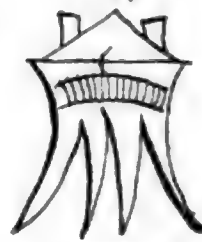
SEVRES



Bow 1730.



1769



DERBY

1756.
Allen
Lowestoft



WORCESTER

1768 to 1780.



Chelsea 1745



B.M.T.

MARKS OF FAMOUS WARES

vases or teacups, from the wheel of Palissy, the sculptor, scholar and potter.

The manufacture of lead glazed pottery and enamelled ware was slow to develop in England. A potter by the name of Astbury, the son of a Burslem potter, happened one day to notice a veterinary surgeon mix a dose of silica for a sick horse. He observed the whiteness of the silica powder and went back to the pottery and mixed some of it with the faience body he was about to use. His experiment resulted in producing a body that was of a purer white, remarkably hard, and which lent itself to every sort of decoration. Here was a great find! From that date, 1770, English potters began sending their wares all over Europe. Astbury's pottery was of a common kind, but under Josiah Wedgwood the English faience became famous everywhere. From this period—the time of the celebrated Wedgwood ware—the teacup became the “outward and visible” sign of refinement, culture and elegance. Even the poorest housewives took pride in setting their earthenware cups on the deal dresser in the kitchen, while the lady of the baronial manor and the fashionable dames and belles of London prized no gift from husband or lover so much as a dainty cup and saucer from the Wedgwood pottery at Etruria, England. For a set of especial design made for a Mrs. Smith, a friend of Wedgwood, a collector after that lady's death paid the sum of ninety-three pounds! Who but some American Cræsus would dream these days of paying four hundred and sixty-five dollars for a dozen teacups and saucers? But the teacup has ever been the passion and desire of the

dainty housekeeper. And it stands for something else besides the æsthetic instinct of feminine nature. In spite of its association with gossip and scandal and spinsterhood, the teacup is the symbol of domesticity, family life, and friendly sociableness.

With the introduction of the leaves of the *Thea* plant from Holland to England, in 1666, there came a new influence into the social life of England. At first the decoction made from the curious little curled leaves of the Chinese plant, believed to have been brought to Europe first by the Dutch East India Company very early in the seventeenth century, was too expensive to be enjoyed except by persons of rank and wealth. In the “Curiosities of Literature” there is a copy of a shop bill that was probably distributed over London by an enterprising shopkeeper, one Thomas Garnay, as long ago as the year 1680, and which proves that blatant advertising is no new art: “Tea in England hath been sold in the leaf for six pounds, and sometimes ten pounds the pound weight, and in respect of its former scarceness and dearness it hath been only used as a regular in high treatments and entertainments and presents thereof to princes and grandees. . . . The said Garnay did purchase a quantity thereof, and first publicly sold the tea in *leaf* or *drink* made according to the directions of the most knowing merchants into those Eastern countries. On the knowledge of the said Garnay's continued care and industry in obtaining the best tea, and making drink thereof, very many noblemen, physicians, merchants, etc. have ever since sent to him for the said leaf, and do daily resort to his home to drink the

drink thereof. He sells tea from 16s. to 50 the pound."

"It is reasonable to suppose," says the Rev. Mr. Wedgwood, the writer, "that the cup was first used for tea-drinking purposes in China. Then from that country came both beverage and the utensil; and from that time the cup has had a prefix, and is commonly called the 'tea cup.'"

The delicate aroma, the clear amber color and the gently exhilarating effects of this cheering decoction of the plant and the merry kettle very naturally suggested to those early tea-drinkers the idea of a vessel worthy of such a beverage. Clay, the potter's wheel and man's inherent love of beauty combined, and lo! there was the teacup! Dr. Johnson has sung its praises, and perhaps it was his capacity for drinking nine cups of his favorite nectar that led that learned gentleman to make various journeys to Josiah Wedgwood's pottery works in Chelsea, accompanied by his tyrannical housekeeper, who carried a basket of teacups and saucers thither to be fired in the Chelsea ovens. The good doctor spared neither pains nor time in his repeated efforts to make a tea service, but somehow there was always something amiss in his "composition," and his cups, saucers and platters always came to grief, and he was at last compelled to go back to his beloved dictionary leaving his high hopes and teacups shattered alike behind him!

There is one interesting fact in connection with early Bow pottery of England that is unknown to a large percentage of American china lovers. That is, that the clay from which the first English Bow pieces were made was sent from the

Smoky Mountains of North Carolina to England in the year 1744. This curious fact is proved by a patent taken out in that year by "Edward Heylyn of the parish of Bow, County Middlesex, merchant, and Thomas Lige of the Parish of West Ham, in the County of Essex, painter, for the manufacture of china-ware." These two men enrolled their specification in 1745 in which they stated that the material used in this invention was "an earth the product of the Cherokee nation in America, called by the natives Unakes."

The word "Unaka" means white in the Cherokee language, its native orthography being "Unaka." The specification of this old patent is of remarkable interest for it shows conclusively that the first English china that we know anything about was made from American china clay! This knowledge should make the American collector treasure as her dearest "find" those beautiful specimens of earliest Bow-ware for which she may claim a sort of *a priori* American right.

At a still earlier date—1735—a stoneware factory was established in New York by a John Renney, who was a native of Germany. In Philadelphia there is a pottery of world-wide reputation under the firm name of Renney, its owner being a great grandson of the pioneer potter, John, of New York. During the latter half of the last century many small potteries were established throughout the State of Pennsylvania and their old specimens of Dutch-American ware are interesting, as they show the Pennsylvania Dutch potter possessed skill in slip decoration.

The process of "slip" decoration consisted in covering the earthen-

form a sort of chimney to furnish a draught for the fires. The exterior of the kiln is sometimes bound by a series of heavy iron hoops or girdles. Kilns for hard porcelain are two stories high, the upper story being used in baking the "biscuit," which requires less heat than is necessary for the glazing. The "glazing" is accomplished in the lower story where the heat is very intense. The "ware" to be placed in the ovens is made safe in vessels of buff-colored fire-clay, called "saggers." Pottery and porcelain are decorated either over the glaze, or under the glaze. In "overglaze" decorations, vitrifiable colors are applied to the glazed surface of the finished ware and are fixed at a comparatively low temperature in the enamelling kiln. In "underglaze" decoration the colors are placed on the ware in the "green" or undried state, or on the biscuit before it is glazed, and must be subjected to a heat sufficiently intense to fix the glaze which is applied afterwards. The decorations may be hand painted or painted before or after the ware has been glazed. In the printing process, first practiced by Josiah Wedgwood, the designs are engraved on copper plates and transferred to the surface of the pottery. When the designs are to be printed, mineral colors must be used in combination with a prepared printing oil to print the designs on linen-oiled paper. This is laid over the piece and rubbed in with a bit of flannel until it adheres evenly and firmly all over. In a little while the paper is picked off and the printed design is "brushed up" with color or gold by hand.

The dainty teacup from which at morning and evening we sip our Oolong or Japan tea is a thing of

something more than mere fancy. It is really an expression of our own individual tastes. If it be heavy porcelain or thick blue delft, we may recognize that we ourselves are made of "common clay" and are of the same nature as our table crockery.

Nor has the poet disdained poetizing on china. Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn" expresses the enduring beauty of ceramic art with exquisite charm:

"Fair youth beneath the trees, thou canst
not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss
Though winning near the goal; yet do not
grieve,—
She cannot fade, thou hast thy bliss;
Forever wilt thou love and she be fair!"

In a modern Japanese song the same idea is expressed concerning the lovers who are doomed to eternal separation, because the lady smiled on a gauze fan and the youth on a gay tea canister!

Among the curiosities of poetry and pottery the epitaph to Katherine Gray, an old woman who kept an earthenware shop, and quoted from "The China Hunter's Club," is deliciously quaint:

"Beneath this stone lies Katherine Gray,
Changed from a busy life to lifeless clay;
By earth and clay she got her pelf,
And now she's turned to earth herself.
Ye weeping friends, let me advise,—
Abate your grief, and dry your eyes;
For what avails a flood of tears?
Who knows but in a run of years,
In some tall pitcher or broad pan,
She in her shop may be again?"

Tom Hood, the poet, too, sings of broken china sent by a lady whose passion was pottery: "Miss wouldn't have an angel if he was careless about chiny," explains the voluble housemaid to the china mender, "She never forgives a chip,

if it's ever so small and tiny," and winds up with the injunction:

"But I needn't tell you what to do, only do it out of hand,
And charge whate'er you like to charge,
my lady won't make a stint.
Well! Good-morning, Mr. What-d'ye-call;
for it's time our gossip ended.
The least said, as the proverb says, the
sooner the chiny's mended!"

On some old cider pitchers may be found verses full of wise counsel and gentle philosophy, such as:

"A little Health,
A little Wealth,
A little House,
And freedom;
And at the end
A Little Friend
And Little cause
To need him."

The name of the patient, gentle Wedgwood is one of the most honored in England, for not only did he raise pottery from a trade to an art in Great Britain, but was active in works of charity and philanthropy. Queen Charlotte, in honor of whose regal patronage his beautiful cream pottery was called "Queen's Ware," held the lame potter of Burslem and Etruria in the greatest esteem, and he was on terms of friendship with the Duke of Portland who loaned him the famous Barberini vase, from which he made a copy scarcely less famous, while Katherine, Empress of Russia, gave him orders for a tea service and bestowed royal favors upon him.

As a boy Wedgwood was noted for his painstaking care of every detail, and while an apprentice in his brother's works he would often, if his sensitive fingers found the slightest flaw in the body or design of the ware in process of being fashioned, give it a whack with

his stick and say to himself as he threw it aside: "This won't do for Josiah!"

The elegant Bentley, who was his business partner and who looked after the London salesrooms, was a scholar of some reputation, and it is pleasant to read among his list of errands to be done the item, "A Counterpane for Mrs. Wedgwood," and sundry other little commissions for various country-folk friends.

Flaxman, the English artist, modelled many of the Wedgwood designs and no other English pottery has ever been more generally artistic in some respects than that made by Josiah Wedgwood. The Bow, the Royal Worcester, the Lowestoft, and other celebrated English wares have sustained England's reputation for beautiful pottery; but Wedgwood, who was an interpreter, not a slavish imitator, and who may be said to have invented "printing" on pottery, will remain the King of English potters.

Who will rise up on this side of the Atlantic to establish a claim to the title of creator of the American art of pottery we may not guess, but that such a one will come to his own the recent advance of artistic pottery in our midst gives fair promise.

Let us treasure our great grandmother's flowered teacups and saucers and inscribed teapots then, if we are lucky enough to possess any, for the lines on an old punch-bowl made at Bonness, Scotland, in 1794, are true:

"What art can with the potter's art compare?
For of what we are ourselves, of such we
make our ware."



The Fool

By GELSTON SPRING

WITH a sudden, impulsive movement, young Mrs. Bernhard swept to the front of the lecture room. In her arms she was carrying a doll—a twentieth century doll; one of her own creation and design. With but an instant's hesitation she had chosen from the multitude of children who stood about the tree a wisp of a girl. The sombre garments of this little girl served to distinguish her. She was the only one in mourning. Young Mrs. Bernhard bent over her.

"Sweetheart," said young Mrs. Bernhard, "here—this is for you."

Upon the face of Mrs. Bernhard as she said it, there rested an expression of sympathy and fellowship almost divine; from her face beamed forth good will to men; upon it was the glow of Christmastide. For an instant, the two looked intently, each at the other—the light-haired wisp of a girl, and the beautiful young matron with the wonderful face and the wonderful witchery of voice and manner.

"Sweetheart," continued Mrs. Bernhard, "and what might be your name?"

The little girl clutched the doll tightly in her grasp. "It's Dora Mullin," she responded faintly.

Slowly, and somewhat awe-stricken, the child backed into the crowd of girls behind her. With the instinct of womanhood strong within her, she turned to her companions with a question on her lips.

"Who's the swell guy," she tremulously queried, "what give me this?"

"Ain't you on?" they answered, fingering the doll; "sure, it's Charlie Bernhard's wife. *You* know. The one that's got the big, green automobile. Sure, you ought to know."

The girl with the doll sniffed. "Charlie Bernhard," she said uncertainly. A girl behind her shook her.

"What's the matter with you," said this agitator, "it's the beer man. Bernhard, the beer man's wife. Ain't you on?"

The girl named Dora Mullin stiffened as with sudden shock. With a quick movement, she pushed her way through the crowd about her. In an instant she was facing young Mrs. Bernhard. With another quick movement the little girl raised the doll above her head and flung it with a swing at Mrs. Bernhard's feet.

"You can keep that," she exclaimed. She stopped a moment, her whole body quivering with excitement. Then she went on, in shrill tones that could be heard from one end of the big room to the other.

"You can keep it, she repeated; "your husband killed my father."

There was a gasp—a universal gasp, from the throats of all the women in the room. Then—silence. On the one side, the well dressed crowd of church women stood, petrified; on the other, the gaily dressed children looked on with bulging eyes, wondering what it meant. In the centre by the big green tree stood Mrs. Bernhard, wife of Charles Bernhard, the rich brewer, her face going red and white by turns; and Dora Mullin, upon her a self possession born of attendance at many

ten—twenty—thirties—an unutterable sense of injury flashing from her eye, but with a grin of triumph on her lips.

"Your husband killed my father." The girl had said this thing but once, but it was still ringing in the air, in the high falsetto tones of Dora Mullin. It was clear, very clear, that Dora had not improvised. She had repeated what she had heard; what her mother, perhaps over a dead man's bier, had dinned into her ears. And it was all the more effective for that reason. It was a dramatic moment—terribly dramatic.

Young Mrs. Bernhard was the first to make a move. Without glancing to the right or left, she walked slowly and deliberately past the child, and into the ante room behind the tree. The spell was broken. Two or three of the church women followed her.

"Don't mind it," they began. She turned upon them.

"Don't speak to me," she answered, "you must not speak to me about it."

Hastily she donned her wraps, hastily wrenched open the outer door of the ante room, and hastily stepped out upon the street.

Her carriage was in waiting, the team pacing slowly up and down before the church. Impatiently she gestured to the coachman. An instant later she had flung herself into a corner of the carriage, sobbing as though her heart would break.

"It's a shame," she cried, "a terrible disgrace."

She straightened up and dried her tears as she heard the wheels grinding the gravel of the drive-way of her home. With unseeing eyes, she stepped past the footman, up the stone steps, and into the house.

She checked a rising sob, and hastened into a small room at the end of the hall. The room was lighted, and in its centre was a mahogany desk littered with papers.

"Where—where is Carl?" she asked herself impatiently. She retraced her steps, darted up the stairway, and brushed hastily into her bed room. She paused upon its threshold and uttered an exclamation of anger.

"Carl," she burst out, "why don't you let Patricia do all that?"

A young man, with a round, smooth shaven face, wearing a velvet house jacket, sat in a small, armless rocking chair with an infant in his arms. The young man chuckled softly.

"Because," he answered in a low voice, "I wanted to do it all myself. He woke up," he went on to explain, "and I guess I was the only one who heard him. So I took a hand at him myself."

She crossed the room and looked upon the child. "He's fast asleep," she commented, "why don't you put him down?"

There was something more than mere suggestion in her voice—there was command. The young man nodded, rose, and stealing into the next room, laid his burden carefully upon a diminutive white bed.

"He's so soft—and warm," he whispered to himself.

He returned, to find young Mrs. Bernhard seated at the dressing table, her head in her hands, sobbing convulsively, hysterically. He strode to her side.

"Aline," he cried, "what is it—what is the matter?"

He touched her gently upon the head. Angrily, she swept his hand aside, lifted her head and tossed it.

"I hate it," she exclaimed.

"Hate—what?" inquired Charles Bernhard, "what is it that you mean?"

She rose to her feet and faced him. "Your business," she returned; "it's a disgrace—it's disgusting. Back there in the church are all those women—you know whom I mean—Mrs. van Alstyne, Mrs. Wilmerding, Mrs. Patten-Smith, laughing at me in their sleeves; talking about me behind my back—thanking their stars that their husbands do something decent for a living. And by Sunday night the whole church will know it. I can never, never, never face them any more."

Bernhard caught her by the arm. "What will they know?" he asked.

Once more she burst into sobs; again she covered her beautiful face with her hands. But by degrees Bernhard found out all that had happened at the church that night.

"If you were a *man*," wailed young Mrs. Bernhard, "you'd give up such a disgraceful business."

"But, my dear," protested Bernhard, the brewer, "you don't understand, dear. It is not, cannot be my fault because some child's father dies a drunkard's death. I did not kill this man. You know that. If he wants to drink himself to death, he will do it. I cannot help it—don't you see?"

"I see," returned his young wife steadily, "that you have no right to make beer that people can get drunk on; you have no right to sell beer to a lot of saloon keepers, and hob-nob with them; you have no right to put me in a position where the women of my own church, my own set, look down upon me, and laugh at me, and at my husband—where all the people of the town say that it is nothing but money that keeps us in society, in the church.

And then—a disgraceful thing like this. Its too much. Its wicked—disgracefully wicked. You have no right."

Bernhard, the young brewer, drew his hand nervously across his brow.

"But, Aline," he began, "you don't think—you don't understand."

"Think," she retorted, "it is you who do not think—of me. It is you who do not understand." She stamped her foot. "Think—of those women going home to their husbands to-night; thanking their stars that they're married to doctors and lawyers and dry goods men, instead of brewers. It's—it's intolerable."

Bernhard resumed his seat. "Aline," he went on, gently, "let me explain. Don't you understand how it is? I come from a family of brewers—my father, grandfather, great grandfather, all of them, were brewers. Don't you see? Brewing beer is a part of me—it's my life. People have got to have beer—it's better for them than whiskey is. I make good beer. I deal fairly with my customers. And I try to do what's right with my money. It was you, Aline, who provided for the children of the mission all the presents for to-night. You know that. We try to do what's right."

"To think," sobbed Mrs. Bernhard, "that my prominence in my church is due to the money made from selling beer. It's too much. *You* don't understand, Carl. Twenty-five years ago, it might have been different. To-day the sentiment of everybody is against it. The church looks down upon it. The women of the church—the women of my circle look down upon me—because I'm the wife of Bernhard, the brewer."

Bernhard shook his head. "Soci-

ety," he answered, "accepts your invitations, my dear. The church, it takes your money. How can they look down upon you when they do that?"

She turned upon him. "Why," she inquired, "do you not go to church?"

He weakened. "You have me there," he confessed; "it is true that I do not go because I feel that the sentiment of the people of the church is against my making beer. I don't go, simply because I don't want to offend the people, and I don't want the people to offend me."

She darted an angry look at him. "You let your wife bear the brunt of it," she answered, "that is what you mean."

"That," he answered slowly, "is *not* what I mean. I think you do not understand."

Each was silent for a moment. Then young Mrs. Bernhard spoke. "Carl," she said, leaning toward him, "I want you to do something for me—I want you to give up business—I want you to stop making beer. For—me."

He answered with a startled look; he rose once more. "Aline," he said, "how can I do it? It's my business. Don't you see, girl? It's our living—it puts clothes on our back. I know the business."

"There are other good businesses that pay," she responded coldly, "you are intelligent. You can do something else as well."

He shook his head. "Every man to his trade," he replied, "I know this business—it's the business that is breath to my nostrils; life blood to my veins. It's born in me, Aline. If I drop it, I drop it. Let me tell you, girl. This is a good business, for me. If I had a fortune, it might be different. I might break off. But

you must remember, that just now, it's a business with an income—a fine income, and little else. I mortgaged the plant to the handle when my father died. You know that, and you know why I did it. It was for improvements; the improvements have paid immensely. In five years I can wipe that mortgage off. In ten years after that I can be very, very rich. Meantime, we are spending a fine income. We have more money than we want—so long as the business continues. We are getting our money from that and that alone. If we drop it—we must give up everything. I want to make it plain, Aline," he said, "I want you to understand."

Young Mrs. Bernhard stepped forward and looked him in the eye. The influence of that evening's tragedy was still upon her.

"Carl," she said, "you can choose between your business and my love for you. We must decide this thing at once."

In the next instant Bernhard's soul looked from his eyes. He knew that his life, his world, centred about this woman who ever was and ever would be a beautiful young girl to him.

"Aline," he answered, warmly, "I would do anything in the world for you. You know that. Perhaps you do not know—do not realize that in all that I have said to-night I have thought of you—not of myself." He stopped. "I want twenty-four hours to think about it, Aline," he went on, "I want you to think about it, and what it means. We don't quite understand each other now. . . . I shall decide as you want me to to-morrow."

He stretched forth his arms, and drew her toward him and kissed her. She submitted, coldly and indiffer-

ently enough. Then he left her and went down to his den, and shut the door behind him.

Upstairs, his young wife sobbed half the night away.

The next day he reached home at three o'clock in the afternoon.

"I was afraid," he told his wife, "that I would not find you home."

"After last night," she answered, with some show of indignation, "how could I go out—I cannot look those women in the face for a whole month."

"Speaking of last night," he responded, "I looked up this little Mullin girl. I made inquiries. I saw Schaefer, a customer of ours. He runs a place on the corner of Second and Canal. He knew this Mullin—Mike Mullin as he called him. He tells me Mullin was a drunk—a whiskey drunk. He tells me that Mullin drank whiskey and nothing else—that he wouldn't drink beer. He says that Mullin's wife, the girl's mother, is just as bad as Mullin was. He says that whenever Mullin's widow gets particularly bad she comes into his place and says to him just what the girl said to you last night—that he, Schaefer, killed Mike Mullin. That's all—that's the whole story. . . . For your sake, though, Aline, I went to the house and left fifty dollars for the family. They're pretty poor, I—thought, perhaps, you'd think it right."

Mrs. Bernhard stamped her foot. "When, Carl," she asked, "will you learn not to be a fool. The idea of giving that impertinent little ragamuffin anything. She—she ought to have been arrested. Her mother ought to be fined fifty dollars for teaching her such things. . . . Well, you *are* a fool."

Bernhard smiled. A load was

lifted from his mind. "Then," he said, "you have changed your views about the matter. You don't want me to give it up?"

"What?" queried she.

"Everything," he answered.

"If everything means the business—" she responded earnestly.

"It does," he said.

"Then," she concluded, "I certainly do. Of course I do."

He led the way into his den. "You have thought about it carefully, Aline?" he asked. She nodded. He rose and shut the door.

"I want to tell you first, in detail, just what it will mean to us, financially. I want you to listen. . . . When you have heard, I shall abide by your decision. I promise that."

For twenty minutes he talked: explaining everything carefully and at length. At the end of that time he looked her full in the face.

"You see," he said, "this sacrifice would mean comparative poverty for us, Aline—perhaps it will mean poverty in dead earnest. I want you to think of that."

She returned his glance. "I would rather live in poverty," she answered, "than in this intolerable disgrace."

He was still uncertain. "Are you quite sure, Aline," he asked, "that you know what it means to be poor?"

"I have considered everything," she answered, "you need not fear for me." Once more he hesitated. Then he stepped to her side and crushed her to his breast.

"I do this because I love you, Aline," he told her, "for myself I do not care. I could live in a hovel with you. I will work my fingers to the bone for you—and for the boy. . . . I have decided," he added, "it shall be as you say."

The blood rushed into her face. With a swift, sudden movement she turned, seized his face between her hands, and kissed him on the mouth. The pact was sealed.

A week later as Charles Bernhard walked along the street he felt a heavy hand upon his shoulder. He turned. Beside him walked a man whose face he knew. This man was the Rev. John Armstrong, pastor of Mrs. Bernhard's church. He was a broad-shouldered, middle-aged man, with firm lips and small side whiskers.

"Mr. Bernhard," he exclaimed, "you are the salt of the earth. You have done what no man in my church would have done—you have done what I am afraid I would have hesitated to do myself. There are things that a clergyman feels that he cannot always say to the business men he meets; it is difficult even now for me to say to you that my face was set against the business that you carried on—there are men of my calling, even, who would approve a business of that kind. But I can say to you now, that, divided as the town may be upon the subject, some of them call you a saint, some of them a fool—I guess you know that—"

Bernhard smiled and nodded. "I've heard of it," he answered, "and," he added, a worried look crossing his countenance, "the men that I've thrown out of employment have called me a knave."

"Be that as it may," returned the other, warmly, "you are the first man I ever met who plucked his life up by the roots for the sake of righteousness, and I want you to know that fact."

Bernhard slowly shook his head. "I would rather, sir," he said, "that you did not mistake my motives.

What I have done I have done entirely for the sake of Mrs. Bernhard. To her belongs the credit, if there be any credit at all. I did it for her sake."

The Rev. Armstrong held out his hand. "I want men like you, sir," he exclaimed warmly, "within my church. I want *you*, sir, in my church. I hope you'll come."

It was an invitation that Bernhard did not try to resist. Bernhard was good. All his life he had been a man of clean personal habits; and his companions had been good men. His life was regular and well ordered. By nature he was emotional. He had ever regarded the influence of the church with favor. But, as he had explained to Mrs. Bernhard, the evergrowing popular sentiment (which he could not understand) against his business, had kept him away. But now, he went. He found himself the cynosure of all eyes. His hand was gripped with fervor by fanatics.

"A saint," they whispered to each other.

Men of his own practical business status in the world smiled as they shook his hand.

"A fool," they thought to themselves.

Up in the gallery of the church sat poor men with wives and children. They brushed past him, and never spoke.

"The rogue," they growled, "he had no right to turn us out like that."

Mrs. Bernhard, however, was happy and complacent. "At least," she told herself, "I can look Mrs. van Alstyne in the face. And Mrs. Wilmerding. And Mrs. Patten-Smith."

"Carl," she called to her husband one evening a week later, "what do

you think of this?" She passed over a dozen lists containing memoranda of various kinds. Bernhard looked upon them.

"What is this?" he inquired.

"Next month's reception," she answered briefly, "and the largest one we've had."

He laid down the lists upon her dressing table. "Do you think," he asked, "that we ought to have it? I don't see how we can afford it just at this time."

She looked at him in amazement. "Why not?" she inquired, "we must have money enough for that. Besides, you don't have to use any of your money for the expenses of the business."

He laughed. "You forget, Aline," he interposed, "that all my money, or most of it, was in the business—is there yet; and that, though I have no business to put money in, I certainly have none to get money out. Don't you see?"

She flushed. "Do you mean," she asked, "that we have not enough money just to give this reception?"

"Of course," he answered, "but we can't afford it. We have the money, but we cannot spare it."

"You will get another business," she returned.

"That," he answered, "is to be seen. It's harder than you think for. It's harder even, than I supposed."

"Father has a good business—he makes money," she said, "and it is respectable, the note brokerage business."

She was right; her father was well off, a prominent citizen of the town across the river; a pillar in the church, and respectable—for it is highly respectable to take huge profits from people in necessity. As a lender of money and shaver of

notes, he was a huge success. Bernhard shook his head.

"I could never go into a business of that kind," he remarked, "I'll have to look up something else."

Young Mrs. Bernhard picked up her lists. "We can discuss this better," she answered, "after the reception."

It was at the reception that Wilmerding, president of the First National Bank, turned to Mrs. Wilmerding.

"Kate," he whispered, "these people are outdoing themselves. This beats anything we ever did. Bernhard must have had a fortune to retire upon. Maybe he's only lazy and rich, instead of being a fool."

Mrs. Patten-Smith, in another corner, turned to her daughter. "These people were nicer," she commented, "when they were brewers. I hate anybody without visible means of support."

It was two months later, on a Sunday, that Bernhard turned to his wife. There was a glow of complete understanding on his face.

"At last, Aline," he told her, "I see it, as you saw it; as Dr. Armstrong sees it. I see now that it is wrong, positively wrong for me to have sold the stuff I did. It has taken me a long while to understand—but now I know. I am glad to know. Glad that the right and wrong is so clearly marked. Before, I was uncertain. But now, I know that I did the right thing when I gave it up. I thought you were finicky about it, dear, at the time, but now, I see. I'm glad."

She did not answer him at once. When she did, she looked the other way. "Pierson tells me," she said coldly, "that you are going to sell the horses, and going to discharge

him and James. Will you kindly tell me why?"

"Because," he answered mildly, "we cannot afford them, dear."

Impatiently she waved her arm. "Afford," she cried, "I hate that word. Why don't you go out and earn money—why don't you go into business. Then we could afford. What do you suppose that I and little Carl are going to do?"

"I'm doing my best," answered he, "it takes more time than I thought."

He put his hand in his pocket and drew out a few bills. "I told Dr. Armstrong," he went on, "that we would contribute to the special fund. I wish you would hand this to young Walsh. He has charge of it."

His wife counted the money over. "All this," she exclaimed, bitterly, "to the church, and I can go without my carriage."

He was troubled. "It seems to me, dear," he answered, "that we ought to keep up our contributions to the church. It's the only way we can do good. The church is a good thing," he added, "it has made me see the right and the wrong."

Mrs. Bernhard sniffed. She put the money in her pocket. Young Walsh, the treasurer of the special fund, met the rector one day on the street.

"Didn't you tell me," he asked, "that Bernhard was going to give us something solid for the fund? I thought so. Well, that's a month ago—and he hasn't paid it yet. Shall I speak to him about it?"

But he never did speak to him about it; and it was never paid; and Bernhard never knew.

"Whatever goes to the church," he told his wife, "I want to give through you."

One day he came home with a laugh. "Aline," he cried, tossing the boy in the air, "I've got a job—for you and little Carl. Think of it—after all these months."

"A—a business?" she inquired.

"No," he answered, "just a position—a good one; at fifty dollars a week. Now you see," he told her, "with the few thousands that we've saved, and the house, and this fifty a week, we can get along—swimmingly."

"Fifty a week," wailed Mrs. Bernhard, "why I need that—actually need it, for the table alone. Why don't they give you more?"

Bernhard, in sooth, was satisfied. He saw his way clear to live on the income from the money he had reserved, and upon his salary. He respected the tenacity with which his wife clung to the house; he was not averse himself to keeping up appearances. But now, he assured himself, they could do quite well.

But, he had left out of his calculations, one fact. He had placed his thousands in the keeping of Mrs. Bernhard; invested them in her name, in paying securities. It was a matter of months only, before these thousands had disappeared like magic. . . . It is just as well to pass over the months that followed the disappearance of this money. There is little good in crying over spilled milk. Mrs. Bernhard was a woman who could not understand why her income did not continue after her principal was gone.

And in the midst of it all, Bernhard came home in the middle of the day one Thursday.

"I have lost my job," he said wearily, "somehow I didn't seem to suit. I guess they were right. I didn't know the business." He

sighed. "I never knew but one," he added.

His wife handed him a letter. It was from the Trust. They offered to save him his equity in the brewery plant on the river, and to employ him at \$10,000 per year to run it for them. He passed it back to her; she read it.

"Well?" she inquired.

"It's a temptation," he answered, "but I have made up my mind about that. The business is wrong, and I'll keep out of it." There was a new light in his eyes as he turned to her. "And, besides, dear," he told her, "I shall keep my pact with you."

He gave the Trust his answer. "Fool," laughed the members of the Trust. And they put a new man in charge of the old plant, which they had purchased at a foreclosure sale. And the new man moved into town, and entered society, and became a pillar of the church.

"Gee," said the new man to his friends, "I'd like to live in that fine house of Bernhard's."

Bernhard and his wife clung to the house, however, even though they placed a mortgage on it. And the money that they borrowed gave them added hope, and Bernhard obtained employment once again—at twenty-five a week.

"I've got to begin at the bottom and work up, Aline," he told her, "I must learn a business before I can expect to get good money from it. I'm doing just the best I can, you see."

"If I only had a man for my husband," Aline told herself, "instead of a fool—a fool."

It was on the Sunday after the foreclosure sale of Bernhard's house, that Bernhard woke and found his

wife fully dressed, standing in the middle of the floor beside the boy. Bernhard glanced at the clock. It was not yet seven.

"W-where are you going?" he stammered, hazily.

Young Mrs. Bernhard shut her teeth with a snap. "I'm going—home," she answered, "over to my father's. I wanted to get off before anybody sees me." She stopped. "I'm going home—for good."

Bernhard leaped to his feet and threw a dressing gown about him.

"W-what do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean," she answered, "what I say. You cannot support me and little Carl. You know that. They would turn us out of this house this week—you know that. What can I do? Nothing, save to go away. I'm going to go away—at once."

"But," answered Bernhard "I *can* support you. We can live, we three, on what I earn—and I'm doing better all the time. You must stay here."

She turned. "We are going, now, at once," she answered, "I and little Carl."

Bernhard pressed his forehead with one hand. "No—no," he cried, darting forward, "not—not the boy." He caught the chubby little chap by the arm. In his intensity he scared the boy.

"No—no," yelled the boy, lustily, "I'm going out—with mamma."

Young Mrs. Bernhard turned to him once more. "We need some money," she said coldly, "I suppose you can let me have a little."

Bernhard gulped caught at his trousers and emptied a pocket into his hand. He dropped it all into the side bag which she wore. He caught the boy up in his arms and kissed him.

And then—they went. Bernhard

dressed that morning, somehow, and went to church. When the box was passed for contributions he felt confidently in his trousers pocket. Then he paled, and fumbled with his waistcoat. He had forgotten for the moment that he was penniless. He nodded apologetically to young Walsh, who held the box, and young Walsh passed on. After the service he sought out young Walsh, dragged him into a corner and explained.

"I had plenty in my pocket," he said, nervously, "but I gave it all to Mrs. Bernhard—and the boy."

"And they," added Walsh, "didn't come to-day."

"That's it," returned Bernhard, "they—they didn't come. I'll make it up next week."

Walsh laughed noisily. "It didn't make a particle of difference, Mr. Bernhard," he answered, "to me or to anybody else."

"I'll make it up next week," reiterated Bernhard. But he was not there next week. Nor the week after. Nor the week after that.

"Somehow," he told himself, "I can never go back there without Aline and—the boy."

Over at the home of Aline's father, they sat, night after night, and discussed the matter.

"I don't care what you say," remarked Aline's father, "Bernhard was a fool for giving up that business. What did he do it for, anyhow? He must have been a fool."

"He was a fool," responded Aline, genially, "he is a fool, and he'll always be a fool."

"Mamma," the boy would sleepily remark, with his nose flattened against the window pane, "when is papa coming, and when are we going home—to him?"

Hail and Farewell

By KONAN MACHUGH

Old London's stones, and Paris gay,
The gleaming peaks of fair Tyrol,
Where mountain shepherd's tuneful call
Wakes dawn to greet you on your way;
And Rome, the mighty one that dreams
The ages down; the silver glow
Of Adriatic's ebb and flow
Where each Venetian palace gleams;

These call you, Lady of the West.
Our distant hail repeats "Farewell,"
Yet though in camp or court you dwell
We know the heart within your breast
Beats true to home where'er you sail,
Nor Prince nor Potentate may know
Its inmost and serenest glow;
God speed the time we bid you "Hail."

Christmas in New England Literature

By ALICE O'BRIEN

COLONIAL New England was made up largely of conscientious enthusiasts who looked upon the Christmas festivities of old England as loose and sinful practices. For this they should not be unjustly censured, for many of the English customs that they held in memory were wild and boisterous. The rioting that accompanied the election of the "Lord of Misrule" on Christmas eve during the middle ages continued in varying forms as late as the time when the Puritans began to come into public prominence in England and her colonies; and in many old books and sermons one may read of the demoralized state of rural England, the lawlessness, revelry, and ribald singing that filled the streets and inns of English towns and villages during the Christmas holidays. It was such behavior, and the fact that it went in the company of an ancient church feast day that made the early New Englanders so rigid in their non-observance of Christmas.

Cotton described the mode of keeping Christmas in his day as wanton and Bacchanalian. The Pilgrims would have destroyed anything that pertained to the ritual of the English church, and the general attitude of the early colonists was genuinely conscientious and taken up after due consideration of the more serious side of the matter. Diaries of this time describe the performance of the ordinary daily work of any week day on December twenty-fifth. From a Puritan diary

kept by a prominent Bostonian comes the following:

"December 25th, 1685. Carts come to town and shops open as usual. Some somehow observe the day, but are vexed. I believe that the Body of people profane it, and blessed be God no authority yet to compel them to keep it."

That solemn authoress, Anne Bradstreet, wrote in her long poem, the "Seasons," describing a New England winter:

"December is my first, and now the sun
To th' Southward Tropick, his swift race
doth run;
This month he 'gins to length the short-
ened morn,
Through Christendom with great Festivity,
Now's held (but ghest) for blest Nativity."

As time went on the history of New England was something like that of a nineteenth century large city. It grew apace, filled with people, and became cosmopolitan in population. Families from the mother countries of Europe settled in large numbers, and each brought his accustomed manner of life. The Germans have given us the custom of erecting the Christmas tree, Holland the legend of Saint Nicholas, France the filling of the children's stockings, and England, Ireland and Scotland, carol singing, the use of the holly and mistletoe, and many Christmas greetings and dishes. From a blending of all these national manners grew a New England that has given birth to men and women who have remembered Christmas in delightful poetry and fiction.

Bryant's "Christmas in 1875" describes active charity and universal

brotherly peace as the proper expression of the Christmas spirit. These lines are supposed to be uttered by a Spaniard as he contemplates the war and misery all about him, but they could be regarded as a New Englander's typical conception of Christian concord:

"Christ is not come, while there
The men of blood whose crimes affront the
 skies
Kneel down in act of prayer,
Amid the joyous strains, and when they rise
Go forth, with sword and flame,
To waste the land in His most holy name.

"Oh, when the day shall break
O'er realm unlearned in warfare's cruel arts,
And all their millions wake
To peaceful tasks performed with loving
 hearts
On such a blessed morn,
Well may the nation say that Christ is born."

Much like this, written in a time of war and party strife are Longfellow's lines, "The Christmas Bells."

"And in despair I bowed my head;
'There is no peace on earth,' I said,
For hate is strong
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men."

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep,
God is not dead, nor doth he sleep,
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail
With peace on earth, good-will to men."

His charming "Christmas Carol" depicts a scene in Burgundy, being taken from the "Noël Bourguignon de la Mennoye" (Rui Barôzai), and his "King Olaf's Christmas" is too well known to be described here. Another poem of peace, a rejoicing over the reconciliation of the North and the South with the final ending of the Civil War are Whittier's lines, "A Christmas Carmen."

"Sound over all waters, reach out from all
 lands,
The chorus of voices, the clasping of hands,
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of
 the morn,
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was
 born,

With glad jubilations
Bring hope to the nations!
The dark night is ending and dawn has
 begun:
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat
 as one!"

In the following lines, Whittier, our truest landscape painter, outlines the New England hills with their wooded slopes and bare tops so beloved by those who have grown up in their sight, or who visit them yearly:

"Low in the east, against a white, cold
 dawn,
The black-lined silhouette of the woods
was drawn,
And on a wintry waste
Of frosted streams and hillsides bare and
 brown,
Through thin cloud-films a pallid ghost
looked down
The waning moon half-faced!"

In this poem, by name "The Christmas of 1888," there is expressed a patriotic devotion and love of country. The cold, bleak, wintry New England is compared to Bethlehem's hillside and

"The Magi's star seemed here, as there
 and then,—
Our homestead pine-tree was the Syrian
 palm,
Our heart's desire the angels' midnight
 psalm,
Peace, and good-will to men!"

Among the more recent writers there are many indeed who have employed Christmas as a theme. There are "A Christmas Hymn for Children" by Miss Daskam, and "The Parable of St. Christopher" and "The Legend of Saint Nicholas" in Mrs. Jackson's "Bits of Talk for Young Folks." Mrs. Riggs and Miss Smith have together compiled two books of collected poetry for young people that have been lovingly and most carefully done. In each there is a division dedicated to Christmas containing poems by the

most famous and popular poets, and these should be mentioned here even though they are not done entirely by New England authors since they show the favorite lines of the poetry of the world as seen by the compilers who are good judges of such things. In one of these, the "Golden Numbers," the Christmas collection has the title the "Glad Evangel," and in the other, the "Posy Ring," the Christmas poems are gathered under the name "Christmas Bells."

Although Mrs. Riggs is not a native New Englander, from her earliest years she has identified herself with this part of the country. She was born just outside of Philadelphia where her family was staying temporarily, but her mother always wished her to be called a New England girl, and brought her up with the ideals and traditions of this part of the country. She has shown a keen insight into the character of Maine country people in her recent novel, "The Rose of the River," which describes many characters that have actually come into her life in Hollis, Maine, where she spends the summer months.

Miss Alcott's stories, that depict the healthy, vigorous life of Yankee children in the '60's, are too well known to be more than mentioned. They include "Christmas Dreams," "Christmas Turkey," "Country Christmas," "Merry Christmas," "Plays at Plumfield" and "Surprises," all delightfully suggestive as to title, and sweet and clean in the telling. In these stories there is a warmth and heartiness that never tires. Add to these "Tessa's Surprise," "Tilly's Christmas," and "Under the Mistletoe."

While speaking of the stories that have been written for children one must include Mr. Crothers's "Miss

Muffet's Christmas Party." Mr. Crothers was born in Illinois but has adopted New England as the field of his active life. He has been a large contributor to magazines here and has lived here many years. His dear little story is much loved, and in the children's room in the library of the city where its author resides it is a prime favorite, resting unread on the book shelves for only very brief periods, which is a true test of a book's popularity. Miss Dillingham has discovered the difficult path to the hearts of the young in "The Christmas Tree Scholar." The writer of this book spent her college days in Boston and soon after entered into literary life there. Sarah Orne Jewett, whose pictures of New England life in its decline will probably live long after the life she depicts, has given us that delightful story, "Betty Leicester's Christmas." Then there are in addition to these Mrs. Moulton's "Job Gidding's Christmas," Miss Ray's "Jean's Christmas Eve," Miss Spofford's "A Christmas that was a Christmas" and Miss Swett's "How Christmas Came to Turkey's Cove," "How Santa Claus Found the Bilbury Poor House" and "The Christmas Toll." Mr. Trowbridge's "Carl Robson's Christmas" and "Paul Garwin's Christmas Eve" have contributed their share in constructing this author's phenomenal popularity among growing boys all over this country.

Last and certainly remarkable among all these entertaining stories is Mrs. Riggs's "Bird's Christmas Carol." This little classic is read and re-read yearly by old and young. It is enjoyed in thousands of school rooms to the equal delight of teachers and pupils. In pathos and humor, breadth of sympathy and

kindly charity, one may place it side by side with Charles Dickens's famous story of old Scrooge the miser.

Hawthorne has given us a curious tale, "The Christmas Banquet," in which is described the carrying out of a bequest that ordered that the ten most miserable people on earth should be gathered together yearly, at Christmas time, to be given a banquet. The execution of this whimsical wish is described with true Hawthornian precision and nicety of detail.

Edward Everett Hale tells the story of a large house party, in the days when a host could claim a guest for more than a week end, in his "Christmas at Narragansett," and in his "Christmas Waits in Boston" relates what he says is true in its several parts being made up of incidents that might befall any active city clergyman. Speaking of it he said: "In most modern Christmas stories I have observed that the rich wake up of a sudden to befriend the poor, and that the moral is educed from such compassion. The incidents in this story show, what all life shows, that the poor befriend the rich as truly as the rich the poor; that, in the Christian life, each needs all." In it, all the leading residential streets of Boston fifty years ago are traversed by the Christmas waits. It abounds in varied allusions to the manners of other times and people and contains several splendid carols. In the course of the story are these characteristic words: "What an eternity it seemed since I started with those children singing carols. Bethlehem, Nazareth, Calvary, Rome, Roman senators, Tiberius, Paul, Nero, Clement, Ephraim, Ambrose and all the singers, Vincent de Paul and all

the loving wonder workers, Luther and Knox and all the carol writers, Milton and Herbert and all the prophets, what a world of people had been keeping Christmas with Sam Perry and Lycidas and Harry and me."

Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Christmas Fantasy" is another interesting story. "Mrs. Risley's Christmas Dinner" as told by Mrs. Higginson in a few pages is heart-breaking in its pathos, describing the failure of a married daughter to appear in her country home after five years' absence, and her mother's bitter disappointment after having painfully prepared a dinner in which figure all the dishes of the season. Mrs. Risley remarks to an inquisitive neighbor, "I've worked nigh onto two weeks over this dinner, a seedin' raisins an' cur'nts an' things. I've had to skimp harrable, Mis' Tomlinson, to get it, but it's just—*perfec'*. Roast goose an' cranberry sass, an' cel'ry soup, an' mince an' punkin pie—to say nothin' o' plum puddin'! An' cookies an' cur'nt jell tarts for the 'children. I'll hev to wear my old underclo'es all winter to pay for it; but I don't care." This real New England Christmas dinner was prepared in vain, for the thoughtless daughter merely sent a hasty letter in her place. This graphic little story leaves a powerful impression upon the reader.

Mr. Sill's poem "Christmas in California" illustrates that versatility and perception, that sympathy and power of inspiring good and noble thoughts, that has made him so much beloved. It is written by a man who knew Christmas east and west; for Mr. Sill was born in Windsor, Connecticut, and lived east, receiving his education at Yale. He had a deep patriotic, almost

poetic, love for his early home. New England can always claim him proudly. The poem begins:

"Can this be Christmas—sweet as May,
With drowsy sun, and dreamy air,
And new grass pointing out the way
For flowers to follow, everywhere?"

Then follows a delightful comparison of Christmas west and a typical New England Christmas that rings with a note of homesickness, and the last verse states:

"I am His creature, and His air
I breathe, where'er my feet may stand;
The angels' song rings everywhere,
And all the earth is Holy Land."

In Mrs. Howe's "From Sunset Ridge" is a deeply religious poem, "A Shadow in the Christmas Light," from which the following lines are taken:

"The earth is promised to the meek,
The pure in heart their God shall see;
But when life's boon supreme I seek,
Lend me thy glory, Calvary."

Miss Spofford's "A Christmas Thought" is written in a similar spirit of Christian humility:

"In the beginning, when the vast
Lay in a void of turbid night,
A mighty music filled the deep,—
Let there be light: and there was light
.

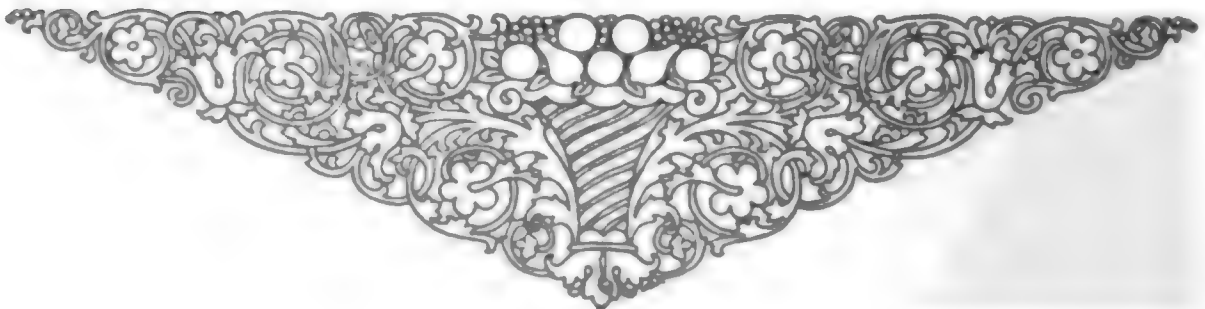
While all the hungering deeps replied,—
Let there be light: and Christ was born!"

Hezekiah Butterworth, who is still mourned by warm friends and admirers all over the country, and especially in Boston, where he was assistant editor of the *Youth's Companion* for so many years, has written a long poem describing Christmas in Rome during the sway of one of the early emperors. It is dear to his friends for it was written on his last Christmas day on earth.

There are many more authors who have contributed to New England Christmas literature, and it would be a happy task to treat the subject exhaustively. Everyone can read Phillips Brooks's verse from his poem, "A Little Town of Bethlehem," with equal pleasure. They are the words of one of the direct descendants of John Cotton, of a typical New Englander of the higher order:

"Oh, holy child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.

"We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell,
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!"



Publicity for Protected Interests

By R. L. BRIDGMAN

WHATEVER differences exist regarding the wisdom and the justice of the protective system for industry, certainly all sides are agreed upon the proposition that the prosperity of the protected nation as a whole is the final criterion. It is not to be supposed for a moment that any people capable of self-government, or that any government not responsible to the people, would deliberately admit that it was pursuing a policy for the benefit of a favored class which would result in detriment to the nation as a whole. So much, then, for a common agreement at the outset.

It is not sufficient, therefore, to prove the wisdom of protecting any particular industry, to show that that industry has prospered under the protective system. Any industry which is permitted to have exceptional advantages in way of taking money from the people for the direct purpose of its own financial prosperity ought to be able to show such prosperity. If it could not show prosperity the presumption would be that some one had blundered. But a showing of prosperity would not prove necessarily that the entire community had been benefited as much as the protected industry. It must be a part of the demonstration, also, in order to show the justice of the protection, that the direct benefit to the protected industry is so distributed through the community as to disappear entirely as direct benefit, giving to every person as

many advantages as are enjoyed by those who own the protected enterprise. Otherwise it would be the fact that some of the people reaped an advantage over others at the expense of those others under a system of taxation which should bear upon all persons equally, which would be contrary to the spirit of our institutions.

It is the impossibility of demonstrating the soundness of the conclusion that all people are benefited equally under the protective policy which prevents, and promises to prevent forever, any demonstration of the wisdom of the protective theory so as to convince all citizens. But, since all must agree that the benefit of the public is the sole justification of any protective system whatever, it follows that some method, consistent with reasonable expense, if any there be, should be adopted in order to inform the public of the effect of the system, of the changes which are occurring constantly, and of the probable advantage to the public in continuing the policy of protection further in the case of any particular industry.

Though there has been no change in the matter of the right of the people in securing information, or in regard to the soundness of the policy of securing it, since the establishment of the protective system, yet practically there has been a great change in the relation of the public to the system, a change which suggests and demands a new departure. We, as a people, are be-

coming far more interested, more intelligent and more practical in dealing with public service corporations. We have pretty clearly defined doctrines regarding the status of railroad corporations, electric roads, gas and electric light companies, water companies, insurance companies, and so on, under state laws. We give monopoly to certain corporations which serve the public. We call them "quasi public" corporations, and we control them by giving to officials who represent the people power to regulate their charges and by requiring them to make full annual reports to the public regarding the details of their business. Though power to regulate rates is not practiced in many instances, yet it is sufficiently practiced to leave no doubt of the right of the public over all corporations when the public chooses to assert its right. It has become an established principle with us in state legislation that public service corporations must render an account to the public for the benefits which they receive from the public. The corporations expect this, and it is to be presumed that the returns are made with some approach to accuracy. The right of the public to have the information is admitted by the corporations, and whether there is concealment or not, the representatives of the public have full right and power by law to make any investigation which will remove all doubt regarding the fullness or the accuracy of the returns. The corporations know that they have no standing upon the proposition that they can refuse to inform the public regarding the details of their business.

Now, in the matter of our protected industries, it is to be noticed

that they have their status as protected solely upon the theory that they benefit all people equally. They are a part of the governmental system of the country. They mark a long step in the socialistic tendencies of the times, for in them the people have established a system whereby the entire civil and military power of the nation is back of the law which excludes imports to a certain extent in order that certain consequences may follow at home. The nation, as a whole, is committed to support certain business enterprises. As a nation it is carrying on those particular kinds of business, by support of the public authorities, backed by the public forces, and for the public good. Enormous properties are involved in this policy, and therefore the protective system commits the people to an overwhelming extent to the carrying on of business enterprises for the production and distribution of goods as a measure of public benefit. By socialistic standards, the protective system is a long step in socialism.

Every one of the protected industries is therefore as truly a quasi public interest as is any of the corporations now known specifically by that description, such as the railroads or the public lighting companies. Their public nature is their most important aspect, and their ownership by private individuals is subordinate to their public aspect, just as the ownership of railroad stocks by private persons does not diminish the fact that the most important aspect of railroad property is its relation to the public. Private considerations must be secondary for the well being of the whole is paramount to that of any part. First of all comes the public rela-

tion, and the policy of railroad management must be settled by what will serve the public best, not what will be of most advantage to the private stockholders. The reason why the public authorities refuse to permit street railway charges to be reduced below the point of paying a reasonable dividend to the stockholders, as has occurred repeatedly in Massachusetts, is not that the state is bound to see that private persons have dividends upon their investments as a matter of general principle, but that persons who serve the public by investing their property in quasi public enterprises are entitled to a reasonable return upon their investment as truly as if they were not under control of the public and should not be required by the public to be sacrificed for the pecuniary benefit of the public. But the state is no more bound to guarantee a dividend upon railway stock to the stockholder in his private capacity than it is bound to see that every farmer secures a reasonable return upon his property every year.

Public considerations, therefore, being paramount to private, the principle holds for the protected industries. The public has a direct financial interest in all protected enterprises and, as a partner or financial supporter, is entitled to information regarding the condition of the business. As a matter of right, therefore, the protected interests should be required to make reports to the public,—annual by the precedent established in other cases,—just as the railroads, gas and electric light companies, the insurance companies and other enterprises are required to make annual reports. The people have a right to know, as closely as reports can show, what

have been the details of the system, what has been the expense of operation, how much the rate of dividends, what burdens the public has assumed in order to give the protection, and what return it has received as a consequence of the assumption of the burdens. Though it may be impossible to measure the cause and effect in many cases, yet the public has a right to know at least all of the details which bear on their relations to the personal owners of the enterprises which are protected. Under no theory consistent with American principles of political rights can the owners of enterprises demand that the people be sharers with them in the burdens of their business as a principle of public policy and then deny the right of the people to a full accounting in regard to the details of the business.

More than this, since the system is maintained by the public assumption of a burden, in the first place, with the expectation that the public will more than recoup themselves from the investment, it is right that no protected industry should ever be permitted to declare a rate of dividend higher than the average rate of dividends on safe investments. It may not be as low a rate of dividend as equals the rate of interest netted on a purchase of United States government bonds, but it should approximate that rate. If the business is capable of yielding any profit above that rate, then it is a fair proposition that the people should receive the benefit directly by a reduction in the prices for the product at retail, so as to bring down the rate of dividend, or, if higher prices are charged, then all that is received in excess of the moderate

dividend should be paid into the public treasury. In either case, the owners of the enterprise, having bound the people by law, or the people having bound themselves, to assure a fair dividend, might well regard themselves as fortunate with such governmental backing, considering the risks suffered by those who stand out in the storm and stress of business without any governmental protection. This is a fair proposition under our theory of protection and no good protectionist can consistently object to it. If objection should be raised, it would at once show that the protected objector believed that he had a right to use the public for his private financial advantage. Our theory of protection will not permit any such assumption publicly, whatever its friends may know of its aspects in private.

It may be said truly that it would not be practicable to enforce such a system of annual reports. It is true that our protected interests are exceedingly numerous and that the problem would be very complicated. We have duties on hay and cattle, lime and lumber, on fish, flesh and fowl, products of land and sea, animal, vegetable and mineral, of all sorts and conditions. It is quite true, as a practical proposition, that it would be exceedingly difficult and expensive to collect, digest and print the statistics which would show the bearings of the tariff upon the prosperity of the nation. But practical difficulties have no bearing upon the right of the people to get the information, if they choose to exercise their right.

Wherever practicable, therefore, it would be well for the people to obtain full details regarding the operation of the protective system, and

certainly there are many branches in which it is possible to learn sufficient to warrant the collection of the figures. In the large number of woolen mills, cotton mills, iron mills, shoe factories, silk mills, and establishments of all kinds which are under organized heads, whether as corporations or unions or combinations of men in any way, where records are kept, where there are pay rolls, where there is dealing with transportation companies, where there is a central office with clerical force, in all such cases it would be possible to gather statistics. The fact above all others which the public has the right to know is the rate of profit upon the investment which the enterprise is paying. Results concern the people most and the most vital result is especially subject to the requirement of being stated publicly.

Recurring to the fundamental theory of protection,—the benefit of the entire people regardless of any special benefit to any particular persons or classes,—it is to be observed that the theory of infant industry applies as truly to many enterprises not now protected as it does to the most highly protected industries. Though the doctrine of protection has come to be applied only to such industries as are pursued abroad as well as in this country, and the theory has special reference to warding off from the capital and labor engaged here the competition of capital and labor engaged abroad, yet this application of the theory can be sound only as a broader proposition is sound, and that broader proposition is that it is wise public policy for the people, in their collective political capacity, to support at a temporary loss any enterprise which promises to return to

the people as a whole sufficient reward to recoup them for all outlays, or which gives such other continuing benefits (such as insurance against unpreparedness for war, intellectual or moral progress due to diversified industries, or other intangible but real gain) as will justify pursuing the policy at an admitted financial loss. Thus it is a practice for towns and cities to offer manufacturing establishments special inducements to locate with them. Thus all property used for religious purposes is exempt from taxation (though there are conclusive reasons why religion should not be under control of the state), and educational, charitable, literary and benevolent institutions are also exempt.

But the protective theory is not, *per se*, limited to application to industries open to competition from abroad. While public good is sought by the protective doctrine in giving popular help to the tin plate industry, the same reasoning applies equally to the establishment of a barber's shop, the opening of a new fruit store, or any other minor industrial or commercial establishment in any village or at any cross roads. Provided the governmental support during the period of inability to stand alone is continued till sufficient patronage is assured to warrant the withdrawal of the support, it will be profitable for the people as a whole, according to the protective theory, to give that support. The smallness of the enterprise is not a pertinent consideration, for the outlay required of the people would be correspondingly small. As in all other cases, the people would have a right to know the details of the business in these small instances. The expediency of

collecting the statistics would be another consideration.

Development of industries for the profit of the people as a whole, let it be noted again for another point in the argument, is the purpose of the protective system. The establishment of any protective duty, furthermore, is an advertisement to the nation at the outset that the industry cannot support itself without the protection, for if it could do so, the protection would not be necessary. Inability of self-support, therefore, with fair dividends for the capital and fair wages for the labor employed, is the first requisite of an enterprise asking for public help, implying a capacity in the enterprise to make adequate return subsequently to the public, and surely there is no end to the number of such enterprises as they may plausibly be made to appear before they have been tested. For Congress, then, the practical question is how to discriminate between applicants for protection, what criterion apply to the different degrees of inability of self-support, how soon the enterprise promises to become self-supporting, how soon the period of probation shall end officially and the experiment, if unsuccessful, be abandoned as hopeless.

From this point of view, therefore, it is imperative, if the people are to act as intelligent protectionists, to have some means for determining whether, in the case of any particular industry, the return warrants the outlay. Manifestly, plausible candidates for protection are exceedingly numerous, for inability of self-support can be predicated of countless enterprises, and he must be a poor prospectus-writer who cannot make it certain to a demonstration that his particular scheme is

sure to result in large public benefit. Some practical criterion, therefore, Congress must have, for with all the exceptional ability conceded to representatives of the people, surely neither they nor their constituents will claim that they have such prevision as to be able to foretell accurately whether or not the returns upon any particular enterprise will justify taxing the people in order to give it a start.

Presumably, therefore, in the nature of the case, since all men are fallible, there are some protected enterprises which are unprofitable for the public, and which will never be able to justify the protection given. Such enterprises ought to be weeded out, and surely there is no better way of learning the truth than by intelligently trying to find out about it. Some way or other the public ought not to be taxed perpetually for any kind of business which will never justify the expenditure. In making this inquiry, the utmost liberality of interpretation would, of course, be permitted, as is demanded by the protectionists, for indirect benefits in the way of increasing the business of the nation by bringing in other industries, by preparing the nation for self-reliance in case of war, in way of developing the moral and intellectual faculties and resources of the people by having diversified industries, and by the other indefinite benefits which are supposed to inhere in the protective system, but which are admittedly incapable of measurement in dollars.

But, with all this liberality of interpretation, some enterprises are in all probability foisted upon the public which have not and will not justify the expense they cause. Therefore it is a plain business

proposition that the people ought to have some means of discovering where they are putting money into a hole without any bottom, or whether or not they are doing so, in order that every unprofitable enterprise may be abandoned. As a matter of the right of the people to learn the facts, there can be no doubt. It is for the people to say whether or not the statistics should be gathered in any particular case. The proposition here maintained is that the people ought to have the machinery of determining, as far as practicable, what enterprises in which they are now engaged are presumably to be forever unprofitable, or if any are such, and that this machinery should be in exercise.

The fact that the people have thus far submitted to the *a priori* arguments of the protectionists that the protection will always work out a profit is no reason why such laxity in business methods should be permitted to exist any longer. It may be permitted here to wonder why people like those of the United States, who have a pronounced, proclaimed and reiterated hostility to all *a priori* theories as such, who have always ridiculed free traders as *a priori* visionaries, and have always insisted that they themselves are strictly and exclusively practical or *a posteriori* demonstrators, should down to this day have accepted without examination the pure *a priori* theory that every protected enterprise is surely profitable and should never be subject to inquiry to see whether or not the *a priori* argument, in any particular case, is well founded. It would seem as if the people, judged by their own standard, had made themselves just a little bit ridiculous in not carrying their business principles to a more practical conclusion.

But since there is as much time coming as there has time gone by, it is timely now to introduce the needed reform and to provide a means whereby, for all the future, there may not be continued the support of enterprises forever unprofitable. It would seem as if such a proposition would be self-demonstrating to such practical people as the business men of the United States and they could be relied upon to demand of Congress the passage of the necessary legislation.

It is a practical proposition, therefore, that Congress take up the matter and arrange henceforth for an annual series of statements to show the benefit to the nation as a whole of the protection which is given to protected enterprises. Vast financial interests are involved, and it is of the first importance that the people keep up with the times. Conditions of production and distribution are changing every year. New inventions, new methods of cultivation, new ideas in manufactures, new ways of treating raw products make frequent changes in the status of any protected industry, in its value to the people, and in the practical bearing of the question whether the protective policy should be continued in regard to it.

The people of the United States have a right to a thorough examination of the system from its beginning, to learn how much the government has received in customs duties, how much from particular interests, and how much those interests have presumably benefited the country over and above their expense. Doubtless there are records in good preservation to enable the computation of duties received to be made for less cost than the value of the statement would be to

the country. Doubtless, also, the sources of income to the government could be stated as far as they were divided among the great protected staples, such as iron, wool, lumber and so on. The proposed annual statement should give such details for the year covered, published and circulated at the expense of the people for the benefit of the people, in order to show, year by year, the relations of the taxpayers to their protected enterprises. Prices of foreign goods in the protected lines, or labor in those lines, and of the cost of transportation, including insurance and all other items which enter into the cost of putting foreign goods into this country, should be made a part of the showing. Further than this, the annual statement should give, as far as the data would permit, the adequacy of the home supply to the home market, the probable cost of the goods without protection, and other items in the account in order to give the people as complete an idea as possible of the actual benefit they are receiving from the protective system in case of each protected industry.

Nothing short of such an effort to learn where they stand will be creditable to the intelligence of the people of the United States. To say that such inquiries will be fruitless will be only to affirm that we are going blindly and that it will be better to go blindly forever than to open our eyes. If that is a fair argument, then it is as pertinent to say that protection is unspeakably foolish as it is to say that it is supremely wise, and neither assertion can be disproved by facts. To assert upon general principles that protection is supremely wise and then to object to any effort to find out how wise it

is on the ground that the result is incapable of determination would be such an extreme application of that *a priori* argument regardless of facts as would severely shock such a practical, a *posteriori* people as those of the United States when they once realized the true situation. One cannot doubt that they will insist upon learning the facts, though the heaven of a *priori* theory should fall.

In regard to the benefit of protection to the nation as a whole, in case of any particular enterprise, it is to be noted further, that it would not be sufficient justification to show that there was a net financial gain by the transaction. Full publicity would be of invaluable help in certain cases. The annual report ought to show how the fund collected by the protective agency is distributed, supposing that a net profit is left to the nation as the result of the protection. The primary fact in the case of most of our highly protected industries is that a very few people handle the fund in the first place, for by the very theory of the system a great deal of the wealth it creates never gets into the hands of the government, but goes into the pockets of the owners of the protected industry. The invested capital is protected. But free trade in the labor of the men and women, boys and girls who work in the factories prevails. Presumably the labor is exposed to the competition of all other classes of labor within our tariff walls. The annual report ought to show, therefore, whether the fund accumulated in the hands of capital by the tariff is distributed so as to benefit all citizens equally. Is the wealth secured by the tariff practically held by a few or is it distributed accord-

ing to the value of the contributions made to it? Does it go for automobiles and yachts, dress and dogs, music and paintings, fancy dinners and the best wines, or for rent of small houses, for food, clothing, doctors' bills, education and religious purposes? Does the duty put a real burden upon the masses and increase the luxuries of the wealthy few, even though a total financial profit of the system can be figured for the nation out of its transaction? This is a fair and pertinent question. Some sort of solution can be reached approximately by experts employed by the people to serve the cause of the people, and there is not the slightest doubt that the people would gladly pay all of the expense involved in order to secure the facts.

Furthermore, this annual report to the public should set forth the true condition of the capital employed. Since the people's money is in it and the people are made by law to assume the risk of the success of the business when otherwise it is admitted that it would be a failure, they have a right, which ought to be a legal right, to know the truth about the combinations of capital and the risks which are run by more or less variations in the ability of the managers. The people have a right to know whether the trustees of their interests have been watering the stock of their corporations in order to conceal excessive dividends or to facilitate stock manipulations by inside speculators. They have a right to know what rate of profit their investment is earning and what dividends are paid. They are entitled to know about the expense and method of management, how much is paid for legal expenses, where competition is

felt most keenly, whether from home competitors or from foreign rivals, and what are the favorable and the unfavorable conditions surrounding the enterprise. None of these essential facts should be withheld, for every protected industry is first of all a public concern; its ownership by private individuals is a secondary consideration. The rights of the public are paramount.

Again, the annual report, in order to be impartial, should show where the protective system fails to protect sufficiently. If there is any kind of business where disaster has befallen or is threatening because the people have not put under it sufficient financial support, then it is only common sense, as long as the protective system is continued, that the facts should be published, as far as they can be ascertained.

Another pertinent point; it is affirmed, with specifications, that the protective system destroys industries as well as creates them. For instance, the former large iron manufacture of Massachusetts is affirmed by experts in that matter to have been ruined by the high tariff favors given to Pennsylvania. Other instances have been mentioned of prosperity destroyed, of employees deprived of occupation, of want and penury caused by the protective system's strangling industries which could prosper and employ large numbers of people if the tariff were removed. Surely the government facility in collecting statistics could be well employed in these annual reports in showing how far such conditions were created and continued by the tariff and

they could be balanced against gains credited to the tariff. Let the truth be given impartially.

It is submitted, in conclusion, that every proposition advanced here for publicity for protected interests is in harmony with the avowed purpose of protection. The plan can be objectionable to no one who is desirous that the system should be applied impartially. Aside from its status as a right of the people, publicity is only the application of common sense in a democratic government where all measures of public policy must be determined by the people eventually. It is true that there are practical difficulties, but it is also true that continued experience would reduce them, and the value of publicity to the public would increase with the lengthening of the base line upon which their calculations and deductions were founded. It would be no difficult matter for Congress to prepare a schedule of questions to be answered annually by a large number of protected industries, and the expert statisticians in the employ of the government, or in the service of large enterprises, would find a way to frame questions which would bring out the desired information or would force conditions which would result ultimately in the people's securing the information essential to the continuance of the protective system. It is absurd, economically and politically, to suppose that the present lack of knowledge of the working of the protective system will be tolerated by a people who profess to be intelligent.



Groton

An Ancient Town and Its Famous Schools

By WALLACE B. CONANT

AN American community that has attained to a quarter-millennium of existence can no longer be regarded as belonging to the immature conditions of a youthful country, but rather ranges itself with those long inhabited towns in the older countries of the world, where the very streets and by-ways are beaten hard by the feet of many generations. Groton is of this number. Incorporated in 1655, she has reached this year a period of sufficient maturity to entitle her to a certain dignity, self-consciousness and poise that well-settled communities acquire.

The natural features of Groton are worthy of note; her location is significant. The first settlers planted their log-cabin homes among the large, round-topped hills which seem to be a distinctive characteristic of this portion of Middlesex County. In the early days these hills doubtless furnished excellent pasturage. Now they are cultivated to their very summit, and grain and English grasses wave in summer over their smooth, rounded domes. With respect to its position, Groton lies seventeen miles northwest from Concord and exactly twice that distance from Boston, and in nearly a straight line with the two older settlements. Concord is on the Muske-taquid, sometimes called the Concord, River; Groton, founded twenty years later, lies along the banks of the Nashua, the next large stream

to the west. Both were at a disadvantage, in their earliest days, at least, in that these rivers flow northward, instead of southeastward to the ocean and the larger communities on its shore. Had they flowed directly to the sea, more easy communication with their stronger neighbors would have been had, and in Groton's case, at least, probably many of the terrors inspired by the hostile savages would have been escaped.

John Winthrop, Massachusetts' early Governor, was born and lived during his youth in a parish of Suffolk County, England, where he was lord of the manor. The name of this parish was Groton. His son Deane Winthrop, coming to America, settled in what is now Peabody, Massachusetts, where his large estate bore the name of Groton. A few years later, with others he petitioned the General Court for the plantation that was to be the town of Groton.

The settlement did not prosper at first. Besides the usual hardships incident to frontier life, there were dissensions among the settlers themselves. Indian settlements were near, too; in fact, from the abundance of stone implements found in the neighborhood in recent years, it is evident there was an Indian village within the very limits of the township. The red men were peaceful, for the most part, but were given to petty depredations, such as

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The Roof of New England

JUST as the Himalayas are "the roof of the world," so the White Mountains are indeed the roof of New England. The apexes of their ridges are bare, but they are ridge-poled with the everlasting granite out of which the whole great hills are built. The slopes of this roof of New England, however, have been well shingled by nature with spruce, yellow pine and hemlock, laid on a stratum of spongy moss and a firmer sub-soil. These last, when rain falls on the roof, catch the precious water and store it for use in time of drouth. Amongst these mosses and tree roots of the New Hampshire hills almost every important river of New England takes its rise. Along these rivers and dependent upon them for water power are almost all the great industries of the

section. Now here you have a beautiful sequence: mossy White Mountain hillsides, plenty of stored-up water let loose as it is needed, continuous streams, good water power, great industries, prosperous communities, wealth, learning, and "all that exalts and embellishes civilized life." Surely the people who derive their wealth and learning from these wooded hillsides should, with all their learning, get understanding and realize that to cut these forests is to work ruin, if not to themselves at least to their descendants, and earn the execration of all posterity.

Here is another sequence not so beautiful. The White Mountain ridges denuded of their forests; dried mosses, disintegrated soil washed down by every rain, the great natural reservoir destroyed and the streams, now roaring torrents, again dry beds like those of Arizona; factories without power, ruined industries, poverty-stricken, decadent New England, at which the wiser sections will point the finger of scorn, or at least refer to with reverence for its past glories as the world views Palestine to-day.

This is a good deal of a jeremiad, is it not? Yet it is the sequence to which all signs point unless immediate measures are taken to preserve the White Mountain forests, now in danger of extermination through the careless greed of the lumbermen. Year by year the axe has been laid at the root of the trees nearer and nearer the timber line on the upper slopes. When this top-most edge of moss and earth is laid bare it is time to say good-bye forever to trees and soil on the mountains. Without the tree roots and moss the rains will wash the soil into the valleys below and send it down the rivers with the floods.

The bare ridges of everlasting granite will remain, but little else. The lumberman does not care; after him, quite literally, the deluge. But the people who love the beauty of the hills care, and still more the people who value the commercial and industrial supremacy of New England should care. These would better lift up their eyes to the hills, whence cometh their strength—and take measures to keep it coming. New Hampshire may not care, but it is a matter of more interest to Massachusetts and Rhode Island and Connecticut than it is to New Hampshire. It is a national matter, indeed, but it is peculiarly a New England matter and New England as a whole should take it up. It is not too late as yet, but it will be if we dally. New England legislators might well see that better political fences can be built out of the New Hampshire forests still standing on the white hills than of most any other material.

The Vanishing Schoolmaster

HERE in New England at least the schoolmaster is fast vanishing, practically has vanished, from the country districts. This is particularly true of what we were wont to call the grammar schools. As a rule our country high schools still have a head master, supplemented by a greater or lesser number of woman assistants, though now and then one hears of a woman taking the place, making the entire schooling of the children, from the time they enter the kindergarten until they graduate from the highest of the public schools, that of women teachers. Thirty years ago the grammar school master was still the rule and the young people went

from the primary schools to his charge. Now the grammar school teachers are almost invariably women.

Alfred Mosely, head of the English commission which has recently investigated the public school system of America with a view to applying its good points to the English system, notes this lack of male teachers here and thinks it a detriment to the schools. He says: "My severest criticism of the American school system would be that the teaching force lacks men. A large proportion of men would greatly improve it, but there can be no such improvement until American communities match the generosity they exhibit in school equipment with generosity in allotting salaries."

Whatever the cause of this lack of men teachers the fact remains, and the question is being seriously asked if it is not a condition detrimental to the best development of the pupils. It is claimed, and with much show of reason, that boys between the ages of ten and fourteen peculiarly need the influence of masculine control and personal contact with masculine views and ideals. The bulk of our American boys complete their schooling with the grammar school, having been taught entirely by women. It is not that the women do not teach as well as men, nor that they do not inculcate principles of right living and honor, both by example and precept, for undoubtedly they do. But having done that they can go no farther from the very fact that they are women. That boys should be manly, more than that, that they should be masculinely manly, if one may use the term, is just as important as that they should know well the

rules of rhetoric, square and cube root, and the foundations of geography and grammar. The unconscious influence of the teacher is deeper and more lasting than the principles taught in class; hence the boy taught entirely by women may be as good a scholar and as good a boy as the boy who has had a man teacher, but it is doubtful if he will ever be so much of a man. This seems to be the point which touched Mr. Mosely, and which is causing serious thought in many men who are interested in the welfare of the school boy. Those of us who remember the grammar school boys of one of the old-time masters' schools and can compare them with the grammar school boys of to-day are apt to be struck with the difference. The old rough and ready sturdiness is gone and in its place one finds a certain touch of effeminacy which is painful. The boys may be gentler, perhaps more scholarly, quite likely more consciously good, but one finds a certain lack of the blunter manly virtues which he regrets. There are far more prigs and what the old-time grammar school boy used to call "milksops." The boys who are lucky enough to go on and enter college may get this crushed out there by masculine contact, but the bulk of them do not go on and the influence remains. Business life may cure it, but it is a pity that it should have to be cured.

It seems probable that Mr. Mosely is quite right in his criticism, and that a return to the old-time masculine grammar school teacher is much to be desired; how to accomplish it is another matter. Some of the best of the old-time teachers were college students, to whom the positions were makeshifts, to be sure, for the

earning of college expenses, but they brought to them the energy of youthful aspiration and college ideals, and their influence on the other boys, in that direction, was of great value.

Harvard English

THIS magazine has printed much in praise of Harvard University and it doubtless will print much more, so it may be forgiven for a word or two of criticism now and then. Only the other day an editor of Boston's greatest newspaper referred in jocose self-pity to the struggles he had had with manuscripts from Turks, Armenians and graduates of the Harvard English course—or words to that effect. The New England is in the throes of similar experience, and it wishes to ask seriously why people who cannot spell are allowed to enter Harvard, and why, if by any chance they are allowed to enter, they are allowed to pass on toward graduation without being taught to spell? The cause of these queries is just this. There lies on the editorial desk at this minute a paper of less than three thousand words, written on what should be an interesting topic, by a Harvard undergraduate. The English language is maltreated in this paper; but that is not the chief cause of sorrow. It is the spelling. By actual count forty-four common words in this paper are misspelled, some of them such common words that no teacher in a fourth grade grammar school would pass such a paper. How can a young man get into Harvard who persists in spelling speech, s-p-e-a-c-h? Here are a few of the worst of the others: Writting, cudggled, ignorent, circulers, appered, soley, rightousness, naieveity, lisstlessly,

conquor, hungrey, negroe, errend, loquations, Niagra, litterary, canda-dates. It is not enough to say that such illiteracy should not have been allowed to pass the grammar grades and the preparatory school. It should be the plain duty of any institution of learning to catch such people at the door and send them back to prepare for entrance before allowing them to enter. Yet this

youth seems to have entered and to be passing serenely on toward graduation, which he will probably achieve in due season if the rest of the world faints not. This is bad for the young man, but it is worse for Harvard. The university is a good place to teach spelling, but it can do it best by refusing entrance to those who have not the application or the ability to learn rudiments.

Affairs in New England

By THE NEW ENGLANDER

WAY down in Maine they are beginning to have a little stir of the stay-at-home feeling. The state papers are putting themselves on record as having a poor opinion of the "insidious boom of the Southern states that has been instituted through New England and Maine, using the governors of half a dozen states of that section for live bait by which to entice our most ambitious youths away from our midst." Just why the Maine papers should make a distinction between New England and Maine, is hard to see. It has often seemed as if Maine people thought they were all New England and certainly New England includes all Maine. Nevertheless this insidious boom is worth looking into. It used to be the West that teased our stalwart sons and marriageable daughters to graze in fresh fields and pastures new; now it is the South. Orange blossoms in January and sweet potatoes growing all the year round while you wait are certainly tempting. Yet the South has venomous serpents and malaria and negro problems lying round loose.

Maine may have troubles of its own but it is reasonably free from

serpents and inducements to lynch negroes.

Besides, as the Maine advocates state in no uncertain terms, a man who really wants a farm and is willing to work it for all it—and all he—is worth, can find them for the searching in Maine and good ones too. Just look at Aroostook County, for instance. While the Maine boys and girls have been rainbow chasing in the West fertile lands have been stretching beseeching hands to them right in their own state. It is a fact that to-day more potatoes and better ones are raised in Aroostook than anywhere else on earth. No wonder the tide of emigration is turning backward in its flight and bringing the Maine boys home again. Up in Aroostook they have men who are justly denominated "potato kings," who own potato fields by the thousand acres—more or less—and who cultivate them from planting time to harvest—home by machinery. The potato farmer of to-day starts out with a team in the early spring and simply drives it all the season through. He hitches various machines behind this team and they do the work. He plants his potatoes, hoes them, poisons the

bugs, digs them, and runs them into the storehouse, all by machinery. Beneficent Providence does the rest. It has given the Maine potato man a soil that grows potatoes as big as your boots and more of them than any one ever heard of. Moreover, potatoes are not the only thing in Maine either, though at harvest time you hear of little else; even the lumber interests are overshadowed then. Maine is learning forestry rapidly and the fear that her timber will give out is fading before applied science. Pulp mill plans are new every morning and fresh every evening, yet the forests are bound to hold on. The South won't catch many of the Maine boys. There are good opportunities right at home. Instead they are drifting back to the Pine Tree from the other states—and the New Englander wishes more power to them.

They are having hard work to spend state money up in New Hampshire. This is strange but true, and it may serve as a warning or a guiding star for some other of our New England states, as the case may be. The state has appropriated \$125,000 a year for the building of highways. Most of us know that New Hampshire needs to spend this money, and needs the highways right away. Somebody ought to build good roads up in New Hampshire, but even the State is having difficulty. The trouble seems to be that they are short of contractors. Specifications are prepared, bids advertised for, and the contractors don't respond. Hardly a third of the right number have been found at hand to spend that \$125,000. All this in face of the facts that the money is sure, the work easy, and the requirements clearly defined.

One can't help thinking that this unexpected result of a worthy attempt on the part of the state is due to two things. In the first place the old New England custom of making work on the roads—by the day—a sort of political job which is obtained by casting your vote for the right men for selectmen and surveyors of highways has a mighty hold on the rural districts. Many a petty politician holds his gang by means of it and these and the gang together in the various districts overawe the local contractor who might otherwise bid. There is more peanut politics of this sort in rural localities of New England than any man not born and brought up in such a place could be made to believe.

In the second place probably all the big New England contractors are down about Boston, getting fatter contracts and more of them dangling from the ends of wires in that ring-ridden city. It is a rather striking thing how New Hampshire supplies Boston and vicinity with able men who know how to get and hold fat opportunities which you'd think Massachusetts men would keep to themselves. New Hampshire clubs are pretty strong in Boston politics, in Boston finance and in Boston educational circles. They have their influence in even art and religion down here, and I dare say they supply us with contractors as well.

However there's hope for New Hampshire roads. The fund is cumulative and what they don't spend this year they may next. When there is money enough in it the big contractors will quit their Massachusetts jobs and move back into the Granite State and grind up its granite and build roads with it.

They have their "good roads" problem up in Vermont, too. it seems. Outsiders have been asking them questions and the Vermonters are also asking themselves questions, which is a healthy sign. Moreover they are urging their politicians up there to take the matter up and that in the end will probably mean an appropriation after the fashion of New Hampshire, and then—well, we shall see. The *Argus* and *Patriot*, which is published in the city of Montpelier where politicians most do congregate, thus gives them straight talk about it.

"Some touring automobilists who recently passed through the State made severe criticism of the condition of the roads. They even said Vermonters didn't know what good roads are, for they often told the tourists roads in certain directions were good when they proved to be very poor. They also suggest that the State ought to be ashamed of such a condition of affairs, for it is a well settled, highly civilized section of the country and has ample resources for building good highways.

All this contains some degree of truth and nowhere will it be denied that the highways of the State need improvement. Under the present highway law some improvement is being made each year but the progress is wofully slow. The sections of permanent roads are so scattered among the various towns that they are not appreciated by travelers. There is no comprehensive supervision of the State as a whole under the present system. Town road commissioners are learning something about highway construction and their efforts are more intelligently directed each year. The visits

of the State commissioner and the meetings of commissioners of the various towns in each county have helped to disseminate knowledge and the experience of each succeeding year results in better work.

But there are many miles of highway, some of it frequently traveled, that will not be put in proper condition for years as the work is now going on. Having entered on a definite policy of putting its highways in better condition, would it not be better for the State to proceed at once with the work as a whole and stop puttering around? It will cost no more in the end, probably not so much, and we shall have the privilege of using the good roads while we are paying for them. People now paying taxes to help highway improvement will have small use for macadam roads after they are dead.

There is a Good Roads association that has met and resolved and listened to addresses, but that is the end of ~~the~~ the matter, so far as now appears.

Improvement of the highways will hardly constitute a political issue, but if candidates would take up and urge the matter in the next campaign the people might become sufficiently interested to send to the legislature representatives who would accept some well devised plan of wholesale and permanent improvement."

Brookline, the Massachusetts city with a town government, was two hundred years old in November, but you'd never believe it to look at her: she is so stylish and handsome, her coloring is so good and she shows so few of the wrinkles of care or age. Brookline was considered old enough to wed some years ago and

received earnest proposals from Boston at about the time that Henry the Eighth of cities took to his bosom the twins, Roxbury and West Roxbury, as well as piquant Brighton and coy Dorchester. But Brookline had tasted the life of a care free bachelor maid longer than her neighbors and she declined to give it up. So she has remained, though richer, better dressed, and more beloved than ever. All her friends believe she has done better to live her own life than she would have had she joined the great city that wooed her.

In the same way Brookline has set an example to other growing towns so far as the matter of a change of government is concerned. She had people enough to make a city years ago and had the chance to have a mayor, aldermen and all those other vexations of spirit which cities have and pretend to be proud of. Brookline would have none of these. A Massachusetts town with a Board of Selectmen, Assessors and Overseers of the Poor was she born, and a Massachusetts town with all these just and righteous blessings would she live. Now here comes the funny part of it. To all the prophets has she given the laugh.

Ordinarily it has been thought that a municipality should have a city form of government when it has a population to the number of 10,000 or 12,000, and particularly when with this population it has a large assessable value, the common argument being that it is only by this means that unwarrantable expenditures of money can be kept down. Now, Brookline has a larger population than Beverly, Newburyport, Chicopee, Marlboro, Medford, Melrose and Woburn; in fact, there

are probably other cities in the commonwealth that, in the number of population, are no greater than Brookline, while they do not begin to possess her taxable resources. Brookline has a large industrial population, which contents itself with paying poll taxes, as well as a property tax-paying population. They all attend, or can attend, town meetings, and the fact that thus far politics has been completely eliminated in town affairs has led to the choice of the best men to administer official duties without the least regard to their opinions on questions of national politics.

It was declared that Brookline would find her form of government inadequate to her size and that corruption and inefficiency would creep in. Just the opposite has happened and Brookline is proud of it and all her friends congratulated her on it at her birthday party.

It is because the people of Brookline see that, in a greater or less degree, national politics enters into the municipal matters in city governments, and it is because they have thus far found that, by appeals to the people as a whole entirely satisfactory results can be secured, that they insist upon maintaining this old-fashioned, democratic manner of carrying on their local affairs. They are setting an example for the country to study of the benefits of two great political principles, one, non-partisanship in municipal affairs, the other, determining local public questions by the initiative and referendum.

Now it is Boston that bids fair to have a Jerome of its own. Providence—not the city of that name; by no means—Providence, which gives daily strength for daily needs,

seems to have intervened, and none too soon. The complacent Republican ring and the equally complacent Democratic ring parcelled out the nomination for the office of District Attorney to the same man. That meant that he was to have it without lying awake nights. When both political parties offer you the same hand-out all you have to do usually is to put it in your grip and walk off with it. Nobody else is supposed to be near by to snatch at it. Only once in a while the politicians forget the people and the people remember the politicians, and that's the way Providence works it. The District Attorney's office may have been all right in the past; it might have been all right in the future under the regular nominee—you never can tell; but most of the people did not think so for they cut the regular nominee and voted for John B. Moran.

Mr. Moran made what they call a whirlwind campaign. He told the voters in every ward and precinct

of Suffolk county just how bad he believed things to be and promised to rip the rottenness up the back when he was elected. So they elected him, just to see what a ripping good District Attorney he'd make. Now it is up to Mr. Moran. No political party elected him and no string is tied to his leg. He can step boldly forward, without danger of being tripped up, on the path that Folk, Jerome and other latter day saints have blazed so successfully. There are not wanting people who believe there is need of him in Boston; people who say that Boston is the worst governed city in the country and that there are depths of iniquity here that would put St. Louis or Philadelphia to the blush. Mr. Moran talked plainly about these things in his campaign and promised to clean them up. That's why the people passed by the regular candidate and elected him. If he has the real Jerome blood in him he'll do it. The lime light is on and he holds the centre of the stage.

The Worth of a Song

By KONAN MACHUGH

One wrote an epic stately and grand
Whose fame should reëcho from land to land.

One wrote a little lilting lay
Of living and loving, for every day,
With words of such lowly and common rede
That surely, he said, no one will heed.

In the dust that falls on an unread tome
The epic lies buried long;
But the little song of common life,
Of living and loving, and child, and wife,
Is sung at the hearth in every home.

Who knows the worth of a song?





The National Society of N. E. Women

By E. MARGUERITE LINDLEY, CHAIRMAN MAGAZINE WORK N. S. N. E. W.

The National Society of New England Women was formally introduced to the readers of the New England Magazine last month. In this issue it has but to establish itself as a bureau of information, so to speak. The society is like a large family, consisting at present of a parent society and an interesting family of thirteen colonies, or daughters, that have already matured into a position of leadership and usefulness in their respective cities, while others are steadily approaching maturity. The growth of thirteen colonies is prophetic of great results to follow in building up a staunch and imperishable fraternity. Since the union of our thirteen original colonies established our great Republic, we may well consider the permanency of our New England fraternity assured now that this magic number has been reached. It is considered also an omen of good success for our newly elected President, since number thirteen was the first to be organized after her installment.

In these later years of our Republic, when citizens from foreign countries are becoming naturalized in such large numbers, we of the old New England stock need to band together in a common fraternity, such as is represented in our National Society, in order to preserve the family ties of those grand old days of which we are so justly proud.

The parent society opened its social season, October 28th, with a reception given by the President, Mrs. George P. Stevens, at her residence, 22 East 46th street, New York City. She was assisted in receiving by the officers of the society. The Introduction Committee, Committee of Social Functions, and Secretary of Colonies Committee assisted in making the event pleasing and profitable by proper introductions, thus carrying out the idea that is the real aim in the society,—that of fraternal relations to one another. The attendance was large, possibly larger than in previous years, on account of the growth of the Colonies. A large delegation was present from those that are in close enough proximity to New York to make the trip feasible; and delegates were present from the more remote places. The house was beautifully decorated with red and white carnations, the society colors; and the President carried a large bouquet of roses of the same colors. Mrs. Stevens possesses a grace and dignity that characterizes her

everywhere and makes a New England function what it should be, genial, hospitable, sincere, scholarly, with no attempt at ostentation and with a repose of manner that makes every one feel herself the most important guest of the occasion. Sociability instead of a program marked the day, with the exception of two vocal trios which were pleasingly rendered by the New England Glee Club. The banquet room was a feature that should receive attention, since it is always a most popular accessory of a reception. The decorations were in keeping with the occasion, and the refreshments were all *a la mode* and delectable as an up-to-date caterer could make them.

Dates for subsequent functions of the parent society this year are as follows:

Nov. 24, Friday—Literary, 2.30 p. m.

Dec. 12, Tuesday—Afternoon Tea, 4 to 6 p. m.

Dec. 28, Thursday—Business Meeting, 2.30 p. m.; Social Hour, 4.00 p. m.

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Jan. 9, Tuesday—Whist, 2.30 p. m.

Jan. 17, Wednesday—Literary, 2.30 p. m.

Jan. 24, Wednesday—Organization Day. Eleventh Birthday, 3.00 p. m.

Feb. 9, Friday—Reception, 12.00 m.; Breakfast, 1.00 p. m.

Feb. 15, Thursday—Annual Meeting, 1.00 p. m.

Mar. 9, Friday—Whist, 2.30 p. m.

Mar. 20, Tuesday—Literary, 2.30 p. m.

Apr. 4, Wednesday—Whist, 2.30 p. m.

Apr. 13, Friday—Literary, 2.30 p. m.

Apr. 26, Thursday—Business, 2.30 p. m.; Annual reports of committees; installation of officers.

Buffalo, Colony two, was the first formed after the parent society. She has always been a most satisfactory daughter, not alone from the pride that usually is the eldest child's birthright, but because she has always been dignified, progressive and "comely withal," as the old saying goes. She sends the following report:

"Colony two, Buffalo, had its first meeting of the year on the second Thursday of October with a goodly number present. The first literary number on the program for the year was greatly enjoyed, "The Woman of the Mayflower." Miss Mary Park very ably told of the Mayflower period, and the paper was followed by a reading from Miles Standish.

"At each meeting, music and a social

half-hour are much enjoyed, where opportunity is given for greeting guests and new members.

"A Gleaner's Box is placed upon the desk each month in which the members are urgently requested to put bits of information concerning New England, especially of olden times. Anything of historic interest is much appreciated by the historian, Mrs. R. D. Ford.

"A year book is being prepared for the first time in the history of the Colony.

"All is bright and prosperous in Colony two and a pleasant winter is anticipated."

At their November meeting "Abigail Adams" was cleverly presented and discussed. Their subsequent meetings are as follows:

Dec. 14—Catharine Maria Sedgwick. Federation Topics: Twentieth Century Problems; Domestic—Rational Living, Co-operative Housekeeping.

Jan. 11—Mary Lyon. Federation Topics continued: World Problems—Arbitration, Trusts.

Feb. 8—Lucy Larcom. Readings.

Mar. 8—Harriet Beecher Stowe. Readings from Old Town Folks.

Apr. 12—Maria Mitchell. Charlotte Cushman.

Montclair, Colony three, is next in chronological order, and stands equally well poised with her Buffalo sister, lesser only in numbers. She sends the following:

"The Montclair Colony of New England Women was organized in February, 1902, with fifty-seven charter members. Its membership list now contains eighty-six names.

"During the first year of its existence no definite plans were arranged for real work; the meetings were rather 'social and literary,' as many of our women's club meetings are apt to be,—and a good thing too; but New England women cannot be satisfied anywhere unless they are doing something, accomplishing something that counts, so we began to look around for some need in Montclair which we might supply. Our first efforts were the making of maternity outfits for the poor of the town, charging a small rental for their use when it was possible for the family to pay it. Then we extended our work until now we support a trained nurse who works in coöperation with the Altruist Society of Montclair, whose physician reports to the nurse such cases as need her attention. For her visits also a fee is charged such as the patient may be able to pay, as it is no part of our scheme to pauperize any of our citizens. This nurse has made nine hundred and eighty-five (985) calls in the past nine months, and we feel that the importance and necessity of her work has been fully proved.

"Of course this requires a considerable sum of money annually, and we raise these

funds in the usual ways,—by voluntary contributions from members and others, by fairs, lectures, concerts, plays, etc.; but we do it, in one way or another, and find great satisfaction in the doing.

"The people of Montclair appreciate our work, and help us freely whenever we appeal to them in any of these ways."

Washington, Colony four, although small in numbers has been of the largest in general ability and helpfulness; and the Colonies Committee of the parent society gratefully acknowledges her many valuable suggestions which have been adapted to the general interests of the fraternity. She reports as follows, and I will add that readers of the magazine may anticipate similar historical sketches of the other colonies from time to time, accompanied with lists of officers and members, and photographs of presidents. These will not only be interesting to all but helpful to those desiring to assist in the work.

It seemed eminently fitting that a branch of the National Society should be formed at the capital of the nation, where circumstances of varying kinds had brought together a large body of representative New England women. For this purpose several preliminary meetings were held, and on the evening of February 19, 1904, the society was formally organized. At this meeting, at which Mrs. Henry Clarke Coe, ex-President of the National Society, was present, the constitution which had been very carefully drawn up was adopted, and the society declared that it should be known as the Washington Colony of the National Society of New England Women. The use of the term "colony" seemed particularly appropriate to a body of people sprung from old New England stock, and its adoption later by the National Society in place of the term "branch" is proof that its fitness was recognized at once.

The Colony began its existence with fourteen charter members, under the able presidency of Mrs. Marion Longfellow O'Donoghue.

The crowning event of its first year was a brilliant banquet given in commemoration of Forefathers' Day, at which were present Mrs. Fitch James Swinburne and Miss E. Marguerite Lindley of the National Society, the Hon. Charles Lyman, of Washington, and numerous other invited guests.

The second president of the Colony, which now numbers twenty-five, is Mrs. Bertha Murdock Robbins, who is effectively and enthusiastically conducting its affairs.

In April of the present year a reception was tendered to the visiting members of the Daughters of the American Revolution, whose meetings were then in session, and Mrs. Donald McLean was the guest of honor.

It is interesting to note that the gavel

used by the Colony is made from the wood of a tree which was planted by Abraham Lincoln in the grounds belonging to the White House, and which was blown down in the notable storm of 1896.

Brooklyn, Colony eight, although beginning her first year, has the largest membership of any of the colonies. Her growth was phenomenal. Twenty-five charter members were anticipated, but the response to invitations to the first meeting brought upward of a hundred; she then limited her charter membership to one hundred and thirty; and the list has now reached one hundred and fifty even though the first meeting was called as recently as March 23, 1905. Her report is as follows:

"The Brooklyn Society of New England Women is the eighth and youngest colony of the National Society of New England Women and has had a remarkably rapid growth and now numbers upward of two hundred members, for Brooklyn is in many respects but an enlarged New England town with a large proportion of New England faces among its people and with New England customs and traditions. The Colony was organized under the enthusiastic spirit of Mrs. C. F. Summer, formerly of the Montclair colony, and in her work she was most efficiently aided by Mrs. Kate Upson Clark, the well known writer and lecturer. The preliminary business of the Society was accomplished during the spring and on November ninth the opening social meeting was held at the home of its president, Mrs. Stuart Hull Moore, who is also vice-regent of the Long Island Society of the Daughters of the Revolution. At this initial meeting the president, Mrs. Moore, was most cordial in her address of welcome. It was followed by Mrs. Kate Upson Clark in an earnest address on "The New England Idea." The Society listened to the reading of the proposed Constitution and By-Laws which had been prepared by a committee under the chairmanship of Mrs. Hamilton Ormsbee. This was followed by an informal reception, the officers of the Society aiding the president in receiving the members, and the cordial feelings thus awakened were further added to by dainty refreshments, served under the charge of Miss Marian Morton, chairman of the House Committee.

"The society is fortunate in having members who are glad to open their large houses for the hospitality of the Society and during the first year the social meetings in January, March and May will be held at the homes of members. The following are the officers: Mrs. S. H. Moore, president; Miss Isabel Chapman, first vice-president; Mrs. G. G. Brooks, second vice-president; Mrs. N. J. Bishoprick, third vice-president; Mrs. C. T. Pierce, treasurer; Miss Jessie C. Shute, assistant treasurer; Mrs. Washington Hull, recording secretary, and Miss Anne K. Salter, corresponding secretary."

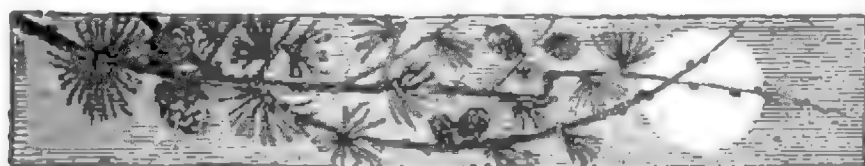
Reports of other colonies, as well as the continued interest in those above quoted will appear each month in this magazine.

The youngest member of the fraternal chain is Binghampton, Colony thirteen which was organized by chairman of Colonies Committee, Mrs. Henry Clarke Coe, during the week of November third, at the Federation of New York State Clubs which was in session there. They do not consider that their good fortune consists alone in having the historic number thirteen but in having secured a very capable corps of officers.

Colonies may be organized with but five charter members, but the smallest number thus far has been fourteen. Each colony is on an independent basis, i.e. each decides its own fees and dues, the number and character of meetings, and all other home affairs, eligibility only being the imperative law of the parent society.

So ready is the New England woman to recognize the open door of the National Society of New England Women and help extend the fraternity that not even the cry, "too many clubs already," deters her from helping establish and extend the cause. Unlike the Revolutionary Societies (to which many members also belong) it represents a closer family tie and appeals to the heart of the New Englander from a different point of view.

Any woman of New England ancestry visiting New York and desiring information regarding the society may communicate with the chairman of this department who will be happy to furnish any information possible.



THE EDITORS' TABLE

Professor Hinckley G. Mitchell has been the instructor in Hebrew and in Old Testament criticism in Boston University for several years. He is one of the ripest American scholars in his especial field, and has few superiors in the schools of Europe. Historical and critical research during the last fifty years has largely modified the opinion of scholars on many points of theological faith and Dr. Mitchell has advanced in his convictions on Biblical history and dogma. His book, "The World Before Abraham," discusses the authorship and historical character of the first five books of the Old Testament, and concludes that they are not the handiwork of Moses but a collection of fragments in which history and tradition are mingled, and which late scientific research has given a place quite other than that held by "the fathers," that the word and letter of these books is the direct and inerrant word of God. He is reverent and conservative in his discussion, but feels compelled to accept the new light which modern research and scholarship has given. The Trustees of the University were appealed to about a year ago to refuse to re-elect him to his position on account of his "heretical" views and teaching, but under consideration he was re-elected. As the University is an institution of the Methodist Episcopal church, its Board of Bishops has the power of confirmation of its teaching force, so far as its School of Theology is affected. Dr. Mitchell's critics appealed to the Bishops, and the Trustees formally assured the Board that Dr. Mitchell "accepts the essential doctrines of Methodism, is himself a devout Christian believer, and by his eminence as a scholar is peculiarly fitted to hold the chair which he has held for twenty years." The Bishops, however, declined confirmation "upon the conviction that some of his statements concerning the historic character of the early chapters of the Book of Genesis seem to be unwarranted and objectionable, and as having a tendency to invalidate the authority of other portions of the Scriptures." This ends Professor Mitchell's connection with the University. A very large majority of the men who have been in his classes for the last twenty years accept his teaching and are deeply grieved at the action of the Bishops. Many of the older men in the

Methodist ministry, who learned their theology before the light of modern science and scholarship had dawned, side with the Bishops, who are themselves venerable representatives of the "old school." Their action is of importance to the whole Christian world, for the intelligent laity is every day coming more into sympathy with those who accept the conclusions of modern scholarship. To silence so devout, sincere and capable a teacher as Dr. Mitchell for the causes given is a step backward into the theological world where "nothing new could be true." His general position in regard to the Old Testament is well paralleled by the Rev. Dr. Charles S. Macfarland, a Congregationalist, in his recent book, "Jesus and the Prophets," of which the New Testament is the subject. He says: "The discussion of our Lord's use of prophecy has led the writer to many viewpoints from which to survey the general attitude of Jesus toward the Bible (the Old Testament). And the inevitable conclusion is that, both in precept and in example, we have Jesus' authority for the denial of any theory of equal value to every part. He himself was not bound by scriptural utterances and felt free to diverge from them. He recognized that much of scriptural teaching could be and must be improved upon. Some of it, in the form in which we have it, must be discarded for higher teaching. We have no warrant for any theory of so-called plenary inspiration, either from the teachings or from the example of Jesus. And can any one doubt that our Lord will bequeath to his disciples the same intellectual freedom that he claimed and exercised for himself? He has not decided these questions in detail for us. He has set us an example. And that example was a discriminating use of the written word." Dr. Mitchell has been invited to a chair in Chicago University, but has not accepted. It is stated that a plan is under consideration to retain him in Boston University by transferring his work to the College of Liberal Arts, over which the Bishops have no control. The financial question is the only bar, and Dr. Mitchell's friends can do no better service to the school nor to the cause of the best in higher education than to raise a sufficient sum at once.

In a dearth of more important topics some churchmen in New York have been discussing the sex of angels, and some forty angel figures in and about the Belmont Memorial Chapel, or the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, on Morningside Heights, which the sculptor made all female have been transformed into the other sex. Aside from the mechanical, or artistic? difficulty of such an attempt, it seems hardly worth while to so radically contest the artistic conceptions of almost all preceding painting and sculpture. The discussion has gone abroad, and men high in the counsels of the English Established Church have taken it up. They find no warrant for the popular idea of the femininity of angels, but incline to the idea that these celestial beings are sexless. In a general way both the Old and the New Testament speak of angels as masculine, but this doubtless comes from the ancient idea of the inferiority of womankind. That "in the kingdom of heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage," is the declaration of Christ, lends color to the idea of sexlessness. While the Christian church has had female angels almost exclusively, it may have been due to the line of heathen goddesses who were the precursors of Christian art. The New York idea will find full acceptance among stage beauties, for their "angels" are of the stronger sex, without exception.

* * *

Connecticut's "voodoo doctor," Harry H. Martin of Hayden Station, is dead. Local reports credit him with many wonderful cures. He would have nothing to do with other doctors, would take no patients until the regulars had given them up, and would take no pay unless he effected a cure, which the local obituaries declare was the usual result. He used secret herbs, massage, and certain "voodoo" methods which he claimed to have learned in the West Indies. And all his secrets died with him. How sad!

* * *

One of the constant annoyances of the small householder is the milk supply. In the country it is irregular and in the city its quality is worse than uncertain, unless what seems an exorbitant price is paid. Even in early Bible times goat's milk was a common article of food, and in many places in Europe, notably Italy and Switzerland and the Mediterranean Islands, it has always been the mainstay of the common people. The modern cow has so broadly usurped the field that the goat, in this country, at least, has passed into "a state of innocuous desuetude." But a renaissance

seems to be coming. Medical men are advocating goat's milk for children and invalids, and practical agriculturists are recognizing the dairy value of the animal. Private enterprise has made considerable progress in advocating the goat as a source of milk supply for small families, and the government Department of Agriculture has begun its introduction. It has recently imported from Malta about seventy animals which are to be bred and tested at the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment station, under scientific conditions, a work which has thus far been neglected. The goat of the past in this country has averaged probably less than three pints of milk a day. The Malta importation averaged three quarts a day during the voyage, while some of the private herds in this country are credited with five or more quarts per animal. The milk is richer and more assimilable than cow's milk, and with decent sanitary conditions there is no need for any offensive odor. The food of one dairy cow will maintain seven or eight goats, and in the open season they will forage and thrive where a cow would almost starve. Suburbanites and country people might easily care for two or three goats and secure the best of milk, butter and cheese at a minimum cost, and an added convenience over present bovine conditions. Under the stimulus of private enterprise and government assistance it seems quite probable that *Capricornus* is soon again to be in the ascendant.

* * *

The discovery and universal adoption of modern anæsthetics—ether, chloroform and cocaine, all within the memory of the present generation, was a wonderful advance in human knowledge, and an inexpressible benefit to the whole human race. But under modern conditions and research nothing seems to be a finality; there is still a beyond and above awaiting inquiry and discovery. Another step in this advance is recorded by a French discovery of a new anæsthetic, whose use is unaccompanied with any of the perils or discomforts of the present surgical practice. The new treatment has been under observation for five years, but its publicity dates only from the present year. The new agent is an alkaloid, from the *scopolia japonica*--a Japanese belladonna. It has long been known to medical men as a sedative, but its new use is much more important. As now administered it is mixed with morphine. Under ordinary conditions three hypodermic injections are required. This alone relieves the patient from the troubles incident to the inhalation of ether or chloroform. The patient is gradually rendered unconscious,

as in profound slumber. He can be waked at any moment by shaking or a moderately loud noise, but shows no sensation under surgical instruments. There is a complete physical unconsciousness, while the intellectual faculties are not involved in the abnormal condition. The patient wakes, after an operation, refreshed and in a normal condition, but without recollection of the treatment he has undergone. Usually the suppression of pain continues for some hours, while the patient is otherwise in a normal condition, but manifesting a disposition to fall into natural and refreshing slumber. If present indications are justified by more general experience and observation of the new agent, its discovery will surpass in value that which for over half a century has been considered the superlative of chemical and surgical triumph.

* * *

In a recent address to public school teachers, President Eliot of Harvard University said: "In the Harvard Medical School there is one teacher to every two students, and we should aim toward that arrangement in our public schools." Is it a dream? Fifty or sixty pupils to one teacher is not an uncommon proportion, and to introduce his system would seem to involve a revolution. Certainly his medical students should be well taught, and with one teacher to every two pupils it ought not to require three years to turn out a full-fledged M. D. Whether time can be saved in the public school course by the same quota of teachers may be doubtful, for the child mind has a limit to its power of assimilation. With the modern tendency to increase the number of branches taught in the public schools, there seems to be a grave defect in the product. Children have so much poured into them that they leave school with less practical knowledge of the essentials—the three R's and grammar, than they gained in the old-time, ungraded country district school. We agree that an increase in the teaching force of the public schools is desirable, but President Eliot's proportion of teachers to pupils seems excessive. What is equally needed is the elimination of much unnecessary teaching on topics which should be taught at home. The tendency to do everything for the child through the public schools is lessening the sense of parental responsibility, and tends to weaken the ties which should bind the child to the home.

* * *

There is a reaction against the elective system in American colleges, based upon the fact that its tendency is against the best in higher education. Pupils are

forced through the high schools and academies in such a way that they enter college without the knowledge of life and of the real purpose of a liberal education. Athletics and the social side of college life appeal to them, and to secure time for these they too often elect the easy courses, their only purpose being to have a good time and secure a degree. A large majority of young men nowadays leave college with almost no comprehension of the purpose which should have guided their studies. They have a smattering of real knowledge and this is largely confined to matters which will not be of value in the real work of life. They lack the fundamental feature of life equipment—responsibility. They have been taught to choose the easy things, and imagine that a degree will cover all deficiencies. Later they will learn that life is not elective, that it brings duties, responsibilities and burdens which cannot be avoided by election. The college training has enervated them in the line in which they should be strong—in the consciousness of obligation of duty and of ability to meet and overcome the hard things of life. When they leave college they find that the work of life must be done, even if it is distasteful and burdensome. If they could have learned this earlier, it would be the best part of their education.

* * *

The result of the November election puts Massachusetts very near a place in the column of "doubtful States," and forces the leaders of both the leading parties to more strenuousness in preparation for the next campaign. Numerous factors affected the result in greater or less degree, but without discussing them in detail it is safe to say that there is a spirit of independent voting abroad which will compel the recognition of live issues and the selection of impeccable candidates by both parties in the future. The most spectacular result of the election was a "local issue," where a self-nominated candidate for district attorney in Suffolk county defeated the incumbent of the office, who had the support of both the leading parties. There is personal disappointment over details in both parties, but the result as an indication of the independence and judgment of the great mass of the voters cannot be questioned.

* * *

The Massachusetts Legislature last winter authorized a series of hearings on the question of industrial instruction at public expense. The aim was to give young people a better start in life by teaching them the rudiments of various industrial trades, partly as a preparation for their work, and partly to give them some practical ideas

which would aid them in choosing an occupation. Public hearings were had, and the only opposition came from the representatives of "the unions," who argued that such a policy would add to the number of workmen and cheapen wages. That the people should have remunerative employment and should be competent for their work was of no account to them. They would restrict education—an unreasonable, un-American, and fortunately an impossible scheme in this day of popular rights and personal freedom.

* * *

Vermont celebrated the centennial of the selection of Montpelier as the state capital, October 4th, with elaborate ceremonies. The principal address was by Mr. J. A. De Boer, president of the National Life Insurance Company, of Montpelier. He told the interesting story of the early struggles against the Indians and the later struggles in which the states of New York and New Hampshire sought to maintain jurisdiction over what the people were determined should be an independent state. He said:—"It remained a state of individualism of contest, criticism and debate, in which personal opinion dominates the average of public opinion and thus creates a solid basis for the growth of character and capacity for service. That, perhaps, is one reason why Vermont has given more than its share of able men and women to the history of their times."

* * *

Modern demands are for a higher grade of instruction in the public schools, and teachers are required to devote far more time and expense in preparation for their work, but the compensation to teachers is yet far below what such preparation should warrant. The teachers of Maine have recently compiled statistics of their own earnings, which are far from encouraging. Of the female teachers in the elementary schools 75 per cent, are working for \$8.00 a week or less. Many of these are not employed more than two-thirds of their time. Several are working for \$2.50 a week, and there are over two hundred whose salaries are less than \$100 a year, while nearly eight hundred are receiving \$150 or less. Only two hundred and thirty-nine receive \$450 or more and only eleven exceed \$600. The cheapest male teacher in the elementary schools gets \$4.00 a week. There are two hundred and forty-five who get \$10.00 or less per week. In the high schools there are two hundred and fifty-three male and two hundred and three female teachers; only fifty-six of the males receive \$1,000 or over and only two women receive \$800. There are scores of industrial callings where these teachers might earn better wages. With

such compensation the wonder is only that the average education of the Maine scholars is as good as it is. They deserve a better start in life than such cheap teaching can give.

* * *

Fortunes in the English High Court of Chancery and other wills-of-the-wisp have excited the interest of Americans for a century or more, and other arrears of delayed wealth have from time to time attracted attention. One of these has been the "French spoliation claims," growing out of the destruction of American shipping by the battle and bombardment of Toulon in 1793. By a convention in 1801 France and the United States adjusted claims and counter claims, and the latter became responsible for the claims of its citizens. Large sums were alleged to be due, and Congress spent much time in their consideration. In 1885 a bill of reimbursement was passed, and since that time adjustments have been in progress. But the outcome to claimants hardly pays for their trouble. The heirs of John Drisco have expected much and have waited long. Their disappointment is great for one of them has just been notified that her share is thirty-eight cents. Sic transit, etc.

* * *

September reports indicate that the corn crop of the United States, this year, will be the largest on record—2,716,918,000 bushels. The total wheat harvest, as indicated August 1st, was 719,731,000 bushels. These figures are encouraging to every class of the community, for they indicate not only an abundant food supply, but an ability on the part of the farmers to purchase all manufactured articles generously and a good export trade in food stuffs. Thus all classes are sharers in the good fortune of the farmers, and again the fact will be emphasized that agriculture is the basis of national prosperity.

* * *

The average Japanese individual eats 200 pounds of rice a year, while the average ration in the United States is only seven pounds. The American diet is probably more varied than that of any other country, and wheat, corn, rye, oats and barley largely take the place of the single cereal of the Japanese. It's a matter of habit. We have heard of a newly arrived Scotchman who was entertained as he came off the ship at a Parker House breakfast. The *a la carte* bill was handed him but he laid it down and said "oat meal." Being asked what next, he only said, "More porridge," and after having had three or more servings, and being pressed to order in variety he said, "Hoot, mon, is there anything else?"

BOOK NOTES

MEMOIR OF JAMES JACKSON, by James Jackson Putnam.

The subject of this volume was one of the pioneers of modern medicine, and the story of his life is a most interesting presentation of much that is of value in the medical history of Boston and New England; while the collateral matter gives much valuable material concerning his ancestors and their service to the state and the country at large. They came to Boston 1630-1640, and they and their descendants were conspicuous factors in the development of the new country. Dr. James Jackson was born in 1777 and died in 1867. He was educated abroad, and began practice in Boston. Just as he began his career the practice of vaccination was introduced and he was one of its most earnest but conservative advocates. The story of its introduction and ultimate general acceptance is one of the most interesting chapters in the memoir. Dr. Jackson ranked among the first in his profession from the start, and his aid in the establishment of hospitals and other beneficent institutions in Boston was invaluable. Besides the biographical facts, the volume contains much of Dr. Jackson's professional writing and correspondence with friends. The latter is especially interesting as picturing the social and cultured sides of Boston life in his day. Covering as it does much of local historical interest for over two hundred years, the book will be found to be of especial value. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, \$2.50 net.)

THE DEVELOPMENT OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN CONNECTICUT, by M. Louise Greene, Ph. D.

Religion and the civil state were so linked together in the early history of New England that they can hardly be considered separately, but this volume succeeds in holding the attention of the reader to the side of religious liberty, while discussion of the civil state is given subordinate but just recognition. It claims for Connecticut a wider tolerance of opinion in the early days than prevailed elsewhere, and an early broadening of the idea of religious freedom and equality. It admits the facts of restriction and discomfort to radicalism and dissent, but argues that these were inevitable as temporary incidents in the progress of the evolution of full religious freedom. The story begins with the development of Congregationalism in England, and follows

its transplanting to this country carefully and fully. The original union of Church and State here, the period of transition, and the final separation are comprehensively treated. The "Saybrook Platform" and its abrogation, "The Great Awakening," "The Great Schism," and other steps in the progress of free thought have careful consideration, and the chapters are full of interest. The development of political parties in Connecticut after the Revolution was naturally affected and in a large degree controlled by the prevailing religious conditions, and this story is also fully told. The advent of the "Toleration Party" in 1816, the new constitution of 1818, and the final separation of Church and State, with full equality for all forms of religious faith, are covered in the closing chapters. The work is thoroughly and candidly done, and the book is a valuable contribution to early New England history. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York; \$2.00 net.)

THE VALUE OF FRIENDSHIP. Compiled by Frederic Lawrence Knowles.

In this unique compilation the editor has gathered the most notable sayings on friendship ever uttered by ancient or modern authors. Many of the quotations are from unhackneyed sources, and all are intensely practical and pointed. Sentimentality is as carefully avoided as cynicism, and the note struck is sympathetic, manly and sensible. No side of the subject is ignored, and in connection with Mr. Knowles's introduction, which traces the influence of friendship on the development of races, institutions and eminent individuals, it covers the items with remarkable completeness. Its note, however, is distinctly popular, and it makes an ideal gift book. Beautifully printed on cameo plate paper in two colors. Price \$1.50, H. M. Caldwell Co., Publishers; New York and Boston.

CONCERNING GENEALOGIES, by Frank Allaben.

Genealogical research has largely increased in interest within the last quarter century, and numerous experts are in the field, while a much larger number of amateurs are engaged in tracing their own family records. To both these classes this little volume will be welcome, for it gives numerous practical suggestions, proved by experience, which will greatly aid in systematic and efficient work. The best

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methods of compilation, and advice on printing and publishing are of direct practical value. (The Grafton Press, New York. 75c net.)

JESUS AND THE PROPHETS. By Charles S. Macfarland, Ph. D.

In these days, when religious thought is wandering from proof-texts and dogmas toward the essentials of Christian teaching and life, this volume is timely and helpful. The idea of plenary inspiration of the Scriptures has largely lost its force, and the whole Bible is now studied in the light of history and modern scholarship. That some students should go to extremes is to be expected, but candid thinkers will welcome any contribution to the discussion when there is evidence of reverence for truth and desire to discover it. But Dr. Macfarland is not an extremist. He reverences the Bible because it is "a faithful transcript of the most pertinent human experience, reflecting all phases of the normal growth of a real consciousness of relationship with God and formulating successive approximations of religious truth." He recognizes and gives due weight to the human element in the gospel narratives, and takes due notice of the literary, historic and traditional influences which affected and colored the narratives. He insists that the weight of influence of the Old Testament upon modern thought and conscience must very largely rest upon the use which Jesus made of it in his teaching. He brings out with great clearness the idea that to Him the spirit rather than the letter of the Old Testament was important; to Him its primary value was as truth rather than as prediction. With this view he presents an exhaustive and critical discussion of all Old Testament quotations and allusions found in the words of Jesus which is highly interesting and instructive alike to the clergy and the intelligent laity. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.)

FRENCH PATHFINDERS IN NORTH AMERICA. By William Henry Johnson.

There is much of romance and heroism in the annals of the French exploration of this country, and the story has been written again and again, for the scholar and the juvenile; but Mr. Johnson has succeeded in adding new interest to the subject by his grouping of personages and events. His introductory chapters give brief but lucid sketches of the aboriginal races, their origin, distribution and social life, as the essential background upon which the scenes of pioneer exploration are painted. The achievements of Jacques Cartier, Jean Ribaut, René de Laudonnière, Samuel de Champlain and the pioneer Jesuit mission-

aries are told in attractive narrative, and the North, the great Northwest, the Rocky Mountains and the Lower Mississippi all furnish localities where the early "civilization" of the time found areas of effort. Half a dozen spirited illustrations add to the interest of the volume. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

THE COMING OF THE TIDE. By Margaret Sherwood.

A summer on the Maine coast, with charming descriptions of scenery and clever portraits of various classes of interesting people form the background in this new venture of Miss Sherwood for a love story with a disappointed down-Easter and a vivacious southern girl as the principals. Heredity and psychology are worked in to explain the personal characters of the couple, and the misanthrope wakes to a reasonable comprehension of the value of life—with the girl from Virginia. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.50.)

ALASKA AND THE KLONDIKE. By J. S. McLain.

Fragments of information and larger fragments of imagination relative to the condition and prospects of Alaska, have been thrown at the public, from time to time, but, aside from government reports, which are not generally read, nothing on the subject has yet appeared, so full, comprehensive and reliable as this book of Mr. McLain's.

He accompanied the committee of the United States Senate on its tour of investigation in 1903, and thus had exceptional opportunities to observe and learn, while his thorough training as a newspaper man gives him the sense of perspective, proportion and arrangement so necessary for a comprehensive and lucid presentation of his facts and conclusions. Enough statistics are given to convey a clear picture of the resources of the country, while the personal narrative of adventure and the story of pioneer gold mining close to the Arctic Circle supply enough of human interest to make the book thoroughly entertaining, as well as accurate in its presentation of facts.

An unusually large number of well-selected half-tone pictures help the text in its description of people, mining work, the fisheries, etc., and the whole is well adapted to aid the reader in a broad comprehension of the almost limitless possibilities opening for this but little known section of our national domain. (McClure, Phillips & Co., New York: \$2.00 net.)

THE FORT IN THE WILDERNESS, by Edward Strathemeyer.

The "Colonial Series" of boys' books which is only one of Mr. Strathemeyer's juvenile successes, finds here its fifth num-

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ber. The location is at Detroit and about the great lakes, and the same characters who made the earlier numbers so interesting are again introduced in new scenes and thrilling adventures. Mr. Strathe-meyer aims to teach history with his story-writing, and the story of vicissitudes of early life in the northwest is not altogether imaginary. (Lee & Shepard, Boston. \$1.25.)

THE JOYS OF FRIENDSHIP, edited by Mary Allette Ayer.

The compiler of the popular "Daily Cheer Year Book" is prepared for the gift-season with this prettily arranged and published anthology of friendship. The reading of the scores of authors represented in the selections given, and the wise choice of the best in each indicates patience, industry and literary skill and judgment. The book is conveniently arranged by topics, and will be found useful for quotation as well as for entertainment. (Lee & Shepard, Boston. \$1.00 net, \$1.10 postpaid.)

A MEMOIR OF THE FIRST TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES. By Rev. Michael Reed Minnick, A. M.

But few, even among students of American history, can speak his name offhand, but the services of Michael Hillegas to the government and to the country are matters of record, even if he is well-nigh forgotten. His ancestors were Gothic-German, but his immediate progenitors were Huguenots; and John Frederick Hillegas came to this country in 1685, settling in Montgomery county, Pa. The father of the subject of the memoir was born in 1749 and was a prominent Philadelphia merchant. A biographer says of him: "In my judgment Michael Hillegas, the merchant, is a more noteworthy character than his son, the Continental treasurer." The latter was born in 1729 and was liberally educated. He had large business and landed interests, and was deeply interested in music. From the outset he was interested in the struggles for Colonial independence, and his service as Provincial, Continental and United States treasurer were various and most valuable. (Published by the author. Philadelphia.)

THE BROTHERS' WAR, by John C. Reed.

Books about the Civil War are abundant, but this volume will prove, both to the student and the general reader, a valuable addition to its literature. The writer, who is a noted lawyer, and a recognized author, has aimed at a dispassionate survey of the elemental features of the slavery question and the development of the issues which

finally compelled the arbitrament of civil war. He recognizes the inherent antagonism between free and slave labor, and traces the development of the issue through the agricultural and commercial evolution of the two sections, and the growth of the anti-slavery sentiment as a moral problem. The extremists on both sides are recognized and discussed, but the writer claims that the masses who finally ranged themselves in opposite camps were conscientious, patriotic and lovable, loyal each to its own conception of justice and right. The book is from a southern standpoint, but it considers the institution of slavery as a curse to the white race while it was a blessing to the negro. The later chapters, the race question, in general and in detail, and the old and the new South, present the present situation in a fair and comprehensive manner, and will be found enlightening to all who are interested in this vexing and complex problem. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$2.00 net.

THE CHATTERBOX FOR 1905.

To announce the issue of this famous annual is all that is needed to send the little people to the bookstore, for they all know its especial interest and importance, while parents are equally eager to bring it home to the children. Its fine illustrations are, as usual, an added attraction. Dana Estes & Co., Boston, \$1.25.

THE LOWEST RATE TO NEW YORK.

\$2.00—Cheap enough, isn't it? It is certainly as low as it should be with the safe and comfortable accommodations such as are offered by the Joy Line, which has always been popular, enjoying as it does, the reputation for courteous treatment of its patrons.

Effective Monday, Nov. 6th and until further notice, this line offers a rate of \$2.00 from Boston through to New York. In addition to the all water service every Wednesday at 5 p. m., steamers sail from Providence every week day at 6.30 p. m. Passengers may take any train from the South Terminal Station up to 5.03 p. m., making close connections with the steamers in Providence. Staterooms may be secured and tickets purchased at the Boston office of the company, 308 Congress St., near the South Terminal Station.

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realize the fact that a good coffee pot is essential in its making. The "Kaw-fu-Kwik" is the coffee pot that will give you the desired result. See advertisement in this issue.

















Hezekiah Butterworth

A Sketch of His Personality

By RALPH DAVOL

O Soul of mine, I hear a deep voice
speaking,
As cares increasing on thy swift steps
press;
What says the voice?—"The only thing
worth seeing
Is righteousness.

"Soul, in thyself are hidden compensa-
tions
For disappointment, sorrow and distress;
Not wealth, but sacrifice, attains the sta-
tions
To righteousness."

O soul of mine, the cross is shining o'er
thee,
Its glory lights each step of thy duress,
All thy ideals may change to life before
thee
Through righteousness.

Pleasure? We part since thou art lost
in winning.
Wealth? Thou dost make the soul's true
value less.
Fame? What art thou but night's lone
firefly's spinning
To righteousness?

A BOY was reading the lines—
a boy with trembling lips
and misty eyes, fulfilling a
final wish of the author-uncle
whose gentle spirit had burst the
strange imprisonment of the tem-
poral senses to build anew in the
higher environment. Circled about
the open gates of earth were friends
and kinsmen hushed and with
bowed heads. The September sun-
light glinted upon the yellow alders
and bleeding sumacs; the odor of
sweet fern and wild grapes filled
the air; and over the gray God's-
acre among the pastures, swallows
swept seaward—homegoing. The
boy read on:

"There is a city of the spheres immortal,
That victors over self and sin possess,
And the White Stone that opens its irised
portal
Is righteousness.

Whither? I know not—into life eternal.
My Guide I know, His feet I after press;
Within the soul are life and light su-
pernal—
In righteousness!

A handful of soil fell—dust to
dust. The mourners turning away
knew that, in this capsheaf to his
literary labors, their vanished friend
had crystallized the guiding spirit
of his life.

Turn the glass back fifty years.
Just over yonder wall, in the dim
aisles of the pine-scented grove,
another curly-haired, cherry-cheeked
boy has raised a rough altar of
white stones decked with flowers
and moss, and in boyish reverence
is preaching, praying, singing hal-
lelulias to birds and butterflies and
trees. As you press aside the
branches to catch a glimpse of this
youthful worshiper at the forest
sanctuary—obedient to the prompt-
ings of a common New England her-
itage—do you not readily see the
father to the man whose poetic
adieu to the world was the White
Stone of Righteousness?

That life of sixty-five years was a
zigzag journey—as every good life
is—seeking truth hither and thither
and ever widening, like the errant
brook in search of the sea—and
through it all ran more clearly, fully,
purely, the sweet spirit of righteous-
ness.



There is hope for the boy in whose blood surges an insurrection against the established order of things. Young Hezekiah longed for a life beyond the farm—to make his way by mental rather than physical labor. “Stone walls do not a prison make”—for the soul with wings. Devouringly he read the English and American poets, salting down the choice chimes and briskets in the kegs of memory, especially Longfellow, especially the Psalm of Life—especially “Be not like dumb, driven cattle—be a hero in the strife.” To meet the great Longfellow—that was his dream, which came true afterward in a visit to Craigie House, where the poet told him the origin of many of his songs.

At the corner crossroads was a sign:

TO PROVIDENCE II MILES

Providence! He liked the word—had faith in it. It meant Brown University, where great writers were made. It also meant—money. The Butterworths were wealthy—in having a comfortable home, heaven above, earth below, sunrise and sunset, and the Kickimuit in which to wash off their sins. Cattle lowed at the big gate, wood was piled high in the sheds, the silo was filled with fodder and a miscellaneous assortment of poultry foraged about the dooryard and sometimes were sociable enough to enter into the kitchen without wiping their feet—shoo!

But there was no money for a paid education. Hezekiah put his wits to work. Huckleberries would afford but a pittance—the season was too short. But there was school teaching and then, come to

think of it, why not write out some of those ghost stories? Why, of course he could. So all the stories that Aunt 'Liza Ann had told him:—The Thanksgiving Ghost, the Miraculous Parson, the Haunted Chimney, the Clams that wouldn't bake,—all were sent here and there to religious papers. At length one day he opened a letter from the “Watchman” and read: “Pay to the order of Hezekiah Butterworth—Two dollars.” Jeminy Crickets! He clutched the note in his fist, hitched up his suspenders and tore off for home as if riding on Pegasus, glancing down now and then to see if earth were still visible.

“Didn't I say I'd be a great writer?” he shouted, as he tore through a phalanx of honking, scattering geese and burst into the kitchen, where his mother was frying doughnuts. “Now what do you think about it?”

After a while he had accumulated enough to go up to Brown University for a course in rhetoric, and composition, and when a young man is not *sent* but goes to college, on money he has earned for that purpose, it is well to step aside—he may like to pass you.

As soon as his income was sufficient unto the day, he started for Boston and larger opportunity, just as Burns went up from his father's farm to Edinburgh, but not to such reckless dissipation. Ah, no! Perhaps he was not genius enough for that; certainly not, if genius is to be destitute of discretion. As he passed on the streets with his pale serious face partially eclipsed in copious burnside, he may have suggested the prayer-meeting.

At this time Mr. D. S. Ford was

successfully conducting the "Youth's Companion" for the enlightenment of the American people and the advancement of the Baptist church which may have given a cue to Mr. J. D. Rockefeller. As subscriptions increased Mr. Ford, whose hobby was music, secured a choir at the Ruggles street church second to no other in Boston, and furthermore hired fifteen singers to smuggle themselves secretly into the congregation—a choir invisible, for he loved to hear the rafters ring. Mr. Butterworth went faithfully to Ruggles street; sang the doxology with lusty gusto; he was struggling in Grub street; the oil of the sanctuary was upon his writings. By an immutable law of gravity he soon found himself in the office of the "Youth's Companion," where Mr. Ford assigned him a seat among the "readers." It was not long before he sat next to Mr. Ford—assistant editor—in which capacity he was largely instrumental in expanding the magazine from a strictly juvenile periodical to one for the youth of all ages, which was "read through more spectacles than any other publication except the Bible."

During the decade from 1877 to 1887 when Mr. Butterworth's influence was most active, the circulation leaped from one hundred and forty thousand to four hundred thousand—it had no competitor. The "Companion" carried his name around the world. He was appointed to receive the visiting contributors. In this rôle he came in touch with many aspiring writers whose bantlings appeared in this periodical. In all these young writers he took a motherly interest—just as N. P. Willis was called the wet nurse of American literature.

In his effort to help others up the same ladder by which he had climbed he often invited distant writers to come to Boston to see him personally and they usually accepted. Once he invited Will Allan Drumgool, the now distinguished Tennessee writer, to come to see him. One day the maid brought up a card with the young author's name. Mr. Butterworth went down to the parlor where a lady was in waiting.

"And is this Mr. Butterworth?"

"Yes, yes! But where is Mr. Drumgool who sent up his card?"

"Why, there isn't any Mr. Drumgool," and her eyes twinkled as she spoke.

"You don't mean—why, er—Oh! oh! oh! oh!—there is a fine ice cream saloon around the corner. Won't you be so good?"

Off they went laughing heartily and Miss Drumgool told *her* friends and they laughed; then it got into the magazines and *his* friends laughed—and there was more ice cream.

Life is reverence; life is influence. Mr. Butterworth's dominant religious instincts are apparent in his first publication, a Sunday school concert book, 1873. Next came the "Story of the Hymns" which received the Wood medal (most cherished of his treasures), a prize given by a tract society for the book of best influence issued during the year. Then followed "Great Composers" and "Notable Prayers in Christian History," and "Poems for Christmas and Easter."

He was making a name as a popular writer when Dana Estes, of Estes and Lauriat, came to him with a book by a French teacher who

had taken a class of boys on a zigzag journey through Switzerland.

"How would a zigzag journey through Europe do?" The author paced to and fro in his bachelor study. "Why, of course it will do. The whole human family have been doing things just waiting for me to gather them into holiday dress and pass them out to Young America."

So the next day he gathered about him an imaginary class of boys, and, assuming the title of "Master Lewis," set out—for the Public Library, and soon produced the first of the famous "Zigzag Journeys"—a breezy story of a vacation ramble spent among the historic spots of Europe. In after years the author took the same trip to find everything just as he had written. Soon there were more zigzag journeys—to classic lands, the Orient, antipodes, all over—seventeen volumes of them, and Fame came pulling at his door-bell.

With the first sweet zigzag money a new house loomed on the Warren farm, bearing the date A. D. 1882 in the gable. Hither he proudly led his aged parents; and hither he must come each summer for a few days. I am glad that the boy was not so extinct in him but that, as he strolled down the highway to visit some old crony, he could dangle shoes and stockings from his hands and let the thick, smooth, velvety dust of the July roadside bubble between his toes, just as Father Kneipp would have done and any sensible person. Here it was the author's dream to husband out life's taper in Arcadian simplicity, planting melons and hollyhocks, and gathering purple grapes from the sunny side of a Swiss wall-garden.

We lay fine plans—for nature to make sport of. The enchantment of palms and orange blossoms seized upon him in his wanderings. He purchased a grove and rose-embowered cottage in Florida against the winter's discontent. Then came the frost of '96 and the tender leaves of hope were blasted.

His real home—though "home" seems scarcely the word for one whose infinite mind seemed so unsatisfied with the offerings of this finite incarnation, and who could never know the enviable content of those who stolidly convert themselves into cash and patiently accept "one world at a time"—the spot whither he steps most gladly returned was 28 Worcester street, just a comfortable walk from his almost daily haunt, the Boston Library. For thirty years he kept bachelor's hall in these apartments of the Misses Ellis. Here when his fame was crescendo, on his forty-fifth birthday many friends assembled for a royal surprise party. His daily habits were to rise between five and six, write two hours before breakfast (he never mastered the typewriter), spend most of the day at the "Youth's Companion" or the Library, and give the evening to social relaxation. Here is the delightful Mr. Butterworth I love to remember—seated among his friends before the open fire in the great room, at once chamber and music hall, garnished with gifts and souvenirs, piano, books and pictures in jostling profusion, and in a cubby behind the curtain the smiling decanter—but only for stomach's sake. When the various seating appurtenances were taken there was a nocturne or reverie on the violin; or some one recited a heart-reaching

poem or read a new story; and always some conservatory student to sing the old songs and hymns and Stabat Mater—the host humming through it all. At length the author would stretch his feet toward the embers and, half closing his eyes, relate the story of the little red settle by the chimney, or start some tale of New England folk lore, and right in the thick of the story—here was the delicious humor of it all—the knock at the door and announcement that some long-remembered friend had come to wheedle another coin from his pocket. Mr. Butterworth's free hand was known far and wide and as a member of an institutional church he was the subject of frequent importunity. Generous even before he was just, he neglected himself to devote his substance to family, friends, philanthropy. Having little business scent, his investments were sometimes ill starred.

If there was any self-indulgence it was travel—and this was turned to professional account. In this he showed a practical economy—like unto Stevenson—in reducing his impedimenta to an almost invisible minimum. This was ever a joy to his friends.

"I've come to say 'Good-bye.'"

"What off again? Where now?"

"Europe. Next steamer."

"And where's your luggage?"

"Don't have any. When I need a new shirt I buy one."

"But suppose you find yourself where you can't buy one?"

"Then surely I shan't need one. Au revoir."

I envy him those bohemian travels—an untrammelled observer of the world, wandering whithersoever he listeth, with a faculty of fit-

ting in anywhere; carrying passports to good company; mousing note-book in hand, among historic corners; scraping acquaintance with every romantic wayfarer; passing a summer in the Alps, a student of Pestalozzi; dining on the Scheldt with the King of Denmark (he had been diligent in his calling); crossing the Andes on the back of a burro; cruising the Spanish main—who wouldn't be a bachelor author?

Several of his books bear witness to his interest in the Spanish-American races. To write a comprehensive history of South America (upon request of the Cassell Publishing Company of London), this was to have been his crowning literary triumph.

In his late years he came to lecture, though with little relish, for he went under the clamp of financial necessity or for charity. Some of his subjects will indicate the diversity of his mental affairs: "Longfellow and His Friends" (once given in Buenos Ayres); "Count Tolstoi's Plan for World Peace" (Mr. Butterworth read the opening poem at the Peace Congress at Chicago during the World's Fair); "New England Fireside Tales"; "Soul Values; or, Men who Overcame Obstacles to Spiritual Success"; "The Religious Experience of Famous Men"; "Across Panama"; "The Old Court End of Boston."

One evening there was to be an illustrated lecture on Europe. The speaker, unable to appear, sent for Mr. Butterworth to act as substitute.

"Yes. Yes. I'll be there—at what hour?"

"But you wish to see the slides beforehand?"

"No, indeed, I know Europe from

A to Z. Just throw up the pictures and I will explain."

The lecture went on famously—no one imagined he had not given it a hundred times—until a view flashed up that he had never seen. But he landed on his feet. Clapping his hands and exclaiming in his own peculiar way: "Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!" which never failed to arouse contagious enthusiasm, he added, "Words cannot express the marvellous beauty of this scene—and now the next."

At last when insidious infirmity was creeping upon him, these lectures were a grievous cross, but pluckily he held to his engagements. He cared nothing for the whipped cream of society, though he sometimes attended the authors' club's receptions. His pure, yearning heart longed to correct the manifest wrongs of the world. He was president of the New England Anti-Cigarette League; vice-president of the American Peace Society; member of other benevolent organizations and deacon of Ruggles street church.

He still lacked five years of three score and ten—and many years before the philosopher should grow weary—when his friends saw that the vital forces were rapidly ebbing. Disease and care were etching an elegy upon his brow. Then he sat down and wrote:

"I sometimes think the thread of life
grows slender,
And soon for me the labor will be
wrought.
Then grows my heart to other hearts more
tender,
The time—the time is short."

In the eternal circles of nature
his mind turned back to his birth-
place, and

'As the hare, whom horns and hounds
pursue,

Turns to the place from whence at first
it flew,"

so the zigzag journey ended where it began. Three days after his arrival at the house he had built twenty years before, the earnest, loyal, loving, yearning, groping spirit had sped. Five hundred school children, representing the wide army of youth who had known him as a friend and teacher, filed past his bier and placed asters and goldenrod upon his bosom.

Mr. Butterworth was married but once—and that very early—to the celestial muse of literature, a mistress who has brooked no rivals among the daughters of earth with many resplendent heroes in the world of art and letters, counting among her American conquests Halleck, Irving, Thoreau, Whittier, Whitman, Riley—the woods are full of them. His poems include no eyebrow sonnets or erotic lyrics and his boys' stories appear to end just before the entrance of the Eternal Feminine. There was a touch of mediæval asceticism about him, and at times it seemed that he was man, woman and child in one, so gentle and affectionate was his nature.

He had brought home a parrot from the South Seas. When some teaser inquired why he never took a wife, "Isn't it enough," he answered, "to have Polly perch on the foot of your bed and say 'Good morning' when you wake?"

Under this pleasantries he knew too well that the hope of the race was in the sacred preservation of the family fireside, and that the divine nature which is continually seeking to manifest itself in humanity cannot reach its highest expression in man or woman separately, but in the eternal spiritual union. In the olive

branches of his brother's family he took a fond interest. With Whittier he would have said:

"For such as these to lisp my name
Is better than the voice of Fame."

His place in literature is essentially as a juvenile writer. "The Boyhood of Lincoln," "Log School-House on the Columbia," "Boys of Greenaway Court," these were as popular as the Zig-Zags. He felt little of the thrilling excitement of such boys' writers as Henty, Alger and Mayne Reid. He wrote under an ever-present sense of moral responsibility. In his journal he writes, December, 1885: Resolved it is my purpose to give my whole heart and thought to my work with the pen and to write only that which will tend to make my readers better in heart and life and richer in spiritual knowledge.

He never wrote for Art's sake—felicitous phrase was second to inspiring influence. No one reads him for racy style. His genius was for persistent application—that's what we admire—lifting himself from his youthful environment by faithful perseverance. His imagination was not sufficiently soaring and sustained to attain the majesty of the romancer. For the most part he gathered his harvests from historic fields, binding his sheaves with a ribbon of gentle fancy. That dominant characteristic, a sympathy with child-life, is finely expressed in those tender stories, "How Dot Heard the Messiah" and "A Touch on the Arm."

Down on the farm, when one of his brothers was suspected of small-pox and quarantined in the barn-loft, Hezekiah, overcome with the thought of the cheerless, haymow

isolation, stole out in defiance of contagion (and spooks and spiders) to sleep with the sequestered suspect. This sympathy for the boys was reciprocated by a friendly familiarity. No wonder he had the largest Sunday school class in town. When he asked Orrin what he could say about Peter, Orrin jerked out: "Peter, Peter, punkin-eater, had a wife and couldn't keep her." And the teacher didn't cuff him—not even with his eyes—simply put up his palms and, "Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!"

The finest and most original work was in his poems. A natural lyrical lilt played in his brain—through all was a transparent spirituality. Ballads he wrote in profusion and several cantatas, collaborating with the distinguished composer, George F. Root. "Under the Palms" and "The Shepherd Boy" were well received in England. But the poem that will live the longest is "The Bird with the Broken Wing":

"I healed the wound, and each morning
It sang its old sweet strain,
But the bird with the broken pinion
Never soars so high again."

That pinches the heart of so many.

The assertion has been made that the cumulative forces of his character were strongly Baptist. But his intimate friends knew that in the last years his attitude towards life had burst the shell of denominational creed and that his chosen entertainment was to delve with the oriental and modern metaphysicians and to express the result of his meditations at Green Acre.

But the final question is not how he worshiped but how he served which may be the same thing. His chosen endeavor was to entertain, to

instruct, to preach. Whenever he took up the pen, it turned out song or sermon.

"Nothing of impurity clung to him,
A man whose core and breath was con-
science."

He had a vast influence upon the rising generation whose lamps he longed to kindle from his own bright taper. Of his boys' stories there was not a line that was not exhortative to higher thinking and doing better.

And when the time came to draw the draperies of his couch about him, should he not lie down to pleasant dreams?

In his salad days he had shouted to the boys: "Go 'way. I'm going to be a great writer."

Of his sixty volumes more than a million copies have already borne his name around the world.

He can who thinks he can.

The White Dawn

By MARY GORDON

Wrought by the crystal's magic craft,
Faultless fronds of fairy fern,
Wonderful wheels whose feathery spokes,
On axles of sparkling diamonds turn;
Mimic trees and crystal mosses,
Discs and angles and spars and crosses,
And stars, whose points are frosty laces
Sped swiftly down through the nightly spaces,
With curves and whirls and nameless graces,
To sift o'er branch and bough and twig,
To cushion the crotches and pad the notches,
And cling to the trunks in stripes and blotches,
And startled the light with the pranks of the night.

Instead of the flower, the prism's glint;
The woolly tuft, for the green leaf's tint,
The apple-tree raises a downy dome,
The solemn pine is a fluffy cone,
The ermined line of the bare branch lies
Soft 'gainst the pale blue robe of the skies;
And rod and stake and pole and post,
Stand weird and white, a spectral host,
With helm and visor from land of ghost.

Now comes the sun with his flaming torches,
And sets the footlights all aglow,
And these motionless actors in spotless snow,
Bejewelled and plumed at the dawn of day,
Take rôles in the marvellous matinée,

King Philip's Last Hunt

By HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

A poem hitherto unpublished written for the "boy of the log cabin,"
Budleigh Hall, Dudley, Massachusetts.

I

He stood on the crown of the hills and around him
The green oaks were spreading their tents to the sun,
He had summoned the tribes, and the red warriors found him
At his throne of the cliff where the clear waters run.

On the bay swept the light boat of Wetamoo bending,
The tide rolling fair to the ocean, and low
On the red Narragansett the sun was descending
And over Pocasset the moon bent her bow

And he cried on the cliff, the red mist o'er him bending,
"Ye river chiefs gather, ye shall not be slaves;
Be the white man our prey, on his cabin descending
I will make my last hunt with a thousand of braves.

"Hear, hear me, ye shades of the forest kings lying
'Neath the oaks of the meadows that shadow the sea;
'Tis Pometion speaks, and living and dying,
My race shall be free, as the lightning is free!

"Ye eagles that hang in the fringes of morning,
Tell the strong men of Plymouth the bow string is bent,
Ye purpled winged swifts to the women give warning,
I've loaded the quiver, and smitten the tent!"

II

Why across the still waves are the red torches sweeping?

'Tis Philip's last hunt, 'tis Philip's last hunt.

Why from hilltop to hilltop the red fire leaping? 1

'Tis Philip's last hunt with his thousands of braves!

The stars into blood o'er the sea lands are turning,

'Tis Philip's last hunt, 'tis Philip's last hunt,

And Brookfield, and Deerfield and Hadley are burning,

'Tis Philip's last hunt with his thousands of braves!

Why quiver the osprey's white wings o'er the meadow,

'Tis Philip's last hunt, 'tis Philip's last hunt,

The pale mother flees to the wolves in the cedars,

'Tis Philip's last hunt with his thousands of braves!

O tragedy, long Bloody Brook will remember,

'Twas Philip's last hunt, 'twas Philip's last hunt!

And the chimney left bare to the blasts of November,

'Twas Philip's last hunt with his thousands of braves!

III

Came the night of despair, the red hills round them flashing,
The palisade rising in fire o'er the waves,
Enveloped in flames, the great sea 'round them dashing
In the gulf of death perished a thousand of braves!

His red warriors fallen, his wife from him riven,
His child from him driven, his dark purpose staid,
He cried, as his faltering eye fell from the Heaven,
"Receive me, O earth, to thy cabins of shade!

"Let me go to the mounds of my fathers of old,
Let me die where the gray oaks their silences hold,
Where the wounded beast hurries to utter his woe,
And the night heron moans when the Northern winds blow!
Waheegen! Waheegen!*

"To the night of the past my strong warriors are fled,
Let me go, let me go to the tents of the dead.
The oak tree must crumble, the rocks turn to dust
I vanish—the Manito's counsel is just.

Waheegen!"

IV

He hastened; before him Pocasset rose glowing.
The groves of Sowamset in sunset ablaze,
And the old Kikemuit, in limpid wave flowing
Through tenantless hillsides of meadow and maize!

A shot shook the air, the dewy oak trembled,
The wild eagle screamed and fled to the sea,
Never more 'neath the cleft he the warriors assembled,
He made his last hunt, his last hunt to be free.

Gone, gone are the tribes from the scenes that they cherished,
The forests no longer encompass the tide,
The happy flocks sleep where Pometion perished
And wanders the heron where Wetamoo died! !

The mild air of spring time embeds them with flowers,
The orioles there from the tropics return,
The grain ripens on them when midsummer hours
And mellowing suns o'er the river sides burn!

O green Pokenoket, O oak bowered islands,
A nobler than Macedon's hero we trace
In that monarch whom slavery scorned in thy highlands
Who fought for his people and died for his race!

* "Waheegen!"

"It is well," the Indian.

"Kismet" or "Amen."

The First New England Magazine

By HOLMAN S. HALL

FEW if any of the readers of the **NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE** are aware of its antiquity, but it really stands as one of the pioneers in its class of literature. There is among the most carefully guarded treasures of the Boston Public Library a thin volume, containing the first two issues of the **NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE** the first issue bearing the date of August, 1758. Its pages are only six and a half by four and three quarter inches in size. The type is small, with a profusion of italics and capital letters, every noun having a capital initial. The headlines are inconspicuous and there are no dashes or other modern devices to separate the articles. The accompanying illustrations show the title page, and the first two pages of a prospectus. In the latter the object of the publication is stated with much detail, but the first paragraph covers the ground, as follows:

"The chief Design of this **MAGAZINE** is to increase, collect and amplify old and new and entertaining and useful Remarks; to confirm, improve and illustrate established Doctrines, to communicate uncommon Truths and Intelligence, consisting of such parts as may gratify the Curiosity and improve the Minds of Persons of all Conditions and of each Sex."

"To secure the Remarks, Doctrines, Truths and Intelligence for his readers the publisher announces that **"ANY writers** who may incline to publish their Sentiments in this Magazine, are desired to send their Papers (Postage prepaid) under a Cover directly to Benjamin Mecom, Printer, at the new Printing-Office in Boston." To induce generous patronage it is announced that **THOSE** who buy six of this Magazine shall have a Seventh *gratis*."

The thoughtful reader, if inter-

ested in the trend of thought of the time, will find much in the extracts we propose to present from this attempt to cater to the popular taste, for they may be accepted as the matters illustrative of the popular taste of the time. The first, and presumably the most important article, is made up of "Extracts from the Rev. Jonathan Townsend's Convention Sermon, lately printed." He made the following practical, if not absorbing, suggestions:

"Private Christians, or Persons who are in no public Ecclesiastical Station may be (several ways) helpful to the Ministers of the Gospel viz.

"1—By Supplying them with little Books of knowledge and devotion.

"2—By walking in the Paths of Virtue, Sobriety and Holiness.

"3—By standing by and appearing for them when injured and insulted by the Loose and Prophane."

The comments under the latter head close with these words of Rev. Mr. Samuel Mather, "in the other England:"

"As for them who neither regard God nor Man, we expect no Thing from them but Slanders and Abuses; they are the Devil's Instruments: but as for you who profess Religion, and who, it may be, receive the Body of Christ from our Hands, we think you should not do Satan's Drudgery, by raising Disturbances and Quarrels, but leave them to men of another Character."

This homily is followed by an essay on "The Quintessence of Books," which seems to have been intended as an apology for magazine or ephemeral literature, as contrasted with "Books." The writer says:

"A man who publishes his Works in a Volume has an infinite Advantage over One who communicates his Writings to the World in loose Tracts and single Pieces. We do not expect to meet with any Thing in a bulky Volume till after some heavy Preamble and several Words of Custom, to prepare the Reader for what follows: Nay, Authors have established it as a kind of Rule, That a Man ought to be dull sometimes; as the most severe Reader makes Allowance for many Rests and Nodding-places in a voluminous Writer. This gave occasion for the famous Greek Proverb—A great Book is a great Evil. On the contrary those who publish their Thoughts in distinct Sheets or short Pamphlets, as it were by Piercement, have none of these advantages. We must immediately fall into our Subject, and treat every part of it in a lively Manner, or our Papers are thrown by as dull and insipid. Our Matter must lie close together, and either be wholly new in itself or in the Turn it receives from our Inventions and Expressions."

Under the caption of "News and Politics" the editor says, in advocacy of a person's having concern in public affairs:

"Tho good Humour, Sense and Discretion, seldom fail to make a Man agreeable, it may be no ill Policy sometimes to prepare himself in a particular Manner for Conversation, by looking a little farther than his Neighbors into whatever is become a reigning subject."

Next is an essay on "The Man of Good Breeding Compared to the Real Philosopher," in which Lord Shaftsbury's distinction is approved: "The Conduct of the well-bred Man is formed according to the most perfect Ease and the good Entertainment of Company: The Conduct of the real Philosopher, according to the strictest Interest of Mankind; the one according to his Rank and Quality in his private Station; the other, according to his Rank and Dignity in Nature."

A page or two is taken up by "A Letter from Father Abraham to his beloved Son, Isaac," inculcating self-examination and the securing of "some disinterested friend to re-

mind you of such Misconduct as must necessarily escape your severest Inquiry; to beware of the first acts of dishonesty and becoming really good if you would do good."

In an essay on "The Man of Taste," good taste is defined as "A Harmony between the Mind and Reason, and according as that Harmony is more or less just, the Person has more or less of this Taste—in short a Man of Taste is a Man of dis-taste,"—a definition which does not seem entirely clear. The essay quotes, in closing:

"What is this Wit which must our Cares employ?

The Owner's Wife that other Men enjoy:
Then most our Trouble still, when most admir'd,

And still the more we give the more requir'd;

Whose Fame and Pain we guard, but lose with Ease

Sure some to vex but never all to please,
Talk what you will of Wit and Taste,
you'll find

Two of a Face as soon as of a Mind."

Other "light reading" is provided in "An Essay on Envy—The ill State of the envious Man; his reliefs and the Way to obtain his Favor;" one on "The General Duties of Man," and another "On the Use, Abuse and Liberty of the Press, with a little salutary Advice."

Space is given for "A Learned Method to roast Eggs," which is to blacken the shells and expose them to the sun for a short time,—but this was in a hot climate.

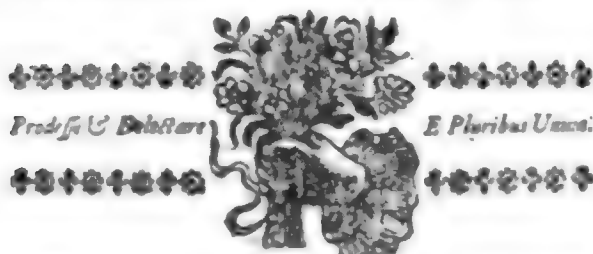
There is also "An account of some uncommon burnings, lucid appearances and fiery Emmanations," one of which is "a Woman at Paris who used to drink Brandy to excess was one night reduced to ashes by a fire from within, all but her head and the ends of her fingers," and another of a woman near Casena in Romagna, in 1731, of unblemished

life, who retired indisposed at night and was found incinerated in her room the next morning. These early stories give color to the reasonableness of Charles Dickens's disposal of Mr. Krook in "Bleak House."

Number 1.

THE
New-England
Magazine
For August 1758.

To be continued Monthly. Price Eight Pence.



By *Urbanus-Filter.*

Kind Reader, — Pray, what would you have me do
If, out of Twenty, I should please but Two!
One like's the Turkey's Wing, and one the Leg.
The Vulgar boil (the Learned *reast*) an Egg.

Boston: Printed and Sold by
Benjamin Macora, at The New Printing
Office, near the Court-House.

Under the title "Queer Notions" are the two following bits of repartee:

"One John Scott, famous for Learning, being asked by a young Gallant (who thought to have put him out of Countenance as he sat at Table) what difference there was between a Scott and a Sot? answered suddenly, '*Mensa Tantum.*' (The Table's Breadth), for the other sat over against him."

"A young Lady lately married to one Mr.

Salter, a Gentleman of her Acquaintance pleasantly asked her how far she had got in her P-salter? she wittily answered—"as far as Blessed is the Man!"

Among the poetical matter are verses on "Morning and Evening Devotion," and others on "The Blessing of God on the Business and Comforts of Life,—a Psalm," and "On the Mutability of Words and Things;" also "An Old-fashioned Rhyming Tale," which tells the venerable story of the man, his son and the ass, and the troubles which befel in their attempts to please others as to who should ride, ending:

"Thus he who'd please *All*, and their Good-
liking gain
Shows a Deal of Good-Nature but does it
in Vain."

The editor also records that "The following EPITAPH was taken from a Tomb-Stone of Pennsylvania Marble, lately erected in the Burial-Place opposite the Manufactory House, in Boston. The letters are very well formed: For this Specimen of superior Ability in his Business the young Artist deserves Commendation; though he that cut the Stone is now in the same State with those whom it is intended to commemorate: He was lately shot dead by some lurking Indians on the Frontiers of Pennsylvania." The epitaph is as follows:

JOSIAH FRANKLIN
And

ABIAH, HIS WIFE
Lie here interred

They lived lovingly together in Wedlock
Fifty-five Years

And Without an Estate or any Gainful
Employment,

By Constant Labor and honest Industry
(with God's Blessing)

Maintained a large Family
Comfortably,

And brought up thirteen Children and
Seven Grand-Children

Reputably
 From this Instance, Reader,
 Be encouraged to Dilligence in thy Calling
 And distrust not PROVIDENCE
 He was a pious and prudent Man,
 She a discreet and virtuous Woman
 Their youngest Son
 In filial Regard to their Memory
 Places this Stone
 J. F. born 1655 died 1744
 A. F. born 1667 died 1752

A "supplement" to the first number has obituaries of William Tyler "a noted merchant of this town," and Thomas Fleet, "for many years a considerable printer in this town." The latter has since become "one of the Immortals" through his son-in-law-ship to "Mother Goose," and her effusions were printed at his shop in Pudding Lane, now Devonshire street.

Number two of this early print is made up of abstracts from various authors, ancient and modern, and begins with an article on Cromwell's Private Life from Hume's History of England, which is followed by an essay—"Of the Duty of Authors," from The Humourist.

An "advanced" and somewhat irreverent author supplies a burlesque—"Thirty-nine Articles of a new and uncommon Creed," of which articles the following are samples:

"I believe the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, without any foreign Comments of human Explications but my own: For which I should doubtless be honoured with Martyrdom did I not live in a Government which restrains that fiery Zeal which would reduce a man's Body to Ashes for the illumination of his Understanding.

"I believe that the Word ORTHODOXY is a hard, equivocal, priestly term, that has caused the effusion of more Blood than all the Roman Emperors put together.

"I believe that if the whole Kingdom professed one Religion it would be of no Religion; and that the Variety of Sects in the Nation are a guard against the Tyranny and Usurpation of one another.

"I believe the Transubstantiation of the Elements into Flesh and Blood by the mouth of a Romish Priest, to be equally

possible with the Transmutation of Sinners and Numbsculls into Saints and Scholars by the Hands of a Protestant Priest.

"I believe that Riches, Ornaments and Ceremonies were assumed by the Churches for the Same Reason that Garments were invented by our first Parents.

"I believe that our Faith, like our Stomachs, may be overcharged especially if we are prohibited to chew what we are commanded to swallow.

[7]

The Design, &c.

THE chief Design of this MAGAZINE is to increase, collect and amplify old and new and entertaining and useful Remarks; to confirm improve and illustrate established Doctrines; to communicate uncommon Truths and Intelligence, consisting of such Parts as may gratify the Curiosity and improve the Minds of Persons of all Conditions, and of each Sex. — To promote which good Design, we may reasonably hope for the Assistance of GENIUS, in order to illuminate the several Numbers, with a richer and more delightful Variety of Examples, to form a *Pocket Volume* or *Volumes* containing different and suitable Instruction and Entertainment for all Persons, in all Places, and at all Times.

Various Subjects are almost endless, and new Writers in the present and in following Ages may still find sufficient Follies, Weaknesses, and Dangers among Mankind, to be represented in such a Manner as to guard Youth against them.

As for those Writings which are *most known* and *most received*, they may be placed in so engaging a Light, And illustrated with such apt Allusions, as to appear to have in them all the Graces of Novelty, and make the Reader, who was before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their Truth and Solidity: As we may remember, that any single Circum-
 stance

"I believe that when two Clergymen damn one another neither of them abounds in Christian Charity.

"I believe that Jacob's Prophecy that the Tribe of Levi would be Instruments of Cruelty is verified every Day in the Year.

"I believe that I shall believe that the Clergy are more pious than other Men, when I see good reason to believe it.

"I believe that when a certain King was canonized there was an extraordinary scarcity of Martyrs.

"I believe that if some Magistrates hold their Offices for Life, they would not be afraid of offending every low-lived fellow among their constituents, nor be terrified at the Threats of a Carman or Cobbler."

This is followed by a burlesque on an English publication, "The Economy of Human Life," which seems to have had general currency at the time. It contains advice covering numerous matters, but that applying to dietetics is most interesting, as will be seen in these extracts:

"After fasting so long as the whole Night, even from thy Supper until thy Up-rising very meet it is that thou should break thy Fasting. Let thy Tea-Equipage then be set in trim Array. Let thy Toast and Butter be kept warm until thy Tea be poured forth: They were made to go together. I approve not Coffee, for the same is drying and preyeth upon the Nerves. I approve not Chocolate for that it is heavy and undigest. Amongst the various Tribes of Tea the unadulterate Hyson challengeth the Preference.

"Make a point of Desiring thy Dinner before thou sittest down to it. Earn your brown-bread before you eat it, and always eat that first. If thou wouldst preserve thy Health let thy chosen Dishes be in the Taste of thy Fore-Fathers—plain, simple and solid—The Juices of pure Meat excell, even in Taste, all the sophisticated Compounds of the French Kitchen. Covet not the luxuries of France. What are her Wines but, like the Nation itself, Enemies to a British Constitution. They sow the seeds of intestine Disorders, and should by no means be the Draught of a true Englishman.

"Does the Gout trouble thee, or the Rheumatism disturb thy enjoyments! Learn Temperance. Friend, and hear, without Disdain, the choice of Water. Would you expel that disagreeable Companion? Abstain from Toast and Oysters. Would you prevent its Attack, and foil its Entrance? Be moderate in Exercise, Girls and Sloth.

"Prefer rather the produce of thy own Country. Yet weak Punch is beneficial; it is made of salubrious ingredients; but the Acid sometimes prevaieth and troubleth the Stomach. Good Wine mixed with Water is also friendly to Nature. I admire sound Cyder; and know more of

Physic, as well as of Divinity, than I practice.

"If after a copious Dinner a gentle Languor shall steal upon thy Senses, and the Poppies of Repletion shed their Influence on thy eye-lids, indulge thou kind Nature's Hint. A moderate Slumber, in a Room well defended from the North-East Wind favoreth its Operations in the Task of Digestion; and thou shalt rise re-

To the honourable *Republic* of LETTERS, in *New-England*.

*I play the Loadstone: — Useless and swift
To write myself, I draw an Other's Wit.*

I Hope to deserve the Merit of *attracting* excellent Productions from Persons of the greatest Abilities; to animate a few young Gentlemen into worthy Pursuits, who will be a Glory to *New-England*; and at all Times, and by all possible Means in my Power, of undermining the Interests of Ignorance, Vice and Folly; and of attempting to substitute in their Stead, — Learning, Piety, and good Sense. It is a very honest Action to be studious to produce other Mens Merit; and I make no Scruple of saying I have as much of this Temper as any Man in the World. It would not be a Thing to be bragged of, but that it is what any Man may be Master of who will take Pains enough for it. Much Observation of the Unworthiness in being pained at the Excellence of another, at last brought me to a Scorn of myself for that Unworthiness: and when I got so far, I quickly found it a greater Pleasure than I ever before knew, to be zealous in promoting the Fame and Welfare of the Praise-worthy. I do not speak this as pretending to be a mortified self-denying Man, but as One who has turned his Ambition into a right Channel.

Urbanus Filier.

freshed, and ready for the Amusements of the Evening.

"The Dilution of Tea may also purge thy Brain of obnoxious Fumes, the Reproach of Plenitude; the same shall also gratefully enliven thy Spirits and nip Diseases in the Bud. Man knoweth not a greater Friend."

Then follows "A Relation of the Superstitions, Activities and extra-

ordinary Behavior of the Abbé de Paris," whose whole life is said to have been "and especially the latter part of it, one continued scene of the most absurd Superstition."

Attention is also called to "a parallel of Names politely bestowed on those famous Poets—Mr. Pope and Mr. Dryden by certain of their Contemporaries to show them that the greatest as well as the meanest Mortals are continually liable to the Contempt and Censure of their Enemies." These names applied to these poets, by writers whose names are given, are: An Ape, An Ass, A Frog, A Coward, A Knave, A Fool, and a Thing!

Number two, like its predecessor has numerous versified contributions. Its last article is an effusion To Mira, a song by the author of a Poem entitled "The Antigonian Beauties," some time ago applied to an assembly of Bostonian Beauties." "Mira" was "a peach," as appears in the three stanzas selected from the half dozen or more which compose the tribute:

Ye Charmers who shine
At the Tea-Table, Toilet, Assembly or Ball,
Whose Influ'nce divine
Not Helicon Lasses, nor yet the three
Graces
Can equal at all:
Come deign to inspire your Poet with Fire
From eyes that such numberless victories
gain;
To sing the Complexion, Eyes, Lips and

Perfection
Of Mira, the Queen of the beautiful Train.
Her Bosom discloses
A whiteness the fairest that Nature can
show,
While Lillies and Roses
Contend for Perfection to form her Com-
plexion,
The finest below.
Her lips humid Coral, but how much be-
fore all,
That Nature delights to produce in the
Main.
Then when shall we find lavish Heaven so
kind
As in Mira, the Queen of the beautiful
Train.

Ye sons of the Nine,
Who can climb to the Clouds in limited
Stile,
And boldly design
In spite of the Fates to possess large
Estates
Upon Citheron Hill—
Would you jump into fame and acquire a
great name?
Leave praising the great Ones, 'tis labor in
vain;
And learn 'tis your Duty to sing the bright
Beauty
Of Mira, the Queen of the Beautiful Train.

As a picture of Boston literature of a century and a half ago these early copies of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE are most interesting both, in themselves and in comparison with the magazine of to-day, and the contrast suggests the reflection—What will be the current Boston literature of a century and a half in the future? In view of the world's progress since 1758 no human imagination can grasp the possibilities of that distant period.

New Year's Eve

By KATHARINE GILMAN GROVE

Upon the earth soft shone the radiant beams
Of pale curved moon, and a long-lingering star
Through heaped grey clouds its lonely vigil kept,
And watched from realms afar.

While on the dial which marks the fleeting hours
From that great oneness of eternal dawn,
Time's finger wrote, nor feared a charge so grave,
And a new year was born.

Plymouth Beach

By RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN

Here by the sedgy shallows of the bay,
Across the long white arm of sea-tossed sand,
The first New England lovers looked, one day,
Off towards their native land.

A shadowy, homeless continent behind,
The tossing wilderness of sea before,
And inarticulate voices of the wind
Along a stranger shore.

Far in the distance of the elder world
They dreamed they saw the lights of England shine,
And men, and cities, and the flag unfurled
Of ancient royal line.

Dreamed they as well of cities yet to be,
Of the new flag, new world, new glorious years?—
Of coming children, and the harmony
Of all their joys and tears?

Ah, who can say? But, hand in hand, they turned,
Leaving the lonely ocean, to the West,
The lesson of the wilderness half learned,—
That work and love are best.

Behind them now the shrines of ancient kings,
The splendid, sordid past; before, the sod
Where slept the first whose brave imaginings
Saw the new world untrod.

"We two," they said, "will work like them, and sleep
With neither name nor stone to mark the place;
And what we sow may other lovers reap,
After a little space."

To-day upon the same long sedgy shore
We watch the tide roll up the shallow bay,
With thronging thoughts of those who nevermore
Shall pass again this way.

Behind us, as for them, the outworn past;
Before, a dark mysterious waste of years.
Sometimes all perilously overcast
With clouds of boding fears.

But in our veins they poured their fervid blood,—
The blood of Pilgrim yeomen, sound and sage,
And ours it is to stand where they have stood,
To keep their heritage.

Then let us swear together to be true,
And hand in hand into the West go on,
To prove that love and labor still may do
What they have ever done;

Content if, like those lovers long ago,
We sleep in nameless graves of low degree,
Yet in our children's children worthier grow,
Far through the years to be.













everywhere. Not every farmer or shopkeeper even in populous eastern Massachusetts, is right on a trolley road, but every one can have the telephone in his house or office, and very many of them do. No man, of course, who is on the telephone is out of the world. He can call up, or be called up by, any one of hundreds of thousands of other New Englanders. The family ten or fifteen miles out has many of the essential advantages of being in the city. The extraordinary alertness of the telephone companies in taking steps to bring forward their ideal of an era in which practically everybody in the United States can be communicated with over the lines of one interconnected system has projected the telephone into every nook and corner of New England. They have had abundant problems to solve. Installations in scantily peopled districts are expensive, and yet the rates must be low to secure business. Nothing however has checked the solicitor's zealous efforts to convince the farm-dweller that he can get quickest to the city without leaving his own house. The services, in some instances, have been established by coöperation between the telephone people and the agriculturists. The poles have been erected and the line strung by local labor, generally performed in the less busy months. The item of labor cost in construction has in this way been reduced to a minimum. The local traffic is frequently carried on by the farmers' company, while a special arrangement admits of toll and long distance connection with the far-reaching Bell lines. More often, however, in this section it has been discovered to be most satisfactory for the telephone companies

themselves to push their own services as they can, making the best possible inducements for rural residents to urbanize their business methods and social avocations.

A great annexation of territory by telephone has been taking place in the past few months in Rhode Island, where the Providence telephone company has been securing subscribers in practically every hamlet, from Watch Hill and Weepaug up to the borders of that beautiful Massachusetts water, Lake Chaugbunagungamaug. A more telephonically unified district than little Rhode Island would be hard to find. The utility has done as much certainly as any one agency to make city and state identical. It is making "rural" and "rustic" no longer synonymous.

Connecticut displays the same phenomenon of widening spheres of urban influence. The isolation of wooded hills and winding valleys is disappearing. The state has long been filled with manufacturing cities, separated by intermediate stretches where the early New England conditions have been persistent. These latter are still rural, so far as charm goes, but they are no longer isolated. The whole state is bound together with an intricate network of telephone wires. As was brought out at a hearing before a committee of the Connecticut legislature a few months ago, apropos of an attempt to introduce into local telephony the extremely undesirable principle of competition, "It appears that probably nowhere else in the civilized world, and certainly not in the United States, is there a territory of the same dimensions as that covered by the Southern New England telephone company where the

telephonic development is as great as in Connecticut."

Although such a comparison may appear invidious to other districts of New England, such as eastern or central Massachusetts or southwestern Maine, which are also proud of their records in ready adoption of this as of other public utilities, it is at any rate true that one travelling for business or pleasure through southern New England is constantly surprised at the evidences everywhere of use made of the telephone, not only in the cities and villages but in the most isolated settlements. In some of the hill towns of the western part of the state where there is a considerable population of summer residents, the proportion of telephones to population is better than one in ten—a rather unusual development, although the companies are looking forward to a day when there will be throughout the country an average proportion of one telephone to five persons. For the record that is being achieved in Connecticut, the industrial character of the state and the freedom from competition under legislative restrictions which have made it incumbent on the operating company to give efficient service, are no doubt mainly responsible.

Throughout rural New England one is everywhere impressed with the fact that most of the suburban-looking farmhouses have telephone connection. If a place is particularly prosperous and well kept up, look for the familiar wires running in from a pole in front of the house. The farmhouse, on the other hand, that is in a condition to be renovated or abandoned, rarely has the utility. So, too, the prosperous appearing country factory, employing a few score of people, always has

the telephone in its office, affording means of instantaneous communication with the buying and selling agencies of the outside world. The mill, on the other hand, that looks as if the next pay roll must be the last, is almost certain to be innocent of the modern convenience.

The amusing and strange anecdotes that go the rounds of the newspapers, showing the usefulness of the country telephone, illustrate absolutely the theme of this article. The tendency is altogether to bring those things which the city especially esteems within easy reach of the whole section so that feelings of local consciousness disappear. An incident recorded the other day shows how the services of the urban physician have been made available almost anywhere by telephone. A man had been seriously hurt in the Maine woods and, in the absence of any practicing physician, his doctor in a city several hundred miles away was called up. Apprised of the nature of the injuries, the physician was able to perform a rather difficult surgical operation by proxy, giving directions step by step to the patient's friends, who did the actual work as prescribed. In all medical history there has perhaps not been a more remarkable projection of skill than that.

And everywhere in country homes one listens to similar stories of the value of the instrument which Dr. Bell invented. The wife of a sick farmer insists on its being put in so that she may be enabled to summons the doctor at any moment, day or night, and she finds its connection with the nearby city so invaluable that she cannot dispense with it after her husband's recovery. The storekeeper installs a pay sta-

tion, and it earns for itself good sums from people of the neighborhood who have never appreciated what it means to save their time. The telephone is in short about the greatest urbanizer on record.

Agricultural progress in New England is of a sort to make the modern farmer a city man rather than a rustic. That people for many years have been moving from the farms into the towns, everybody knows. That still other people have been moving from the more distant and less desirable farms into those close to the cities, has not perhaps been so generally noticed. Prosperity waits upon suburban agriculture. You don't as a rule find much degeneration within a radius of ten miles of a sizable city. The farmer within that circle has his market all made for him: Whatever of the necessities of life will thrive on his land he can easily sell in the adjacent city. The outlying districts, meantime, tend more and more to revert to woodland—a generally favorable tendency, for the growing of timber in accordance with scientific principles is likely in the near future to be exceedingly profitable in many parts of New England. Cultivation of white pine is already in progress, and the ever increasing demand for chestnut wood for telephone and telegraph poles and railway ties makes it desirable that owners of hillside property should clear out the less valuable hardwoods—the oaks, birches and hickories—in favor of this industrially indispensable lumber.

The work of the agricultural colleges and experiment stations is assisting this tendency toward the urbanization of farm life. The leaders of agricultural practice have

probably come to understand pretty well the extreme hopefulness of much more of it. Investigations now going on at Amherst, Durham, Kingston and other stations especially encourage farming for the nearby markets. The acres of rock-strewn ridges that were in rye or oats in our grandfathers' time are now in timber. It's a question to-day of products for the city's needs that can be raised within easy hauling distance of the city—milk and butter; eggs and poultry; plums, apples and peaches; lettuce, celery and cauliflower; roses, violets, pansies and chrysanthemums.

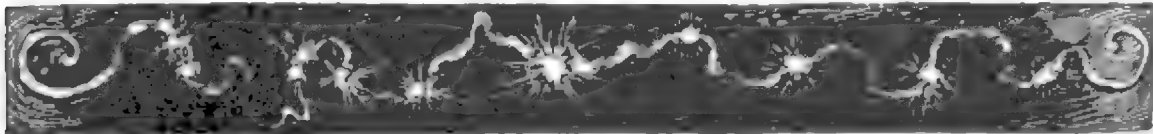
The agricultural problem is one entirely of adjustment. At the Hatch experiment station, connected with the Massachusetts Agricultural college, there is going on at this writing a series of investigations into the composition of the soils of Massachusetts with a view to ascertaining with scientific precision their adaptability to different crops. This research work is more fundamental, and may lead to larger results, than the layman might at first thought suppose, for it involves the application of a principle that has only lately come into general acceptance: namely, that the mechanical composition of a soil (that is, the relative size of the particles of matter composing it) are more important than the chemical composition in determining its productivity. You cannot take any old sand heap and by application of the appropriate fertilizers make it produce any crop that will grow in the climate; you have to start with assurance that the sand is of the right quality. What can be effectively raised in a given region is to a large extent predetermined by glacial deposits

dropped in the ice age. It is this particular, almost fatalistic, character which has made the soil of Cape Cod good for cranberries, of the Connecticut valley for tobacco and of the Boston basin for celery and lettuce.

Once the possible productivity of each geological district in New England has been determined analytically, waste of effort will be inexcusable. The highest use will then be made—as to an extent it already is made—of the land in the neighborhood of the cities, and the population resident on the land will be less and less class-distinct from the people of the town.

A further exhibit might be made of facts showing that the New England countryside is not only being urbanized, but is becoming cosmopolitan as well; though that is

rather another story. The polygot population of the manufacturing cities is steadily overflowing upon the land. About Boston in every direction the Italians are taking up the cheaper acres and making them productive. The Poles have entered all the valleys of Connecticut and western Massachusetts. Greek mill operatives of Lowell and Lawrence are found living on farms in the adjoining townships. The white Portuguese and black Cape Verde inlanders have spread from New Bedford throughout the Cape Cod region. Among the hills around Fitchburg you will find industrious Finish families. The presence of these alien races undoubtedly brings problems which is a part of American optimism to believe will be solved successfully.



Emily Bronte

By MARGARET ASHMUN

By sorry destiny her life was flung
 Among the bleak, bare hills; her toilful days
 Were passed amidst that loneliness that slays
 As surely as the sword. Around her swung
 Not once the fairy cloud-land of the young;
 No flowering joy unfolded to her gaze;
 No lover's kiss, no fawning public's praise,
 Made glad the savage hill-top where she clung.

O, strong, unfaltering spirit, little need
 Hadst thou of happiness! O, heart of dust,
 Once crying, clamoring passion, what indeed
 To thee were glory and its worldly lust?
 No more is genius than its own high meed—
 Thine own great soul sufficeth. Fate is just.

Barbarism in Maine

Study of Mr. Wasson's Charges

By ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

THE rural degeneracy horror has lately bobbed up in a new and particularly sensational form. We have heard a good deal about the decay of religion in New Hampshire, about decadent hill towns in western Massachusetts, and about lost villages in Connecticut. This time the cry comes from Maine. Mr. George S. Wasson, an uncommonly painstaking student of social conditions, analyzes the depravity of a Maine fishing village and gives us the result in a novel called "The Green Shay." There is the usual shriek of disapproval, the usual charge of falsehood, the usual branding of the author as a calamity-howler out gunning for notoriety. Meanwhile Mr. Bliss Perry and Mr. William Dean Howells, both of whom know Mr. Wasson and the village he describes, vouch for his fidelity to fact. So do the men of the Life Saving Service, and if anybody understands the barbarism of certain degenerate fishing villages

"down in Maine," they do, for they see it in action when wrecks come ashore.

Says Joel Kentle, of Kentle's Harbor, where the scene of "The Green Shay" is laid:

"I was quite a spell into the Life Savin' Station over acrost right handy-by to the Harbor, and the high jinks we seen to wracks sometimes was scand'lous and no mistake; but it's God's own truth that the very worst works ever we seen tried on to wracks was by them that claimed to be extry pious style of folks. Let me jest take and tell you. Elder, what I heard an old cap'n say one time in regards to them things. I heard this old sir eighty-odd year old, that had been into wracks and scrapes 'most everywhere salt water flowed, I heard him stand right up man-fashion one time and say like this: 'As true's ever I live and breathe,' says he, 'ef I was to be cast away again with my vessel, I'd lieveser take chances on the coast

[EDITOR'S NOTE: It is difficult for one who knows the thrift, manliness and culture for which New England stands, both at home and abroad, to realize that such conditions as are described in this article exist, even in remote hamlets, in Maine. Yet here is the word of Mr. Hartt, who has made investigation of the decadent communities, a trained newspaper man on the staff of the Boston Transcript. Here also is the word of W. D. Howells, Editor of Harper's and of Bliss Perry, Editor of the Atlantic; and these certainly are difficult to gainsay. While the Editor of THE NEW ENGLAND does not believe such conditions are broadly representative of our country communities, any more than Mr. Perry, or Mr. Howells, or Mr. Wasson, or Mr. Hartt does, it is time for New England to rouse herself and wipe out the stain on the fringe of her fair garments. We have millions for foreign missions. Does not missionary work as well as charity begin at home? We invite the special attention of our readers to this as well as two other articles in this same number, "Urbanizing Rural New England" and "New Clairvaux," both on rural topics but presenting other sides of the case.]

of Patagony, or the Feejee Islants, any old place on the face o' God's whole footstool that ever I been yit,' says he, 'in room of right here to home plumb in sight of church steeples!'"

This is no exaggeration. The condition it portrays may be rare, but it's certainly pronounced. Summer before last a handsome steamboat stranded on the Maine coast and the way the natives looted her would have done credit to an allied army marching on Pekin. Sailing craft fare no better in these dangerous nooks of the coast, and when the Life Saving people interfere, the natives rage like the heathen. While the "Seraph" is coming ashore, Mr. Wasson makes Captain Jasper say: "That packet is spoke for dead sure, unless'n this wind should take and backen in to the nor'ard, or them dev'lish Life Savin' folks spots her, and come rowin' acrost here hell-bent in their boat, a-shovin' in their noses same's they always cal'late on! . . . I call it jest fairly scand'lous the way they worked it the last two wracks ever we had. You might say every time we do git a one anywheres 'round here now'-days, the way them devils play it on us is nothin' in the world only jest steppin' right in and jerkin' the bread plumb out of folkses' mouths!"

These interesting views are vigorously supported by Deacon Cant-hook, who observes: "The way I look at it, you come to take reg'lar-built out-and-out pirates, and they're full better everyways than that plaguey troop of robbers over acrost therè to that Station."

Lijah thinks wrecking an admirable pursuit! "T'ain't no part of stealin' to take and borry what you

can from a wrack: that's real cute and cunnin', that is!"

But the decadent fishing village has certain other failings that no one will describe as "cute and cunning." Kentle's Harbor has improved since "Elder" Rowland came there, but its condition ten years ago may be taken as typical of many an unimproved village along that coast to-day. "At the Harbor, and in the country about, drunkenness had become so common as scarcely to excite remark; many unmarried couples lived together as man and wife, separating, reuniting, and again changing partners at pleasure, while dozens of children grew to manhood unable to read or write. Kentle's Harbor, in fact, was but one of numerous small communities now scattered over a great portion of New England which were gradually but surely going to the bad for want of real stimulation and help. . . .

"With some exceptions, young men of any ambition or energy had felt obliged to leave the town; a majority of those remaining were content to pick up a precarious living at lobstering and small boat-fishing, lounging about the wharves or certain other resorts when ashore, and getting more or less drunk at every possible opportunity. . . .

"It was a strange truth that among all those at present earning their living upon the water in one way and another less than half a dozen were able to swim a stroke. In the mysteries of policy and like amusements the majority were well versed. As the merest children most of them smoked, chewed, and swore inces-

santly; boys in their early teens bragged openly of the amount of rum they could walk off with, but marbles and peg-top, leap-frog and swimming were all equally unknown to the youth of Kentle's Harbor in the year of our Lord 189. . . .

"Whether the so-called New England conscience differs materially from any other potential moral sense developed outside of Yankeedom may be open to question. That persons possessing sufficiently acute consciences still existed in the town of Kentle's Harbor can by no means be denied; still all things considered, to have directed a student of psychology thither to search for cases of the much talked of New England variety to-day can only be regarded in the nature of a cruel practical joke."

Skipper Asa states the case neatly when he says, "If there's any city-places that need shaking up and airing out and overhauling all'round worse'n some o' these little country places I could name over to you, why all I say is, God help the city-places!"

The Harbor's fall from grace is fairly easily explained. The coasting fleet, which called Kentle's Harbor into being, has dwindled away to the vanishing point, and the rotting hulks of the old coasting vessels litter the nooks and crannies of harbors from Quoddy Head to Sandy Hook. Fishing remains to some extent, and to some extent the summer-boarder industry has been developed, but there is as yet no sufficient business at the Harbor. Hence a most alarming exodus of the young and strong, and an equally alarming stay-at-home propensity on the part of the weak and

worthless. It is natural selection the other end to—the survival of the unfittest. As Obed puts it, "The heft of the old seed-folks lays up back o' the meetin'-house; all the young fry that amounts to shucks has to git out of this for a livin', and the krawm that stops to home breeds a mess of spawn'd that ain't wuth the powder 't would take to blow 'em to—well, call it bally-hack! . . . It's been all of fifty year now since the tide first commenced to pinch off, and it's been ebb tide with us ever since. It's dreened out and dreened out on us, till seem's though now it must be low-water-slack, and no mistake!"

The village church has been "dreened out" with all the rest. Young ruffians munch popcorn and peanuts in back pews, tobacco-spitting defiles the floor from one end of the sacred place to the other, and the minister gets a salary of three hundred dollars a year—when he gets it! The sort of parson Kentle's Harbor secures for that ridiculous price may readily be imagined. Says Master Fairway: "I never call it no great object to go and set under some pore old has-been that's got no buckram left into him, nor yit to hear one o' these 'ere young squirts same's they ship down here summer-times to preach out their grub and lodgin'! That last poor little shoat we had here wa'n't scarcely old enough to wear galluses, anyways, and I never figgered them kind was over and above fittin' to tell us no great sight in regards to the hereafter, nor nothin' else neither, that we ain't knowin' to a'ready!" But Master Fairway let the Kentle's Harbor ministers down easy. Some of them had "records."

And preaching is ticklish business

in the degenerate fishing village. The people are most of them smugly contented with the lax moral, religious and educational condition of the community; the first suggestion of improvement arouses a perfect delirium of protest, and the parson goes kiting. When the Rev. Mr. Rowland came to Kentle's Harbor, Skipper Asa gave him a solemn warning: "Let me tell you, Elder, that without you're independent rich, if ever you cal'late on stopping long to Kentle's Harbor, you'll have to be extra careful how you go treading on folkses' corns! You don't want to see nor hear only about so much without you can figure your grub bill down pretty fine." Yet Mr. Rowland spoke his mind, when the time came, and a new era began at the Harbor.

Now it is Mr. Wasson's firm conviction that the regeneration of the lost fishing village (and let us remember that he isn't suggesting regeneration for those that aren't lost), can be accomplished by the regeneration of its village church.

He has written "The Green Shay" to show the measureless possibilities that await the right man if he will devote himself to this heroic task. "The Green Shay" is a ringing Macedonian cry from the coast of Maine, and it deserves a hearing wherever there's manhood enough to face an appalling condition courageously.

"What Laban Rowland is doing in Kentle's Harbor," says Mr. Wasson, "proper men may do with comparatively slight financial assistance in many other remote places in equally desperate need of help. That there is, especially of late years, a great and constantly increasing call for such men and work in many parts of old New England, no one who will honestly investigate can deny. To more than one recent dumbfounded seeker after stubborn facts in the matter, has come the overpowering conviction that the exigencies of our own neglected kith and kin at home are at present more pressing than those of the heathen in far distant lands."

Ghosts

By KONAN MACHUGH

The winter night fell black and still,
No moon, no breath of air,
But white ghosts gathered on vale and hill
And the morning found them there.

For lo! the frost had been out all night
And wantonly at play
Left all the trees in frost blooms dight,—
White ghosts of the flowers of May.

Ben Franklin in Boston

How He Revisited His Birthplace in 1906 and What He Thought of It; as Told By Himself and Set Down

By BURTON KLINE

NOTHING has ever amused me more than to remark of mortals—the average of them—though I by no means hold any one of them in blame for it—that they all think upon the highly interesting and diverting matter of their death with so little frequency and prepare for it with so little care. Ever so disposed at all times in history, they seem especially negligent of this important human experience in this which they are pleased to call their twentieth century. Even when death is almost unmistakably at hand, they either affect not to observe it, or else are sincerely and blissfully blind to its presence. A man will sit down to a piece of mince pie, passing the maximum that the strongest may with impunity allow himself; or he will go to Philadelphia; and with a smile on his face, incredibly careless of the eternal quietude that may seize upon him in either case and wind up his earthly affairs forever.

What is especially salient in this vital phenomenon of the present is that at the same time that men are so ignoring death in their thoughts, they are daring it in their deeds with an effrontery greater than at any other period that human history can show. As time and mortal conditions stand now, a man cannot attempt the crossing of a city street—Tremount street in Boston, once succulent with grass which kine nibbled

undisturbed at busy noon—but an automobile may cut him down and whisk him out of the mortal state, even before he has time to grant that pardon for which the humble driver is so sure to appeal. A man may not seat himself now, even in the best of taverns, to a simple broiled chicken, but some ptomaine which has been engendered in it through months of gainful cold storage, will take him off, almost certainly with never a will or testament of any description behind him to distribute in seemly manner the goods which he is as certain to leave in disordered array, such is the appalling imprudence ruling among men at the present time. And yet it is now, in this precarious day of the automobile, the stock market, the great navy and the (to me) unbelievably involved transactions of life generally; when it is possible for commercial, moral and physical disaster, and especially possible for death, to overtake men from so many unexpected quarters,—that they accord this matter of death an inattention that is incredible to one who lived in my day and who, like myself, has passed the ordeal and looks with our immortal understanding upon this life that men now lead, so exquisitely fragile as it is, its towering hopes and plans and ambitions so ready at a moment to collapse and come to nothing.

I account this the one significant

difference between the present time and the period in which it was my privilege to wear the mortal coil; and I put it down here at the head of these final observations which I am moved to add to the record I left of my life. But perhaps I should first explain how I happen to be back here again, lest what I write be lost, or be taken for nothing, and so miss the serious errand I would send it upon. Naturally an old man will drool a little, let him guard as he may against the garrulity common to his years. I can only let my observations go for what they will.

Not many nights ago Sir Oliver Lodge delivered a lecture in London on the Relation of Science and Religion. In the course of it he indulged some of his beliefs on the immortality of the soul, with some views on how much of human individuality may be expected to persist after death. He even touched upon the time-worn topic of reincarnation. It was possible, he granted, that on death the average mortal became merged in a great collective mass of personality. The great man, however, seemed to him likely to experience a more distinguished fate. He was great in life, said Sir Oliver, according to that portion of this great collective mass of personality that by luck or by the exertion of his own powers he was able to attract and absorb into his consciousness while alive. On departing the mortal state he would be likely to continue in possession of this larger individuality, and so enjoy a larger freedom in the hereafter than that allotted to the lesser person. This makes an amusing belief, but hardly, I suspect, a comforting one to the great generality of men, who,

though not considerable personages, have all a very considerable and very human unwillingness to be wound up utterly and forever when they die.

How much of Sir Oliver's hypothesis is true, I cannot in honor divulge of my mysterious and sacred state. He is right in so far as that I in my own case find myself free to gratify again a wish that I always possessed, and, as often as I could, gratified while myself alive. That wish was and is the desire to revisit the scenes of my youth in Boston. I always accomplished this at least once in ten years, during the mortal state, although since then pressure of business has prevented me from so doing until now. But the present occasion offered an appropriateness that I could not well resist. Exactly two hundred years having, come this January, elapsed since my birth in Boston, I took it as quite the proper moment to renew these old associations. And hence this joyful, and in some respects unprecedented, re-treading of the old ways and lanes of my native town.

Such of them as are left! I arrived at the South Station early on a Monday morning. Being obliged to subscribe to mortal conditions now that I had once more undertaken the mortal estate, I went to breakfast in the station. Always frugal, especially in my youth, I contented myself with a boiled egg—or what I took to be such—and a glass of milk. I had warned myself, on determining upon this adventure, that I might expect many surprises in life, many changes, some of them certain to shock and grieve. The first and the worst of these was the differ-

ence in the food. Eggs, for example, have now, to be sure, the appearance that I was always accustomed to expect of an egg; but the taste is not the same, and, I feel obliged to add, is somewhat inferior to those which my father was in the habit of buying from the Pymys in Cross Lane. The milk too was equally white with the delicious fluid I quaffed as a boy; but with that one particular the resemblance ceased, much to my regret. The matter interested me not inconsiderably at the time, as indicating the patience of the present day man. It interested me even more when, on my afterwards learning that all articles of modern day food are apt to suffer thus from the long storage they are subjected to, I was helped by that fact to understand the intricate economy of the life now led.

Upon finishing my slight repast I sallied forth in a naturally eager curiosity, to observe what, then, were these changes and improvements in life that I had heard so liberally trumpeted up from earth. This South Station I found indeed a commodious place, but of an ugliness that I was surprised to find almost everywhere else. Many things have indeed been designed by now to add to human comfort; the world is a better place to live in than it was; but it is uglier now than it ever has been. Without, I afterwards found the station to be of much dignity. But from its interior I carried away the impression of insufferable clangor, a long line of unsightly fencing, a confusion of signs painted and distributed without a thought of beauty of form or arrangement, and a feeling generally that the eye was everywhere offended. This impression was not altered, but only added

to, wherever I went in my travels once more about the mundane sphere.

My eagerness to see Boston once more, however, cut short any lingering study of railroad economy I might have been moved to in the station. I immediately quitted the building—and immediately got lost. Truly Boston has changed. My progress up the street was halted at every step by something new that engaged my attention. Changes there were until my senses reeled with the effort of observation. The whole face of things was altered. For the first hour I barely knew where I was or whither I was going. Old thoroughfares were obliterated, old and handsome houses were removed; and where the former street remained, its appearance was newer and made the scene more unfamiliar than if it had been annihilated. And that Boston should be so populous! The shock of that first hour, greater than anything I was prepared for, I shall always remember.

And yet when I came to study things more closely, how much of old Boston remained! I stopped to listen to what conversation I could overhear on the street. The manner common to Boston people—for even in my day they had arrived at an elevated demeanor, which may have amused me in certain moments where I found it exaggerated, but in the main was always pleasing—had scarcely improved. One would expect too much to have it so. I was quite content to take it again as it was. The accent of their speech, its freedom and elevation, were also all there with the goods. What a treat, then, to remark all these former virtues not dissipated in the flimsiness of this latter age,

but persisting by the force of their own excellence. Except for some slight changes in raiment—I will not call them improvements for the man who has a comely calf—and except for their greatly quickened step, these that I passed on the narrow walks might have been companions of mine in the eighteenth century. they were so like, even to that quaint green bag which I remember having seen in Boston in my earliest days, perhaps then just making its first appearance to public view. Indeed some specimens of this article that I saw only yesterday I am certain of having seen as a boy.

Naturally these circumstances put me at once at ease. I felt so much at home, so much a modern already, that I went into a cigar store, and afterwards did as I noticed many do; that is, I halted a youth on the corner and remarked in a commanding and familiar tone, "Say, sport, gimme a match, will ye?" I even thought well of myself for bringing off this stroke so neatly at the first attempt.

But I must quicken the progress of my narrative and proceed to the humble recommendations I would make with the hope of improving the present turn of mind in certain important particulars. Anyway all that I have observed I could not hope to catalogue anywhere except in the book I see I must write. Most of the wonders of the present mode of life I think I saw; and wonder, of great and mixed sort, they did compel of me. It is scarcely needful to note that I visited the site of my birth—which is on Milk street, a few steps from Washington, whatever may be said to the contrary in dispute. The Old South Meeting house, too, whither they carried

me for baptism on the very day of my birth, so solicitous was my father for the salvation of my soul, I included in this reverent duty. (The old clock in the tower, I may add, is as unreliable as ever!) Thence I went to Dock square, searching for the point on Union street where also our family dwelt some years, my father making candles the while, and I spending many hours of drudgery in clipping his wicks. The State House I visited too, where again the perversity of modern taste is exhibiting itself in the cacky yellow paint which they were spreading upon it.

And so over the whole town and community I have wandered, touching with a timid but reverent forefinger any stone which I thought might have rested where it did in the times of old. I sauntered out Marlborough street (now Washington) along what was once Boston Neck, a prominent point in our Colonial struggles. I called at the spot along Dorchester Bay where occurred that episode—now mentioned in the school histories, I hear—of our building a fishing wharf of the foundation stones we boyishly and thoughtlessly abstracted. (As if that were the only or even the noteworthy escapade which a healthy and spirited youth like myself ever figured in! There was that one in which, by means of a nail, a ball of cord, and a piece of rosin, we so frightened that timid old lady. It is an ancient trick.—But I wander from the course of my tale.) Harvard College has grown at a pace that probably measures fairly well the growth that is apparent generally now in life and in all life's particulars. I passed the college not without amusement to recollect

the sentiments with which I once passed that institution. Then I was the son of the poor tallow chandler, unable to view this great dispenser of the learning I then so craved without some bitterness and envy of the youths who, more fortunate than I, were comfortably drinking in all that I was helplessly thirsting for. Subsequently the authorities did honor the chandler's son, then become learned in electricity and a considerable figure in the world, with the degree of Master of Arts. But I could not help recollecting also yesterday, as I recollected at the time of its conferment, that Harvard had granted me this honor only when Yale had first demonstrated that the proceeding was entirely safe and proper!

Thus everywhere I have roamed the community, busily observant of the people, their manners, their achievements, and the life they lead. The reader will thank me for refraining from the jokes that are of old accustomed to be passed about Boston, its people and its ways—the bespectacled, severe-looking women who ride in its street cars, their green bags on their laps, their faces buried in a book; the kindly old gentlemen who stalk down State street and make great fortunes while clothed in habiliments that would draw smiles in a Vermont village. It is all idiosyncratic, but these high buildings, these swift and sickening elevators, the elevated railroad, the steamships, the great railroad yards,—these things are as idiosyncratic, and of much more than of Boston. It is of these that I must treat.

Yes, these are wonders that move the world in these days. I have looked about me in a kind of humble stupor, to mark what people do now

beyond what we did two hundred years ago. The simple spark I drew down from the clouds on my kite string yesterday whisked me up twelve stories in an elevator—leaving my stomach to travel up the stairs! It sped me from good General Warren's statue in Roxbury to Bunker Hill in twenty minutes on the elevated railway. It ordered my dinner for me over the telephone; it cooked that dinner for me; I even got an electric shock when they handed me my score therefor. There are great ironworks, where the metal is handled as giants could not. There are great ships, warehouses filled with impossible stores of goods that puzzled me to understand how they could all be used up in a century. In one of the banks they showed me something of the immensely involved transactions of the financial world—how credits are tangled up with one another all over the globe, so that no unit may totter and fall but the whole structure will be shaken and ruin wrought widespread. A man in my day felt important if he received two letters a day and could compass the writing of a like number. Now everybody, the children on their way to school, read two newspapers, and sometimes more, every day—papers that make me laugh as I think of my poor Gazette. In my time we got the news from London a month behindhand. Now a man thinks himself ill-informed if he does not every minute of the day keep track of the doings of the whole world.

It is a larger, a more rapid life. My poor nerves are frayed with it already. How the mortal of the present endures it I know not, save it be that his constitution has been keyed up to it through the genera-

tions, each generation accustoming itself to live at slightly the more rapid pace.

And yet, and yet—I am not wholly enthusiastic over this difference in our modes of living, that of these people and that of mine own times. This feeling is intensified when I survey the difference from the larger perspective of the immortal. I stood and studied what they call a locomotive the other day. Fine it was, a magnificent application of principle, natural law cunningly harnessed to its work. Yet still, I thought, how crude. Only fourteen per cent. of the energy in that coal in the tender put to use, the rest of it sent puffing up the stack. There were the great drivers, higher than I. Small wonder that we flew with those things sent reeling over the rails. Yet rills of oil trickled down the spokes out of bearings here and there. And I thought what a clumsy contrivance after all. Where is the cunning that, while so cleverly harnessing one natural force, could not at the same time fool the other natural law of friction.

And so that locomotive is typical of its age. Wonderful it is, and yet crude still. They go fast in these days, but only by the plentiful use of oil. The men of these times are fond of imagining that the stores of knowledge they have collected exhaust the possibilities of human learning, that there cannot be much more to be known beyond what they have now discovered. This, when the present state of human information, compared with what is yet knowable to human minds—and this does not include what must ever be unknowable to finite senses—stands as a pea beside a body the size of

the sun itself! No, the world is crude still, and ugly, as it would grieve these moderns to be told.

I began this chapter with remarking how mortals of the present day reflect with the greatest reluctance upon death. That is but typical. The modern exerts a really remarkable ingenuity to escape the serious thought of any order. The serious and the painful are now thought the same. I know that the serious thought has ever been the unwelcome thought in all generations—Jesus Christ knew that—but it has never been so unwelcome as now. In that one matter, as I have said, lies after all the greatest difference between these times and those when I was alive. For after all, judging them from the perspective of all time, how short a step of human advancement is marked over my detection of the identity of lightning and electricity by even Marconi's calling down out of nowhere into human ken the idea of wireless telegraphy. Between all the achievements of this day and those of mine, seen from the same perspective, there is this same inconsiderable advancement. The difference in the two periods I do acknowledge to be in some respects immense; but it lies not, as the people of to-day suppose, in the things of the material.

In my time men gathered together by no means so much of earthly stores as they are gathering to-day; but what we accomplished was accomplished with a finish that is wanting now. There was a flourish to life then; then life was wine which was sipped with joy and its bouquet discussed. Now men swallow their existence in capsule form. I would not disparage the present.

Above all I would not be thought—although I own I may be—that dolt who bores never more than when he compares the times of his youth to the great disadvantage of the accomplishments of men in the time of his old age. There have lately been performances in statecraft, in science, in local government—I need only mention the election of Mr. Jerome and the invention of Bliffkins's mousetrap—beside which any performance of mine or of my time sinks into unimportance. John Hay did service for his country that equals anything of mine. And yet, though we of the eighteenth understood little of the arts and cared for them less, had no music and only indifferent painters, we understood the great art of living, which seems correspondingly unknown in this twentieth century. Now the human dog, so to say, has too many fleas to enjoy being a dog.

I fear I am a disappointed visitor, but I am one not without hope. Times will change yet more, and men will improve. Just now I am only amused, at the same time shaking a sad head, at the pompousness of the modern, who has wrought so much less than he thinks he has. These men of to-day are bred to rear great navies, great merchant ships, buildings of thirty stories, that look solid and promise eternal endurance. They think these are the great achievements, the matters that are important and will last. They have gained great knowledge of facts in nature. They can at once pronounce upon the composition of any new mineral, can trace the course of the planets, and know that crystals are put together after a fashion that makes them amazingly like living forms. This they are

proud of having discovered, and call it being very wise. They bend to their desks all day and into the night, comically blind to their inconsistency. Primarily they are obliged to toil in the first place only that they may have bread to eat and that they may associate in decent clothing with other men and may disport themselves in the great company of human society without fear of missing any of the requirements necessary to that first hand function of existence. They toil that their body may be fed and draped, and that the mind may give itself up to the pleasures of being a conscious, an appreciative thing, surrounded by beauties of rock and tree no less than by the thoughts of other minds. But these, the real enjoyments of living, the man of to-day is missing completely. Instead of toiling only so long as will guarantee him these pleasures undisputedly, his toil becomes his pleasure; he tends to sit on and on, figuring how he may sell Smith yet one more bill of goods, or how he may collect on the bill he has already sold Jones. He will burrow on and on at his chemistry, at his wireless telegraphy—beyond the point where he is, in the maximum sense, a servant of his fellows. It is very fine to be a servant of humanity, to increase the comforts of living, to add to knowledge. But even in these pursuits it is typical of the present man that he toils too hard.

And behold the irony of his estate! He slaves to multiply the enjoyments of life—and never touches those enjoyments! He thinks his great buildings and ships are the enduring things, and his intimacy with crystals the only wisdom,—when

his wife and his daughter are wiser than he. It is with the women that there is vested the wisdom of the present. These do get something out of life. Men will perhaps always by preference speak of the stock market, the newest invention, when they get together; but the woman of the present knows now that the important thing in mortal affairs is not how crystals are compounded or whether steel is at par, but whether the parlor curtains are of the proper shade, whether they hang in a fashion to please the eye, or how to make the roast taste better to-morrow. It sounds imbecile, but it is the truth, to say that the crucially important matters in a man's life, in any age, are that his shoes shall be in comfortable trim, that he shall have friends of his own order of mind, that he shall be reminded to have his hair cut at the proper time, that his children shall be prettily dressed and be brought up to prattle without embarrassment in the company of any children in the land. The wireless telegraph, the crystal, will always get itself sufficiently talked about, let him depend. But the really great facts have a way of descending upon a man whether he likes to think of them or not. Navies and thirty-story buildings in spite of themselves come to seem of small account to a man when his bright-haired daughter falls ill, suffers weeks, and dies. Thirty-story buildings lose some of their importance then. Then the great thing becomes what it has always been—the amount of sympathy you receive from neighbor Smith, or the amount of it that you yourself have had to offer Smith when his bank failed, or better yet the congratula-

tions you gave him when his business succeeded and yours withered up.

The inventor, the business man, the scholar—these are necessary men. But equally necessary is the man now slightly honored—the man who exerts his wits to no purpose but the amusement of his fellows. The artist is important to a degree that is still begrudged him; as important is the poet who, though Smith's child or Jones's may not have fallen down the well, though Smith's crop or Jones's has not brought in a handsome profit, can so sing to Smith and Jones that their bosoms heave with emotion as they would have heaved if reality and not the poet's power had made the emotion. The carpenter makes your chairs and builds your house; important he is; but the musician is as important.

I shall be laughed at, by any who read this, for philosophy in this style. It may sound odd on the lips of Poor Richard. My metaphors may have run away with me. But there remains the meaning they would enforce. I know that as long as men shall live and human nature remains what it is, the bank account and the thirty-story building will get too much talked of, as their equivalents did among the very Egyptians. Men will go on absurdly missing the real pleasures of living in the terrible toil that all pleasures cost. But I have a penitential act to perform. I owe it to my countrymen as I return to their America and note their excess in this common defect of the day, to confess that for that I am myself much to blame. I was a "practical" man in my time; I was "sagacious," and perhaps not without credit dis-



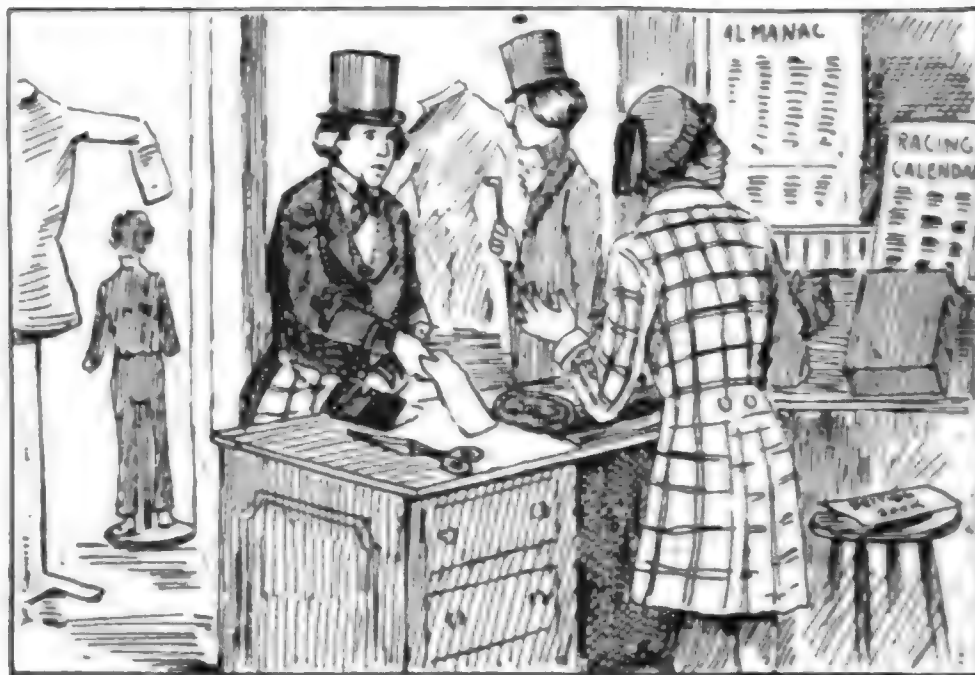
If you will not hear reason, she
will surely rap your knuckles.

Experience keeps a dear school,
but fools will learn in no other.



By diligence and patience the mouse
eat in two the cable.

Little strokes fell great oaks.



Creditors have better memories than debtors.

Creditors are a superstitious sect,
great observers of set days and times.



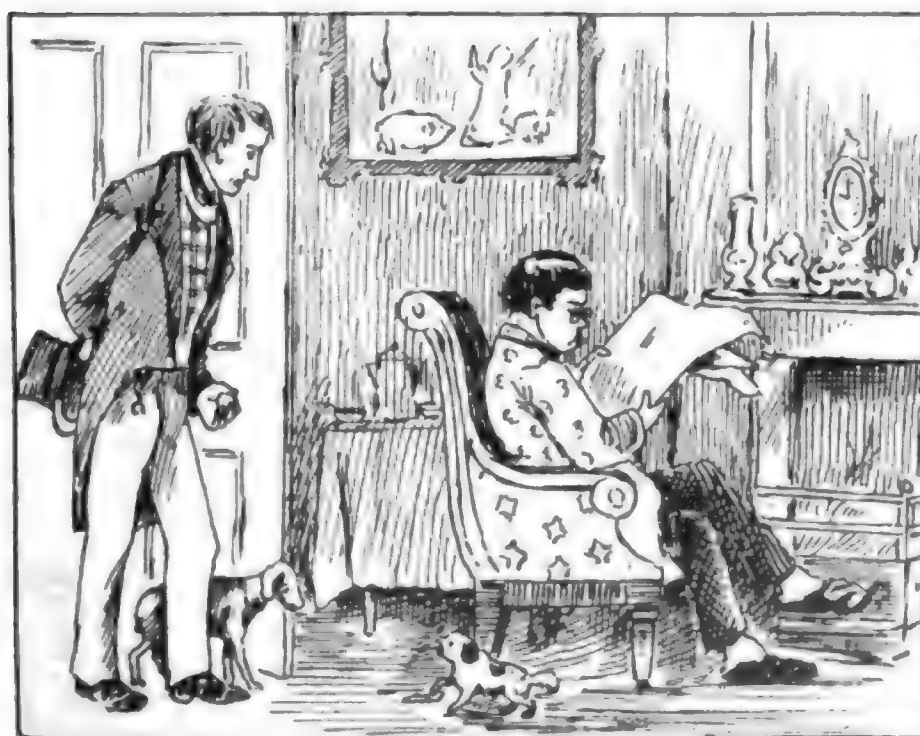
Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths.

At a great pennyworth pause awhile.



He that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honour.

A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees.



Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.

He that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing.



It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.

If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some.



Pride breakfasted with plenty, dined with poverty,
and supped with infamy.

Pride that dines on vanity sups on contempt.

Country College Settlements

Will They Succeed? The Lesson of a Specific Instance

By WINTHROP PACKARD

EVER since the time of Brook Farm, and goodness knows how long before that, there have been people who believed the simple life in the country was best to be found in communities of kindred spirits who should "co-operate." Of course all country communities co-operate, whether they mean to or not. They borrow and lend, do one another's chores and run one another's errands and mutually help one another. The man with the reform bee in his bonnet does not see that, however. His idea is a model community which shall embody all sorts of social betterments among its members and shine forth a golden light on the decadent common folks. He does not see that the common folks are already what he plans to make them and are quite likely to be "decadent" only in the estimation of the would-be reformers.

"New Clairvaux" seems to me to have been started on much that idea—and to be on the point of reaching the ultimate destination of similar schemes. The Rev. Edward P. Pressey founded "New Clairvaux." I haven't space to describe his vision in full, but here are portions of it as set down in words by himself.

"I first saw New Clairvaux from the top of a mountain road in the morning light. I saw large buildings grouped around spacious quad-

rangles. They might have been factories, or a country college, or else some religious institution, and I learned later they were all three in a most natural combination of industry, learning and devotion. There were miles and miles of avenues of trees to the limit of the estates of New Clairvaux, and among them many an inviting seat for rest and study. There were no village streets in the vicinity of the shops, but the houses were located along the roads in every direction, very substantially built in little parks an eighth of a mile apart. The central or community buildings were built with as much care and taste as the private dwellings. Outside and in was the same finish, atmosphere of symbolism and devotion.

"The builder of New Clairvaux had taken up an abandoned farm which he had found readily in central New England for \$500, \$100 down. The first question naturally was, how much does it cost a family of two or more to live in the most desirable, simple way. He began to experiment in the direction of testing Henry D. Thoreau's "law of domestic economy," outlined in Chapter I of *Walden*, and found that a single man can subsist in country New England and live the life of a cultured person upon five or six weeks of manual labor each year. To this he added another six weeks of labor for a married couple. At

the outset with a family of four he found that after paying for his farm, gradually stocking and equipping it, he had almost precisely seven-tenths of his time on his hands for the next problem of life.

"He set up a small printing press and sought to get more unemployed people into farming. To this end he published a small five cent magazine, partly as a missionary organ. The printing press enterprise paid, because altogether it served an unique purpose of substantial as well as growing popular interest.

"A chapel was fitted up in the wing of the factory beautiful. Not a thing within or without it had been machine work, but everything was done by hand. Within were all the aids to devotion, including all the devotional and spiritual literature of the world, carefully bound, in cases along the walls, interspersed with statuary of fine character and inspiring pictures. Sometimes they had lectures here upon Ruskin, William Morris, Carlyle, Emerson, Tolstoy, or some other prophet of the heavenly this world life, the eternity of now.

"A prophet's chamber had been fitted up in the tower over the factory and chapel entrances. Here there almost always abode a visiting speaker of most any denomination or race, provided it was only some one who seemed to have something special lying at his or her heart to say to the public. The prophet's chamber soon found friends to especially endow it.

"In the course of a few years a great many small industries and handicrafts were added to New Clairvaux. There was practical sympathy here for every commercially unsuccessful talent. It became a

special resort for skilled mechanics, artists and authors. It became a training school for many professions. It was a church, a discipline, a new idea of society that was to come."

This reads like a story of accomplished facts, but mind you it is not, it is Mr. Pressey's original vision as described by himself. I have cut much of the pink out of the atmosphere and sawed the rainbow edges off many things, but the gist of the vision stands as built in the words of the dreamer.

It is nearly five years since Mr. Pressey began to work to the fulfillment of his vision. He found his farm at Montague, Massachusetts, a beautiful town on the banks of the Connecticut River. He succeeded, in part by his own efforts and in part through the generosity of friends of his "movement," in getting it paid for. In the same way he has built in the village his first New Clairvaux workshop where is printed the magazine which is the missionary organ of his idea. "This is occupied so far," says Mr. Pressey, "by the New Clairvaux press, which is doing excellent work; by the New Clairvaux wood workers, who are making simple and serviceable furniture of excellent workmanship; by Country Time and Tide, the monthly publication of the new country movement here represented; by the Arts and Crafts society, which holds meetings and permanently exhibits wares made in the village and in shops on the farms in this and neighboring towns, and by several of the young men who at times have chambers here. There is some floor space still unoccupied."

In the summer issue of Country Time and Tide, Mr. Pressey says:

"A number of families and individuals amounting at times to more than thirty souls have come to Montague in response to a common feeling with regard to work and a better social life. Most of these have planned to stay. At the very least a hundred individuals have actively co-operated with us in our activities in the town."

Now this sounds pretty prosperous and hopeful. I took the afternoon train to Montague and this is what I found.

In the first place that man who calls Montague a "decadent" town should, and probably would, incur the just wrath of the villagers. It has a population of seven or eight thousand—perhaps more—and this population is steadily increasing in two active manufacturing centres, Miller's Falls and Turner's Falls. Montague Centre is a little farming centre of four or five hundred, as pretty a country village as you will find in the state. Its buildings are well painted, its lawns are green, its fields well kept, and everywhere you see thrift and neatness, schoolhouses, churches and a general air of prosperity. Decadence is the last thing you would lay up against it. It has an excellent hotel, roomy, well painted and well kept, also well patronized. I asked the villagers how much of this prosperity was due to the Clairvaux movement and they gave me an indulgent smile; told me to hunt up the Clairvaux people and find out. At 9 A.M. I found the New Clairvaux shop padlocked and showing no signs of life. Half an hour later I had found the printer at his home, he had unlocked the shop and showed me the dusty and cluttered interior. Back numbers of the magazine lay scattered about in careless

grace, mingled with the artistic debris of partly finished hand made furniture. The current issue was wrapped and piled waiting, as it had been for days, to be sent out. The printer was of the opinion that it would be sent out some time—when the chief got good and ready. He himself showed more lack of prosperity than any villager I had seen, and when I heard his hard luck story I did not wonder at his discouraged manner and the fringe on his garments.

The printer is a socialist and a scholar and he went from Boston back to nature last spring. His idea was that he could avail himself of the printing opportunity offered in the New Clairvaux workshop to earn a modest living and have all the delights of dwelling in a beautiful country place amid men of high ideals who like him had repudiated the city. This was iridescent, but it was but a dream. True, he got twenty-five dollars per month for printing the magazine, but when ink, rent of water power, press and other matters was taken from this he found his profits to be about eight dollars per month. About that time the magazine was changed from a monthly to a quarterly and he found his eight dollars divided by three. Two dollars and sixty-six and two-thirds cents per month was too little for even a country life philosopher, especially one with a wife and three children, and he tried working on the farm. He put in some days on the farm of the head of the movement, but when he asked for his wages he was told that this was co-operation and that he ought not to expect money for it. Since then he has worked for the other farmers who don't co-operate in that tone of

voice, and has been able to stay on the Montague earth but not to get away from it—by rail at least. He likes Montague and is still of the opinion that the country air is good. What he thinks of the New Clairvaux vision will, however, hardly get printed in *Country Time and Tide*.

Such was the story of the New Clairvaux printer. It was not such as to tempt me to join the movement but it would seem to account for the cheerful smile with which the villagers greet you when you ask them about it. Many philanthropists have aided New Clairvaux. So far as I know none of this aid has been in the form of railway tickets back to the city where printing is plentiful and co-operation is a thing talked of in the socialist meetings. There is one New Clairvauxant, however, who would gladly welcome philanthropy of that sort.

There is another story of the print shop at New Clairvaux, and it is only fair to tell it. One enthusiast sometimes succeeds where another fails. That is the story of Carl Rollins, who preceded the present incumbent. Rollins is a Harvard graduate, and also is a socialist and a believer in the vision of a life beautiful at Montague. For a year or more he dwelt at the print shop, working and sleeping there. In obedience to the vision he refused cheap job work and common printing and did only the work which he could conscientiously recommend as artistic in design and finish. In a year he had done over a thousand dollars' worth of this when his eyes gave out from over-work and he was obliged to give up and take an European tour for his health. Rollins made a game fight

for success in his share of the New Clairvaux community. Samples of his work show him to have been artistic and painstaking, though whether, without the aid of outside funds, he could have lived on the income the work furnished is still a mooted question. Nobody at New Clairvaux knows whether or not Rollins is to come back to stay, and it is a pity, for he seems to me to have come nearer the success of the ideal of the community than any one else.

"On the books," as you might say, there are three other settlers at New Clairvaux besides the founder. All these occupy old farmhouses and two of them are also Harvard graduates, teachers and ministers by profession. Both teach and preach elsewhere when they have opportunity and the life at the settlement seems to me to be entirely a secondary issue with them. I do not find that they or their farms have half the air of success and neatness that those of the country people possess, and in very truth it seems to me that the New Clairvaux settlement workers need to learn of the country people instead of being in a position to raise them out of their "decadence."

The "head wood worker of the New Clairvaux shops" is a carpenter—and joiner. There being no wood working done in the shops at present he is working out at his trade of carpentry, though the title of joiner is distinctly due him, for in the last few years he has joined many communities. He and his family were pioneers in Dakota. Later they were with the Christian Commonwealth, with Albertson and Gibson in their Georgia community, then in another at Mystic, Connecticut, and about a

year ago they came to New Clairvaux. Last winter some wood working was done at the shop. One of the ministers made a clock, a beautiful clock of stained hard wood in imitation of Gothic stone work. I saw it, still standing in his study, waiting for the works to arrive. A few chairs and tables of excellent plain pattern—a pattern as good as that turned out by the thousand in the Michigan furniture factories—were made but I understand found no sale, and the wood working has since languished.

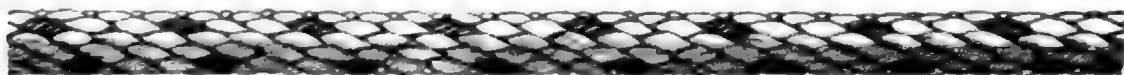
Mr. Pressey himself lives on "Prospect Point" farm, a beautiful estate of seventy-five acres. Here, through his own work and the co-operation of his fellow settlers, he is rebuilding and furnishing a fine old time farmhouse. Here, like Tolstoy, clad in rough garments, he works part of the time in his fields and among his crops, putting in the balance in his cosy library writing his message to the city-pent thousands of the joy and peace of an ideal country life. Here, too, he boards orphan boys and girls, sending them to the village school during its sessions and teaching them the theory and practice of healthful farm life. Mr. Pressey is still enthusiastic as to the ultimate success of his vision of New Clairvaux, though the vision changes as the years progress. As he told it to me the other day he no longer considers that New Clairvaux is a church, a factory, a college, all in one, a community beautiful, bound in bonds of fellowship. The village shop is no longer to bear the Clairvaux name

but to be simply the Village Shop. New Clairvaux is bounded now by Prospect Point farm and his own family. There he plans to teach, to carry on intensive farming as a guide to the other farmers of the community, to aid and uplift them through the medium of his quarterly magazine, and to follow his vision in clearer if narrower paths.

Whatever my opinion of the success of the other followers of the New Clairvaux vision, and it is not a good one—there is no doubt of Mr. Pressey's success. His farm is a beautiful one in situation and in itself. He holds the title of the village shop as well, and his plan of life as last explained seems to me to be the normal one of the average man who wants to own his own "place," to be successful in his own calling, and to aid and uplift any neighbor who may need aid and uplifting.

It seems to me that New Clairvaux, as he saw it in his original vision, in fact in any plan as a community, has vanished into dream-land again, and the last state of the other followers of the vision is a good deal worse than the first.

Whether the country "College Settlement" is needed in New England seems to be a mooted question. Whether it can be of real use to decadent communities—if there are such here—remains to be seen. It does not seem to me that "New Clairvaux has been any step in that direction. But then, the Montague people deny that they are decadent, and I am inclined to agree with them.



THE STORY OF THE CUP AND SALICER

Continued from December

By PAULINE CARRINGTON BOUVE

AN article on ceramics would be incomplete without some brief account of the porcelain makers in Europe where the most famous China has been and is now made. Among these Dresden, Sevres, Bow, Derby and Chelsea deserve special mention. Dresden comes first, as hard white ware was fabricated there earlier than elsewhere in Europe.

In 1865 there was born in Schleiz, in the principality of Reuss, a man whose fate it was to be the discoverer of the material by which genuine hard white china ware could be manufactured in Europe. This man was Friedrich Böttger who was for many years virtually held prisoner by Augustus the Strong, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland.

At Meissen, the capital of Saxony the "Royal Saxon Porcelain Works" were established under Böttger's direction in the year 1710 and Dresden china immediately became famous.

The salesroom of the factory is in Schloss-Strasse, nearly opposite the entrance to the King's palace, and potters, molders and model-

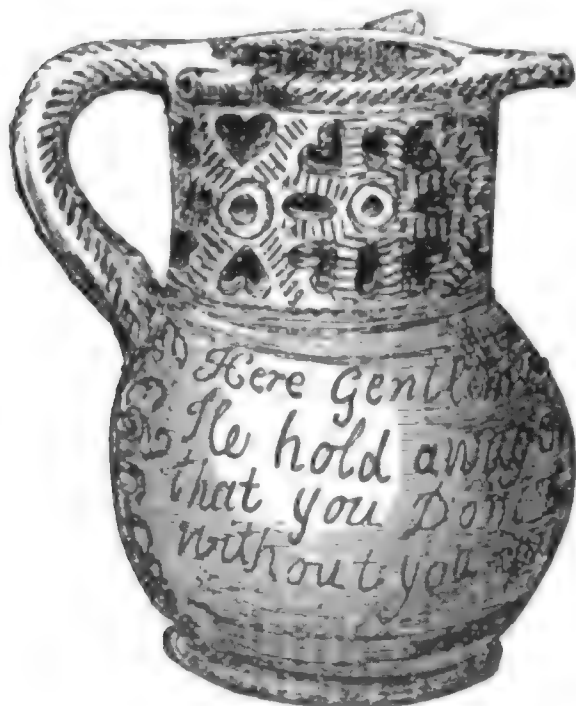
ers are busy from one end of the year to the other in the factory where enormous quantities of the ware are fashioned. Since 1764 there has been an art school connected with the works where the "retouchers" are trained for their delicate and difficult part of the work. The figures, flowers, leaves and vines which so beautifully decorate Dresden ware, are made separately with the most painstaking care and infinite skill, and the work is usually assigned to women who are compelled to sit in rooms where the atmosphere is actually stifling. The veils that are so frequently seen on Dresden figures are made by covering fine tulle with the fluid "mass" and draping it, while it is yet moist, on the figure.

The glaze used is a composition of pure and finely pulverized feldspar mixed with enough lime to make a rapid fusion. This is called petunse, a word often encountered in articles on porcelain.

The demand for every conceivable sort of ornamentation made in china ware kept the Meissen works busy. Buttons, combs, powder boxes, seals, dagger-hilts were ordered by

persons who could afford such novelties and at last the vogue reached its acme when Baroness von Thielau insisted that she must, at the risk of her soul's repose, be interred in a china coffin! Of course this enraged the cabinet makers, who saw their trade in danger, but by some mishap—or some deep laid plot, who knows?—the bearers of the eccentric lady let their precious burden fall and with a terrible crash the china coffin fell into a thousand pieces! "After this there were no more china coffins," remarks Mr. Henry J. Winter, in mentioning this affair in a magazine article on the Meissen works.

For a long time it was impossible to attain symmetry in figure pieces, but the difficulty was solved at last by Joachim Kändler, the master



OLD ENGLISH PUZZLE JUG

modeler, whose porcelain creations are as popular to-day as they were a hundred and fifty years ago. Kändler died in 1755 but his *a la Watteau* figures and Dresden shepherdesses that charmed our great

grandmothers still smile and make love on the mantelpieces or in the china closets of our homes to-day.

One of Kändler's most famous Dresden pieces is a very skillful effigy of Count Bruhl's tailor, who is represented sitting upon a goat, upon one horn of which hangs his "goose," with a yardstick doing duty as a sword, thimbles for spurs, a pincushion for a cartridge box and a spool of thread on his breast in lieu of a decoration. The cruel jest was the result of the ambitious tailor's somewhat audacious request that Kändler should get him an invitation to one of the Court dinners. Kändler promised to do so and some months later the presuming knight of the scissors and cloth was called to the palace where the effigy in china, which was a remarkable piece of portraiture, was shown him. Although Böttger's china ware is famous, the general world knows little of this man's life. The alchemists of that time spent a great deal of time trying to make gold, and it was the rash boast of this young alchemist, who really deluded people into the idea that he had actually discovered the secret of making this precious metal, that cost him his freedom. As soon as King Frederick I of Prussia heard this report he commanded Böttger to be brought to Court. The young alchemist fled in terror to Saxony where Augustus the Strong promptly put him under the strictest surveillance, threatening that if he did not make good his boast and produce some gold, he would be executed!

Poor Böttger worked faithfully in an agony of fear, and at the last moment fell at the Elector's feet acknowledging his imposture, but

displaying the fruit of his labors, which consisted of some china ware that Augustus immediately recognized as of great value.

The Royal Saxon Porcelain Works resulted from Böttger's course of experiments in hammering metals. His discovery of white kaolin was quite curious. Flour was used to powder hair of both sexes in those days, and one day it occurred to Veit Schnorr that a white clay he had seen near Aue in the Erzgebirge would be both better and cheaper, and the moment Böttger felt it he knew he had found the substance from which he could make white china ware.

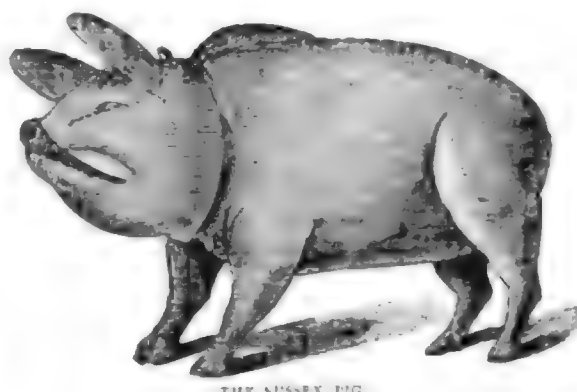
He experimented and found that his theory was correct and to-day his first white plate may be seen in Dresden.

Derby china was manufactured in the little town of Derby in Derbyshire as early as 1750. The works were situated in the Nottingham Road near St. Mary's bridge, in a locality known at that time as Suthrick or Southwork.

This Derby china was fashioned a year or so earlier than the Worcester, and if tradition may be trusted, the original workman was a French refugee by the name of Planceé, who modeled small articles in china, principally cats, dogs, lambs and sheep, which he fired in a pipemaker's oven near by. It is curious and interesting that in the town of Derby, the first silk mill ever built in England was erected by Lombe; that here Arkwright and Sutton completed their invention for spinning and within a few miles erected the first English cotton mill, and that the famous Derby ribbed stocking machine was invented here when hosiery was made and be-

came a flourishing branch of trade.

Messrs. Duesbury and Heath formed a connection with the French modeler of china animals, and from the triple alliance sprang the great Derby works. The



THE DUESBURY DOG.

"works" gradually grew in importance. The mark was at first merely the letter "D," but after purchasing the Chelsea works the anchor, the mark of the Chelsea china, was incorporated with the "D" of the Derby ware. This mark is eagerly sought for by collectors. The marks by which the Derby and Derby Chelsea ware are known are the letter D either script or Roman, the D with crossed swords and dots surmounted by a crown, and an anchor surmounted by a crown. Until 1825 or 1830 the old Duesbury marks were used, after which Mr. Bloor, who was now at the head of the works, used his own name in conjunction with the crown. In 1776 Duesbury purchased the Bow works.

It was through the influence of Madame de Pompadour that Louis XV became patron of the famous porcelain works, which were established at Sevres when the "Sevres pate tendre" became the "Royal Ware" and the "fashion" over continental Europe. After Madame de Pompadour another mistress of the King's, the beautiful and unfortu-



Mayors. The beautiful vegetable dish of Meissen (Dresden) ware shown among these illustrations was taken from Messrs. Jones, McDuffee and Stratton's dinner service collection.

As early as 1756 a soft paste pottery was certainly made at Lowestoft in Suffolk, England, situated ten miles south of Yarmouth. Rotterdam in Holland is just opposite, across the North Sea. Now Rotterdam was a port of entry for Dutch merchantmen from this point as long ago as 1600. Although there was a ware introduced and brought from China to England between 1775 and 1800, it would have been comparatively an easy matter for eastern pottery to be shipped in from Rotterdam, as there was no embargo between England and Holland at that time.

On the other hand, if, as those who believe that the Lowestoft ware was really eastern pottery which was decorated in England by the Lowestoft potter, such large quantities of undesirable ware were brought to England, it is strange that scarcely a piece that remains is unpainted. Soft plaster pottery was certainly made there in 1756 and until 1762 in imitation of Delft ware.

Thomas Frye and Edward Haylyn took out a patent for the China works at Bow, in Essex County, England, December 6th, 1744. The Bow porcelain was of two kinds—the earlier body contained porcelain clay (kaolin) mixed with sand and potash. In the later composition bone-ash-pipe-clay was substituted for porcelain clay and a lead glaze was used. In 1776 the Bow works were bought by Duesbury who established the Derby works and incorporated the Chelsea.

The uses to which clay vessels were put, were many in the early stages of pottery, and these increased as the needs of the human family increased. Some enthusiastic antiquarian asserted that in some localities in England, where traces of the rude kilns of the mediæval potters may be found and where some of the modern pottery works are still located, the fires of their kilns have never been extinguished since the days of Roman conquest of Britain. The remains of certain Romano-British *tetinae* found some time ago at Wilderspool, the supposed site of the old Roman town of Cordate, certainly corroborate the statement. The Wilderspool *tetinae* appears to be the forerunner of the Mammiform vessels of the mediæval period and both were suggested by the form and purpose of the female breast—a fact mentioned by Llewellyn Jewitt, F.S.A., in his "Quaint Conceits in Pottery." These ancient *tetinae* prove that the baby's feeding bottle of our modern time has a very long pedigree and might by its connection with the past set the antiquarian on his hobby horse and send him on far quests into the shadow land of antiquity.

With the Anglo-Saxon and Norman proclivities for feasting and drinking, it is not remarkable that drinking vessels should have assumed rude forms and huge proportions, which were gradually refined by the inspiration of mediæval art. Sometimes the Pilgrim bottles or "Costrils," which had their origin in "Mammiform" vessels, were rudely ornamented in "slip" and now and then bore such inscriptions as:

"This is good liquor—taste,
But do not waste."

"With love in ye breast,
May all be possest."

an injunction hard to be obeyed by the novice who unwisely tried the contents of some of the "puzzle jugs" of our ancestors. Some of the most grotesque of the early drinking vessels may be classed among the "Bellarmine" and "Greybeards" by which titles certain varieties were known. In 1626 a patent was granted to Thomas Rous als Ruis and Abraham Aukyn for the "Sole making of the Stone Potte, Stone Jugge, and Stone Bottele within our Dominions for the terme of fourteen years."

The "Bellarmine" received its name from the Cardinal Bellarmine who died in 1621 and who by his bigoted opposition to the reformed religion became obnoxious to the Low Countries. In derision, his short stature, rotund figure and ugly features were seized upon by the potters of that time and transcribed into clay portraits in the form of ale jugs which were called "Bellarmine."

But before this the mediæval potter had tried his art in making "puzzle jugs," some remarkable specimens of which are extant to-day. The oldest of these, perhaps, is that known as the "Mounted Knight," which was found at Lewes in 1846. This jug is of ordinary coarse brown clay, partially covered with a film glaze, with the bridle laid on in "slip." Although the workmanship and modeling are very rude the accurate details of the costume, the long-pointed toes and the pryk spurs place it among the productions of Henry II ceramic art.

Of a later period are the puzzle jugs which take the form of ani-

mals. The quaintest of these is the "Sussex Pig," which can stand upon its four legs or upon hind legs and tail, as its owner prefers. When doing duty as a pitcher it stands on its hind legs, the fore legs serving as a handle. The "pig" is an old institution. Mr. Jewitt tells us, in Sussex County, where it is still used at weddings and christenings, when the pig's head comes off and is used as a drinking cup, the ears and snout making excellent legs for it to stand upon. Each guest is expected to drain this unique "Loving Cup" and drink literally a hogshead of ale to the bride or baby's health as occasion may require. The crest of Sussex County is said to be a pig *passant* and the motto, "We won't be druv," is suggestive of the sturdiness and resisting power for which the Sussex folk are noted.

On a very ornate jug, a photograph of which is here given, there is an inscription showing the jovial manners of the times:—

"Here, gentlemen, come try your skill,
We hold a wager, if you will,
That you Don't Drink this liquor all
Without you spill or let some Fall."

Among the dated puzzle jugs now extant, is one bearing the legend, "John Wedgwood, 1691."

From the encaustic tiles now and then dug up in London, to the exquisite ware of our potteries of to-day, the potter's work in each stage of its existence, both as an industry and as an art, claims our interest and attention.

The story of the teacup is a dainty epitome of human existence—the tale written in that "common clay" which is the vehicle of the divine.

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NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

Degradation of Santa Claus

ALAS! poor Santa Claus! We knew him, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. Far in the dim Northland he labored that he might bring us toys and Christmas cheer, and with them the jollity and merriment that were as much a part of the Kris Kringle visit as the pack on his back and the jingling bells on his reindeer. On Christmas eve or Christmas night only might he appear to us. The canny youth might see his burly form and his rosy face, note the twinkle in his eyes and hear him laugh; if he patiently watched the big chimney. It was worth a year of anticipation, a long evening of vigil, this fleeting glimpse of the good saint of toyland. Many of us—and perhaps we were the happier for it—never saw him at all; we

merely heard the clatter of the reindeer hoofs on the crust of the snow outside, or dreamed we caught the faint jingle of their bells as we dozed, sleepy with long keeping tryst.

And now; to what base uses we may return, Horatio! Weeks before Christmas festival we find a mark-down Santa Claus in every department store. A Santa Claus that represents no Christmas cheer is this, no giver of gifts and winker of sly winks from the grinning chimney, but a blatant barker who bids you come to Cohen's store and buy your own Christmas gift for a dollar ninety-eight, marked up from thirty-five cents! Verily in the Santa Claus of to-day one may trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bunghole. From the department store he descends to the street. The child who believes in the good saint may well rub his eyes and wonder if his imagination has not become cross eyed to see Santa Clauses in pairs wandering along Boston Common or standing disconsolately in groups about the entrance to the subway; poor mountebank specimens of the costumer's lack of art, rubbing the rouge from their cold noses and shivering in their false whiskers as they extend a hand for alms. This is the final degradation. Santa Claus, the giver of gifts, the rough and ready incarnation of good cheer, shivering on the street corner asking alms!

Supinely as we may lie back and permit the commercialization of high ideals to proceed, willing as we may be that the names of the just and the noble shall be seized upon by the unworthy as catch-word devices for their wares, still it does seem as if we might sit up and pro-

test against this ignominious exploitation of the legendary patron saint of the children's Christmas. The burly, bustling, red-nosed sprite who came yearly from the realms of Arctic ice to descend the chimney and fill the stockings of the little children was but a beautiful myth, a personification of the spirit of giving. We know that, and even the little children knew it and, without analyzing the knowledge, accepted his appearance at the church festival in the same kindly spirit, but to find Santa Claus working ten hours a day in all the department stores and parading the street in duplicate and reduplicate asking alms, is too bad. It is high time for a new Garrison to be born to preach abolition of the new slavery—that which has resulted in the degradation of Santa Claus.

Old Ironsides

THE new Secretary of the Navy, Charles J. Bonaparte, has lately come into public notice the country over, and especially in New England, through his suggestions in regard to the old frigate "Constitution." The ancient hulk, of glorious memory, lies at the Charlestown Navy Yard to-day, anything but the gallant ship which sailed the seas and hurled iron defiance at the ships of the enemy. A great deck house is built over her whole hull and her aged timbers slowly decay in the muddy tides which swirl about her keel. Moreover, as the Secretary suggests, little of the original fighting ship remains. She has been rebuilt and repaired till the men who manned her guns in her great sea fights would not recognize her could

they go aboard to-day. Secretary Bonaparte wants to do away with the old ship. He suggests that a fitting finish would be to tow her to sea and blow her to pieces with shells from the modern guns of our modern navy. It is this suggestion that has caused the uproar, a genuine burst of feeling from the lips of the historian and the idealist the country over.

Secretary Bonaparte evidently does not understand the situation. It is not what the ship is to-day but what she represents that endears her to the hearts of the people. To shoot at her with a modern twelve inch would be to throw a shot into the ideals of the nation. Every school-boy has been brought up on the glory of "Old Ironsides." He knows the tale of her battles and the record of the men who fought and died on her decks and the ship to-day stands to him as the living representative of that devotion and patriotism. No one of us goes down to the navy yard to-day without a thrill in his heart as he glances at the old hulk in passing. She may be unseaworthy; some of her timbers may be new, and her present use be deemed unworthy of the brave battles of old; yet there she stands, the old ship in which the heroes fought, an embodiment of the old ideal of patriotism, a thing to be looked upon still with glistening eye and the heart in the throat.

It is safe to say that "Old Ironsides" will never be sunk by the guns of the modern fleet to which she showed the way to the supremacy of the seas. She belongs to the nation, but she belongs still more to New England and most of all to Massachusetts. Massachusetts should and no doubt will, come forward and

see that the relic of early glory is unharmed by the modern iconoclast, to swing long at her mooring under the guns of Boston and in sight of Beacon Hill whose watchers have

many a time seen her glide down the harbor, her sheets taut and her guns atrim, ready to do battle for the preservation of the liberties of the nation.

Affairs in New England

By "THE NEW ENGLANDER"

Cape Cod's Monument

THE tip of Cape Cod was honored almost two hundred years ago by the landing of the Pilgrims. True, they decided not to stay. The Pilgrims had sand enough in their constitution already and longed to build on a firmer foundation than the tip of the Cape offered. Nevertheless their first landing place was not at Plymouth, but on the tip of Cape Cod and now it is proposed to erect a monument there of enduring stone two hundred feet high in commemoration of the event. The town of Provincetown has given the site, the legislature of Massachusetts has subscribed money for the project, provided friends of the movement will subscribe an equal sum, and there the matter rests for the present.

The trouble seems to be with the friends of the movement. They are not coming forward fast enough with the ready cash and that is why this tower-to-be on the sands is not already looming heavenward. It has been suggested that the various patriotic societies give a stone each. If the stone was big enough and they all gave this would almost build the monument, so numerous are the patriotic societies nowadays. But thus far they do not come forward

very handsomely. With so many appeals for bread why should anyone give a stone, anyway? The gift of stones does not seem particularly to appeal to the generous. Perhaps the trouble is with the sort of a monument proposed. The waters of Cape Cod are treacherous and its shifting sands are the grave of full many a luckless mariner. Would it not be a better plan to make a monument of something that would be a help to those who go down to the sea in ships as the people of the Mayflower did. A hundred thousand—dollars, not stones—put into life saving stations and appliances for the safety of mariners along these sandy shoals, if asked for, would probably be forthcoming with much greater readiness than at present. Let the projectors of the tip-of-the-cape monument ask us for bread and we'll not give them a stone, any more than we do now.

Art and War

Russia is not the only place. Boston's Art Museum has its civil war. Edward Robinson, until recently its director, has found himself much in the position of Nicholas of Russia. A director who may not direct is as badly off as an Emperor who is not allowed to emper. Nicholas seems

to have stood it for many years but free born Americans are not of that stuff. There were other art museums which Mr. Robinson might direct and he found one and forthwith resigned his Boston Art Museum alleged directorship. That turned loose the dogs of war which had already been growling *sotto voce* and taking bites out of one another after dark. You can hear them bark now and the story the public gleans from it all is of a teapot tempest that bids fair to spoil the tea. All this amuses but it also disquiets. A director who may not direct, an assistant director who takes the job off his chief's hands without saying "by your leave," by-laws which seem framed to promote nervous prostration and trustees who do not in their little nest agree are not prone to promote art culture and the proper education of the public in a public or semi-public art institution.

Moreover there are not wanting art and art museum experts who claim that there was joy in Eden until Eve arrived. *Cherchez la femme* say the French, who are as wise as they are cynical. "Who's your friend?" they translate it in Chicago. Mrs. "Jack" Gardner has a museum of her own which is the only one of its kind and is managed on a truly original plan which is strictly her own affair. Some critics whom the present hubbub has brought to the front claim that it is Mrs. Gardner's influence in the affairs of the Museum that has introduced the serpent. This may or may not be true. Mrs. Gardner is only one and the trustees of the Museum are many and masculine. A score or more of Adams should count more than one Eve and they should be able to chase the serpent from the tree and over

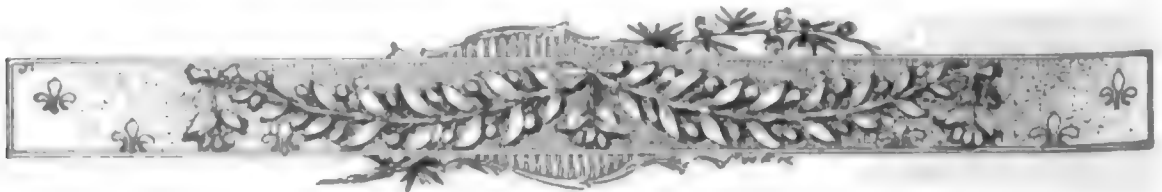
the garden wall even if it is Eve's protégé,—which it very likely isn't. In any case this isn't the main point, which is this: The usefulness of a great and honored institution is in danger of being seriously impaired and those in direct charge of it owe it to the institution, the public and themselves to see that the trouble ceases forthwith and the causes of it, whatever they are, are quickly, quietly and permanently removed.

The Brown-Tail Battle

Massachusetts in particular and all New England in general is on the warpath. Armed with torch and squirt-gun, a host daily goes forth in the unequal battle against a far more numerous host which threatens destruction. This insidious and far too numerous enemy is in two phalanxes, one the gipsy moth horde, the other the brown-tail. Both are undesirable immigrants whom the inspectors failed to turn away from our ports. They fatten on our foliage and we are stung, in more ways than one. The trouble with these insect enemies lies not so much in the way they fight as the way they run. We can fight them in the open but they won't stay there. "He who fights and runs away will live to fight some other day" is their motto and after they have eaten up our trees and garden plots they flit away to the forests and hide under the scrub where we may not easily follow. Hence our tears. But hope arises in the arrival of a new ally. This comes with the importation of Hymenoptera. They are to be added to the thousand men under Supt. Kirkland, commander in chief of the Massachusetts forces and are

expected to decimate the brown-tail warriors in short order when turned loose upon them. The Hymenoptera eats them alive, his appetite is insatiable and he may do what man cannot. The present importation was hand picked in Switzerland, the shipment of a hundred and fifty pounds is only the advance guard of the new army of allies and the war is to be prosecuted till the last armed foe expires, or is eaten up. There is hope in this, but there may be danger also. Animals and bugs introduced into new environment often increase in numbers and healthful appetite beyond belief. Note the rabbit pest of Australia. The mongoose of Jamaica is another case in point. The mongoose was imported to kill and eat snakes, and

it did it. It cleaned up the snake trouble in a hurry. Then it went hungry and began on the chickens and most anything else that was fresh meat. The remedy was as bad as the disease, if not worse, and Jamaica hens roost high and even the rats nest in trees as a consequence. After the Hymenoptera get done with the brown-tails where-with shall they be fed? Field butterflies and honey bees should form a union and take measures to ward off a very probable danger to their existence which this importation of Hymenoptera foreshadows. "Great fleas have lesser fleas to plague and bite 'em" and within a decade we may be importing the special bug that is warranted to eat the Hymenoptera alive.



Memorial Byways

By ISABELLA HOWE FISKE

The old road roams, a half-obliterate track;
 Two long grass lines and brown soft earth between:
 If one dreams there awhile, there may be seen
 Old wraiths of farmers, with their laden rack
 Or pedlers with a variegated pack;
 Here loads of produce to the city go;
 Here swains come, evenings, for their yes or no,
 —Days that make up a lover's almanac.

As one distraught with age and memory,
 The old road wanders off into the wood,
 Musing of olden things long ceased to be
 And at a distance from the new highway,
 Come sounds that had been strange to that old day
 —Yet in the same tree sings the thrasher's brood.

demonia. He did not have to. Moreover he did not have time to, for when his serial story had come to the last chapter the fair one hung herself like a ripe cherry above his arms, and then sawed off the stem.

Why was this thus? There were better men in Venice. There was Reggie De-Waldorf-Astoria Spagetti, a man of family, of wealth, of princely bearing, a vigorous and persistent love maker; would she look twice at him? Not a bit of it. The moment his headlight appeared around the curve she used to telephone the switch tower, have him side-tracked, shunted off the main line onto the one-track branch to the quarry, and told to wait there for orders from the train despatcher. And then she would give the train despatcher a three weeks' vacation on half pay. There was Alfredo Austinia Bombazino, the fragrant-locked poet who did imitation laureacies with fervor and facility. Alfredo came by moonlight in his golden gondola, singing love songs to his own accompaniment on a concertina. Right up to the walls of Brabantio's palace he sailed singing, a goodly sight in the soft light of the young moon. Desdemona heard him and according to all traditions of successful love making, her tender heart should have been melted by the magic of the music and the moonlight.

Did she come down a rope ladder into his waiting, outstretched arms as a properly wooed young lady should, and sail away on the roseate sea of love in the golden gondola? Ask Alfredo. He will tell you that what she did do was to tip over one of the battlements of the tower and let it drop plumb into the gondola, swift sinking it into the slimy ooze

at the bottom of the canal, and Alfredo Austinia Bombazino swallowed his love song along with much canal water and had to swim for it, buoyed up by the bright hope of a resurrection and the remnants of wind in the concertina.

Such are the uncertainties when we sing of arms and the woman.

There was—but what's the use of naming them? They were the flower of the young men of the city and they came to her clad in purple and fine linen. They entered her presence seven feet tall in the pride of youth and beauty and walking high on the air of roseate hope. They came out nineteen inches high with their feet on the asphalt. They were noble, they were brave, they were talented, they were rich, but they belonged in the same town and they didn't wear any halos in the ladies' boudoir of the Brabantio house, not one of them. Desdemona was going to have some one who traveled from a far country, if it had to be an actorine or a pullman car conductor, and she waited till she got one, or worse.

All of which brings us to the more definite consideration of that subtle force, that strange essence of attraction to the feminine fancy, which I have called the glamour of the stranger.

The case of Desdemona is not an isolated one. The archives of the past are stuffed with the waste paper on which are recorded similar affairs and you will find modern instances in the romantic history which precedes almost any latter day church wedding. What does Miss Anastasia Vandastorgould see in the Count De Paris, to whom she gives her heart and her rich relations' money? Is it manly beauty?

Well, not so as to interfere with business. There are men working in her father's office or selling dry goods to her over the counter every time she goes shopping that can give the Count De Paris cards and spades and win out in the game of manly beauty hands down. Is it intellect? Not enough of it to be a burden to the neighbors. There is more intellect rattling about in the bald noddle of the Vandastorgould family butler than you'll find in the pates of the De Paris family in seven generations. It isn't wealth, for they have so much money in the Vandastorgould family that they have to stuff mattresses with it.

It isn't any of these things or all that lap her sweet soul lingeringly in the languors of love. It is the glamour of the stranger. It is that subtle essence of enchantment that distance lends to the man from afar off and which, anear to, he forgets to return, just as if it were an umbrella.

Therein is the font of sorrow for the lover who happens to have been born at home. Shall he win the love of the lady who lives next door? Certainly not. If some kindly angel had warned his parents to move over into Egypt before the interesting event he might have come back after a term of years with his grip-sack and a Saratoga trunk packed full of glamour; but there didn't. The family was a conservative one and was holding no intercourse whatever with unIntroduced angels. So therefore he is born and grows up on his ancestral acres and when he goes a-wooing he gets the cold shoulder and finds that sort of humerus isn't so humorous as it might be. Poor boy, what is there for him to do! He knows he is all

kinds of an able man. He is aware that he has birth,—that is recorded in the back part of the family Bible for he has read it there. He has manly beauty, for his mother and sisters have told him so, lo! these many times. He knows there is money in the bank, enough to set up a Queen Anne front and a gondola. Shall he then try persistency? He might as well try Christian Science on a double compound fracture of the spokes of a department store bicycle.

No, sir, there is just one thing for him to do and he wants to do it right away, and that is to accumulate glamour by taking the trolley line and moving across several townships into the next county. That will do it for him if he takes the affair in season. He may be undersized, long-nosed, and freckle-faced to the girl next door, but he will not have more than passed the town line before the glamour begins to glam and the young lady who sees him holding down the end seat in the open car and who faintly remembers having been introduced to him at a lawn party thinks he is not so bad looking. Rather homely, you know, in a way, but he has a strong face. First ray of the increscent halo. Another township, and a second young lady, an utter stranger, and behold, he is distinguished looking!

By-and-bye his red hair is no longer red but auburn and his freckles are marks of birth and family. Second quarter of the halo. If you can only get him out of the state the halo will be fully circumambient and he will go about so full of glamour for better looking girls than the one next door that his prudent parents will put him under restraint that he be not eloped with against his will.

The glamour of the stranger has grown upon him as he accumulated perspective. Take him to England and he will there no doubt be known as the Earl of Coney Island and be put in the Tower for safe keeping from feminine Pat Crowes. Put him on the P. & O. boat and get him as far away as British India and he will be a sure enough Concord, New Hampshire, Mahatma and all the Rajarinas in Rajputana will bow down and worship him.

Such is the glamour of the stranger. I find I have not fully described it, nor definitely defined it. Like electricity one knows it by its effects and can tell how to produce it but can never put his hand on the divine essence and say that it is composed of such and such elements. It is enough perhaps that we know it when we see it and understand enough about it to take advantage of its properties.

People We Don't Know

By ESTELLE LATOUR

Up and down the town of Never,
In the street of By-and-bye,
Walk people you and I don't know
Who wring their hands and cry.
They do not like their neighbors
They do not like the town,
And so they fret and grumble
And wander up and down.

There's little Johnnie I-don't-care,
Sam Won't and Willie Can't;
They're very sorry to be there,
And yet the place they haunt;
For no one cares for I-don't-care,
While as for Sam and Will,
They "won't" and "can't" try hard to go,
And so—they're crying still.

I'm glad that Johnnie I-don't-care
Don't live upon our street,
I'm glad Sam Won't and Willie Can't
Aren't people whom we meet,
And the dreadful town of Never
With its street of By-and-bye,
Is a place we do not care to see,
Now, do we, you and I?

The Country Dance

By DAISY WRIGHT FIELD

Oh, the country dance! I recall it still,
My heart a-thump with a guilty thrill
When the news would come by a happy
chance

That old "Thad" Parker'd give a dance,
For pa and ma was Methodist folks
And thought the devil was trying to coax
Us out of the fold to a fiddle tune;
And so by the light of the harvest moon

We'd just creep out of the window low,
Me and my dare-devil brother Joe,
And change our duds in the old woodshed
When they supposed we were safe in bed,
And run out the buggy and hitch old Nell—
And away to the dance we'd go pell-mell!
At nine o'clock we were on the ground
And "Everybody dancel" was a welcome
sound.

Malinda Gregg was Joe's best girl,
Her jet-black hair had the tightest curl,
She'd the sauciest eye and the reddest cheek
And the stoutest arm on Carter Creek!
Now Joe was short and she was tall,
And half our fun at every ball
Was to see her raise him off the ground
At "Swing your pardner round and
round!"

Now I was a young and bashful swain;
My fancy fell on Susie Lane.
Her eyes were blue and the dear little girl
Had behind each ear a distracting curl;
And my heart in my throat had a very
queer taste
As I slipped my arm around her waist
When it came my turn along the line
To "Swing the girl that you left behind!"

There were fat old dames with troops of
girls,
There were lean old maids with cork-
screw curls,
There were stalwart lads and rosy lasses
And dancers of all sorts and classes.
Seems yet I can hear old Isaac Liddle—
Above the squeak of Dan Brown's fiddle—
"Same old lad in the same old row,
And now the little one down below."

Some are dead, or worse yet, married,
And some have the blows of Cupid parried;
Some are poor and some have gold,
Some are lonely and all are old.
How I'd like once more to hear by chance
That old "Thad" Parker'd give a dance,
And just once more, on a summer night,
"All join hands and circle to the right!"

Lancaster, New Hampshire

By MARY R. P. HATCH

AT the close of the last French and Indian war, which lasted from 1755 to 1760, when Quebec and Crown Point had been wrested from the French and the famed Robert Rogers and his Rangers had almost annihilated the St. Francis tribe of Indians, these same Rangers passed down the Connecticut River, through the Cohos country, on their return from Quebec, and they saw it was a beautiful land. Rogers had been in "upper Coos" before. It was early in 1755, and he had built a fort near the mouth of the Ammonoosuck and had named it Fort Wentworth in honor of the Governor, Sir John Wentworth. The site of this old fort is a matter of tradition only, but Rogers' report of the expedition is still extant. In it he says of Cohos, or Coös, as popularly called, the shunting of the aspirate having early taken place, "It may be deservedly styled the garden of New England."

Pioneer stock is always hardy stock. Weaklings did not go into the forests to fell trees and war with wild beasts and Indians. They remained in the settlement. So when Page, Stockwell and Buckman settled in Lancaster in 1764, one may know that these were men of nerve and valor. One of them served as scout in the French and Indian war.

Ruth Page, the daughter of David Page, was the first white woman to settle in Lancaster. She became the wife of Emmons Stockwell, and

from that time down there has always been an Emmons Stockwell in the family. Dr. Stockwell and his son now bear the old time cognomen of their forebears.

The natural beauties of Lancaster are manifest even to the casual visitor. There is the broad and fertile valley of the Connecticut River, framed by hills and mountains of grand and entrancing beauty, while the river flows in and out, coaxed here and there by wayward undulations, till it lies silver-curved and sleepy, where the bending oaks, maples and willows clasp hands across it in tenderest green.

As you look north and west you will see the graceful outlines of the Vermont hills. At the northeast you will see Stratford Peaks (they are also called Sugar Loaves and Percy Peaks) and the Pilot Range rising three thousand feet, nearly, above the river valley. From this range come the springs and streams where trout abound. The Mountain Meadow Hills, Mts. Prospect, Pleasant and Orne, are to the south and at the base lies Martin Meadow Pond, named for the Martin, who a century ago hunted and trapped and fished among the hills.

The Presidential Range is but fifteen miles from Lancaster, and there is no better view of Mts. Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe than from the summer house of Congressman McCall, Prospect Farm, which he purchased from George P. Rowell a few years ago. Mr. Rowell was a Lancaster boy and built





on his return from the Philippines where he was one of the judges appointed under President McKinley. He went with Judge McMillen and Judge Bates of St. Johnsbury. His death was short a promising career and occasional acute sorrow to his family and his legal and college associates.

Further down the street on the

Charlestown man, he is well remembered in the town where he had spent his marriage to Maria Town, daughter of Nathan G. Town.

First besides being his home, the Hughes house is widely known as the scene of a shocking tragedy. In a few weeks' time Dr. Hughes, his wife and his daughters, the parents of Mrs. Hughes, and the youngest girl



THE HOUSE, AND HOUSE, AND HOUSE (DR. HUGHES' HOUSE)

lived in the Hughes house. Of Danish origin, the name has changed from Hughes, Hugger, Hugby, to Hughes, and as such was the family name of Dr. Frank Hughes, the well-known physician of Lancaster. Tender, kind and considerate as a husband and father, quiet and prominent as a man, a legal mind, a

man of letters from the head of the living. Two died from diphtheria, the others from accidental poisoning. So I was assured by Colonel Town himself, of the retired army list, who spends his summers in Lancaster and his winters in New Boston, Town, with his fellow officers, and who in the wide harbor of the





Colonel Cross' was sent, also abroad, but in the Civil War instead of the militia, went out from the old barracks on the slope, one of them to meet his death on the battlefield of Gettysburg. "Fight-



MR. JOHN GARRISON.

ing Ed Cross" he was called, of the Fifth New Hampshire Regiment, which lost more men than any other in the Civil War. "Fighting Ed" himself was found to have been shot in different places when picked up on the battlefield.

The old Cross place was the home of the country of his mother's father, where the painter had, Henry Thoreau, came a-seeing. But he said she told him way after many months of patient waiting and then he left the girl, of whom it is said "she had all the love and life of her brothers," and went to Philadelphia to work. From Philadelphia he went to Washington and through the kind offices of her father's cousin, who was then Assistant Secretary of War, Charles A. Dana, a clerkship

in the Treasury was secured. It was his introduction to official life. The third son-in-law was a Mr. Lamon, with whose French-born daughter Henry promptly fell in love and whom shortly afterward Mr. Lamon was appointed United States consul to Yokohama. Henry succeeded in getting appointed deputy marshal at the consular court. So he able to begin the career of Henry Thoreau in Japan.

The term of Mr. Lamon as consul was short and the family returned to the United States without anything definite having come of the love affair except the believing of his lady to Japan, which was the beginning of his connection with Japanese politics. Successful in his conduct of consular affairs, Mr. Thoreau attracted the attention



THOREAU HOUSE.

of the Japanese officials, and when his term expired he was offered a position in the civil department of the Japanese government. The opportunity of making himself familiar with the custom of govern-



"I shall continue to go up to Lancaster during the time I remain in Portsmouth, but the way along this road appears as if disaster would be the fate of any kind of a public mission. If possible I want to run my affairs very humbly and remain very quiet, and I hope you will not be surprised when my kind of a mission, with kind regards, I am

Yours very sincerely,
H. W. Benson.

And this was exactly what Mr. Benson did. He came quietly to

the most distinguished diplomats of the world. He assigned his position May 1, 1899, but at the urgent request of Japan continued to remain until Japan should get upon a peace basis.

With Henry Benson in the office of the Consul-General were Henry B. Berry, George H. Emerson, Richard H. Emerson, George H. Coffey and Henry C. Hawthorn. I



THE BRIDGE AND THE PISCATAQUA RIVER, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Lancaster for a few days' visit from Portsmouth, where in the capacity of adviser to the Mikado he had accompanied the Japanese representatives to the Treaty Congress last August. The great Eastern question was settled in his home state from which he had been absent almost fifteen years. With the making of the new Japan, which has so astonished the nations, Henry W. Benson has had more to do than any other foreigner and he is well and doubt to be counted among

some of the "pioneer's grander" seafarers of them, but in the days of the old Consuls-General, of which the Republicans were the successors, they were plentiful, headstrong and well remembered by the town-people. For among these rather hot heads, who made the office of Hon. James M. Kim anything but a bed of roses in that nervous, somewhat unstable office, were "Fighting Ed" Cress and Charles Francis Brown, afterwards widely known as Admiral Ward, "Admiral

was the *delirious*," as he was called by Charles Sumner, the first American hospital in modern surgical-history abroad.

Just opposite the corner of High and State streets are the Kent place and Kent fountain, which is a granite water basin with four streams of



Richard Peabody Kent

water. The statue arch supports the water basin, supporting a bronze Victory. The inscription is,

IN MEMORIAM
RICHARD PEOBODY KENT
BORN MAY 18TH
1812 DIED JULY 1ST
1882
FROM MONEY HE GAVE
EDWARD B. KENT
CHARLES B. KENT
1882

Richard Peabody Kent may be said to be the last successful merchant of Lancaster. He came to Lancaster on the first day of June, 1812, and from that time, when it was "a place of a dozen houses,

some mills and one store kept by Major James Bucknam," to March 11, 1882, Mr. Kent kept a daily record of all events of interest which transpired in the town, thus accumulating material of abundant historical and biographical value. Mr. Kent's successors headed by Secretary Massachusetts, in 1855, Chancellor James Kent of New York and Governor Edward Kent of Maine and other distinguished men represented the different branches of the Kent family in the New World. But Mr. Kent never was in public life; he was a business man in the best and truest sense of that much abused word. Secretary and treasurer of



Richard Peabody Kent

public buildings and institutions, trustee and president of Lancaster Academy, member of the first Lancaster bank, corporate in the first railroad, he yet was a merchant and in his business transactions he was known as "the exponent of commercial integrity and shrewd trade."





Here the venerable prohibitionist reached the carriage the horse halted and its driver was killed. The fountain is of red granite and has, besides the usual arrangements of water trough and separate stream for drinking purposes for men, one for lesser animals where they can drink with ease. Perhaps there is no better illustration of Mr. Boston's kindness and thoughtfulness than this adequate provision for the smaller animals. *The Boston Public*

is another. Both hold degrees from Dartmouth, the first being those of Arts and Doctor of Laws, the last is the class of 1834, Bachelor of Arts. Mr. Boston is a well known journalist, editor, domestic critic and club man.

Across the bridge is bounded the street, where among other buildings stands the Williams house, and the residence of Governor Jared W. Williams, who was a graduate of Brown University, clerk and who acted



THE BOSTON FOUNTAIN

is inscribed on the globe which surmounts the fountain, underneath is the memorial inscription, while directly above the water trough are the words, "Thou shalt bring forth the water out of the rock. He shall then give the congregation and their beasts drink."

There are many men of mark belonging to the Boston family. Josiah H. Benson, Jr., of Boston, the well known lawyer, is one of them. Jay B. Benson of the Boston Transcript

has at the noted law school of Lincoln, Connecticut. It was he opened a law office in Lancaster where he practiced many years. In 1834 he was elected to the first Senate and was president of the body for the two years following. In 1837 he entered Congress and served four years, and in 1847 he was elected Governor of New Hampshire. It was in 1853 that he filled the vacancy in the United States Senate occasioned by the

Heron, at the age of nineteen, by Chief Justice John J. Gibbons was given the reading of law with General A. Miller, student. His Father, Seth Coffman of Guilford, Vt., practiced fifteen years in California.



LAWRENCE, after 1850

most, and associated later with and thing in Lancaster. His grandfather W. Williams of Lancaster and Lawrence were William Hayward and Lawrence Hubbard of Charlestown. Also William Heron and the late

four years his son, Everett Fletcher, a descendant on his mother's side of Lancaster's first lawyer, Judge Everett. One of the daughters, Mira, became the wife of Judge Ladd, and the mother of Fletcher Ladd, one of the judges of the Philippines, thus furnishing an interesting point in heredity.

William Burns, the son of Dr. Robert Burns, a former member of Congress, from whom the son received a Scottish inheritance of great vigor and persistency, was a graduate of Dartmouth, class of 1841. After studying law with Judge Wilcox of Oxford awhile, he entered Harvard Law School, graduating 1843. He came to Lancaster in 1846, and the year following Governor Williams appointed him a member of his staff with the rank of colonel. Later Governor Williams appointed him solicitor for Coos County, a position which he held five years. His partnership with Hon. B. F. Whiddon lasted many years and later, with Hiram Fletcher, when the firm was known as Fletcher & Burns, they were attorneys for the Grand Trunk railroad. In 1869 Mr. Burns and William Heywood's son, Henry, entered into a partnership which continued until Mr. Burns was compelled to retire from practice on account of ill health. An able speaker, legal and political, he was one of the truest advocates of the principles of the New Hampshire democratic party. He was elected to the state senate twice, was a candidate for Congress in the old Third District and a delegate to the Democratic National Convention in 1860.

If I have written at some length of these "builders" of Lancaster, so many of them lawyers, it is because

I wish my readers to know something more than the current local history of Lancaster. Figures do not lie but they are apt to deceive, and that a town of less than four thousand inhabitants should have made so much good history is remarkable.

The little drive over Bunker Hill discloses the beautiful residences of the jeweller, W. I. Hatch, D. M. White, editor of the Coos Democrat, and a Brown University man, Charles Cleveland, and George Lane.

Dr. Leith lives up this way, so does Dr. Mitchell, and they are two of Lancaster's most successful physicians. Dr. Ezra Mitchell is president of the State Medical Society, as well as of several other societies. He is widely known throughout the country. His colleague is Dr. Emmons Stockwell, the well known surgeon.

We have taken a rather circumscribed sweep over the hills, and now we come back to Middle street, past the handsome store of the Lafayette Moore Company, which does a very large business, Richardson's furniture store and Frank Smith's grain store. Mr. Smith does a large lumber business also, and probably the largest output of flour in New England comes from his mills. He is a man of note in town affairs, educational and political, has been representative of his town, chairman of the important county convention of 1886 and a frequent delegate to other county and state conventions; a Free Mason of twenty-five years' standing and a man to be relied on in all enterprises which pertain to the public good.

The Thompson manufactory combines many important industries.

From the time of the Rines plow, still in use on some Coos farms, when W. W. Rines was the owner of a sawmill, down through the ownership of the property by Jared I. Williams & Company to the consolidation of the firm under its present name, it has maintained a high reputation for making excellent machinery. In addition to iron foundry work, they are machinists and millwrights and manufacture wood working machinery, shafting, gearing planers, special machinery, etc., etc. The firm holds some special patents of its own. K. B. Fletcher, Jr., and F. H. Twitchel belong to the Thompson Manufacturing Company, and to Mr. Fletcher's practical knowledge of the business much of the company's success is due.

Other manufactories are the H. H. Jones & Company, Belt Hooks Company manufactory (Mr. Jones was himself the inventor of the valuable auxiliary of the milling industry); Hartley, the monumental and marble works; Baker & Cummings, electric light company, and Quimby & Moore, extension case company.

George H. Colby's bookstore is the largest this side of Boston. He is a man of enterprise who has travelled extensively and keeps abreast with the world in its wide questions which affect the public good. He has been mentioned before in these annals as the boyhood friend of Henry Denison. His brother, Dr. Frank Colby, formerly of Lancaster, was a graduate of Dartmouth College and while there received the appointment of physician on the Khedive's staff in Egypt.

Hon. Irving Webster Drew, known as Major Drew, because of his service in the Third Regiment,

New Hampshire National Guards, is a man conspicuous for his brilliant qualities as a lawyer and advocate. He was a delegate to the Cincinnati Democratic National Convention of 1880 and a state senator in 1883, where he was easily leader, being a judicious legislator, superior debater and very skillful in parliamentary matters. His son, Pitt Drew, and his son-in-law, Edward Hall, are members of the law firm of Congressman Powers of Boston. All three are Dartmouth men, closely connected with the athletic interests of Dartmouth, Hall being president of the athletic association and Pitt Drew a popular baseball captain in his college years. Drew and Hall, and, I think, Powers, are all graduates of Harvard Law School.

Ex-Governor Chester Bradley Jordan comes from an old English family, and his grandfather was one of the daring little band that effected the historic capture of General Prescott. The early life of Chester was one of toil, but his love of knowledge was ministered to by such newspapers as the New York Tribune long before he was out of the district school. Indeed his education was always of the wider sort which comes from a knowledge of men and events and discursive reading rather than academic training, for, although he graduated from Colebrook Academy, he never went to college. However, Dartmouth College gave him the honorary degree of Bachelor of Arts and Doctor of Laws, and at the commencement dinner on the occasion of the Webster Centennial, it was said that Governor Jordan made the most effective speech. Mr. Jordan studied law in the office of Judge Ladd and

afterward of Ray, Drew & Heywood, and was admitted to the bar in 1875. Five years later he was elected representative of the Republican party and was chosen speaker of the House, making so good a presiding officer that the Manchester Union, the leading Democratic paper, said of him at the closing session, "For Speaker Jordan there is but one encomium, and that fell from the lips of all, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'" Mr. Jordan was chairman of the state convention held in 1882 and in 1886 he had the unanimous nomination for state senator. In 1882 he was chosen honorary member of the Third Regiment, New Hampshire National Guards; in 1883 elected member of Webster Historical Society of Boston; in 1884 chosen honorary member of the Seventh New Hampshire Veterans' Association. He is a Mason and a man of sterling worth and integrity, broad-minded and impartial, with great kindness and geniality. No more popular man ever became governor of New Hampshire or better performed the duties which came to him. Governor Williams and Governor Jordan well deserve the pride and praise of the state at

large and Lancaster in particular.

Of the men who have gone out from Lancaster, John W. Weeks of Newton, member of Congress from Massachusetts deserves notice because he comes from an old family of worth and influence which has done much to shape Lancaster and make its history. The ancestor who came from England in 1656 was spoken of in the history of those times as "one of the men who stood rather for Massachusetts than the crown." The father of Congressman Weeks was William D. Weeks and his mother was a niece of Governor Williams.

Large families have been common in Lancaster. James W. Weeks says, "There were in my boyhood nine families residing near Mount Prospect, their children numbering sixty-five, and sixty-three of these attained majority," and an old stage-driver used to quote a reply which he made to a gentleman of more favored climate, as he thought, who asked, "What can you raise here?" "Men, sir, we raise men."

Lancaster has kept on raising men, and men of the right sort, men that New England may well be proud to own.



A Persian Proverb

By EDWIN H. KEEN

If thou would'st turn this world into an inn,
And spend to-night in drunkenness and sin,
Remember that there will remain in store,
Tomorrow, with the headache and the score!



The millowners, who share the earth for beautiful and happy spots in which to pitch their palaces, began to discover Lakewood a quarter century ago or so, and many and soon of them have been making it their favorite or permanent abode ever since. The passage of wealth and culture have made the place what it is to-day and is destined to make it even more beautiful and more famous in the future. Yet Lakewood was a local habitation and had another name before that. We don't need to go back to the days when Sir Frederick Baskin's crew on the "Hull House" exchanged two miles with the dusky Indian maidens, nor even to the Dutch days when Peter Stuyvesant took advantage of New Jersey gentility; we will come down to modern history that can be reached for by students of to-day.

Washington Terrace was the name of the hotel kept in Brooklyn by some and this it remained until after when it became *Briggs Inn* or *Gracie*. Again, from 1810 to 1815 it was known as *Bricklayers*. From Joseph W. Smith who owned most of the land thereabouts.

After his death in 1847 and prior to the change of the place to Brighton, it remained in the hands of the late Robert Campbell, manager of all the works who married the widow, Mrs. Campbell, Mary A. Smith, a son, and Josephine, a daughter, who had purchased the interests of the other heirs, until 1850 when after purchasing about twenty-two thousand acres the Brighton Land and Improvement Company came into existence under a charter granted in 1848.

For many years this company held its interest merged with its

New York and elsewhere, but the time was not yet ripe and after many reverses the enterprise failed.

About this time Mr. C. H. Kimball was on his way north seeking



THE LATE C. H. KIMBALL.

out from his previous duties in Chicago. He stopped at this little village to visit Mrs. Brewster, his old school friend, the wife of Captain A. M. Brewster the pleasant and estate man of this section who built the first cottage in this town, which was afterward remodelled into the beautiful modern home—"The Gables"—and Samuel D. Davis.

Mr. Kimball was so much pleased with the climatic conditions of the place that he became a devoted promoter and in his personal enthusiasm in connection with another Fall street banker are many of the happy citizens indebted for the be-



LAKEVIEW'S FOREST SCENE
 CAPTURED FROM FOREST, NEW HAMPSHIRE





THE OLD LANE, 1890, 1891

daughters of the hills. A unique combination of their given names, Caroline, Sarah and Josephine, gave the pretty title which many brought to be of Indian origin: Lake Carosukee.

Through the columns of the *Times* and *Journal*, it was well known by the people and in 1886 the little village, which through enterprise had become a favorite winter home of many who appar-

ated an atmosphere so lacking, was named in respect of the Lake and the world's Lakeview.

Many miles of fine roads, scenic trails and suitable trails among the pines, and numerous hotels in the village were built and today stand ready to compete with the best in way of comfort and convenience.

As one writer says: "The breath-taking beauty of the beach is fair-



LAKE CAROSUKEE—SCENIC VIEW—OLD LANE AND THE LANE, 1890, 1891

wood is well deserved for they rank with the best in the world."

Since the Laurel House, the finest hotel of the village, was opened on April 15th, 1886 and to-day is noted for its wonderful combination of luxurious appointments and homelike atmosphere, there has been a steady increasing of tourists and permanent residents in Lakewood.

One evening in the old Laurel House is well remembered as "New England Night" for among the noted guests were Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. Mottis and their family, R. D. Warren and J. Montgomery Flann, and the genial author's remarks after dinner were characteristic of our beloved old New England story teller.

About three years after the Laurel House, Clifton Hall came into use and was run until March 1893 when the owner removed the old house and built the first hotel in town—the Palace House—which was opened on the anniversary of November 18th.

While this hotel was in process of construction, the ground was broken on Clifton Avenue and Seventh Street and in one hundred and sixty days working days The Lakewood, the largest hotel in town, was opened on January 25th, 1894.

This same year thirty-three cottages—twenty-five on Massachusetts Street—were built, and this shows the increasing popularity of Lakewood.

At the annual opening of the fourth hotel, on December 22nd, 1894, Mr. W. E. Bailey, a guest at the time, read the following original poem:

The House is ancient days all pastures lay
The Lakewood now stands, it might be said
In years of change we will be likely there
Like days of yore, when the world was
new.

For Palace, Hall and Station, there
And nothing remains but the First year
gone.

Remember, here, the Queen all our (land)
Is? In her House we were crowned
young.



THE HOUSE

THE FIRST LAKESIDE HOTELS, 1886.

Imperial House has had her gate today
Shattered and about them a winter day
The mountains their crowded forests lay
new.

In summer pastures all the forest down
And when the fall winds come, with the
wind.

In town, mountains now, valleys new,
With "jumbled" piles of rocks and
new.

Many flowers down, and there are hills
to grow.

Men have departed from their homes
new.

Change is the order of these last days
When these hills there lay up to the
It appears that no something new
In these days there has a little thing
That have a little of a perfect thing
Now Lakewood, this Lakewood, this
It is a little thing, Lakewood, this Lakewood.

The wise Bostonians come with equal zest,
And who shall call *them* blind to what is
best?

Good Philadelphia friends have learned the
way,

Fair Cincinnati sends a great array.

What Hercules could check the Brooklyn
tide

With Dr. Storrs, and all the city's pride?

What other Mecca draws those patrons
hence

Who knows so well the ways of Provi-
dence?

Some magic in the Laurel House of old
On patrons lays its fascinating hold.

Chicago, even, gives to it her fair;

A hundred cities send their choicest there;

Men born to rank, or who their rank have
made;

Men high in art, in law, the kings of
trade;

Bishops and priests—like boys dismissed
for play,

Their minds unbent—they hold the years
at bay.

What tender memories cluster round that
place,

Which some of us will not let time efface!

We, who together there have met before,
Miss friends, alas! whom we shall meet

no more;

Their names are linked with many a happy
year;

They added brightness to the Laurel cheer;

We think of them in that familiar scene,

And lift the prayer, "Lord, keep their mem-
ory green!"

Now turn we to the Laurel-in-the-Pines,
To praise its beauty, and its graceful lines!

As, when a child is born to some good
friend,

Our glad congratulations swift we send,

So now with love and wishes, true and
strong,

Let heart and voice the sentiment prolong;

We greetings make, and heartiest welcome
give,

This Lakewood *prodigy* deserves to live!

Fair child of those who tore old Bricks-
burg down,

And reared thy sister in this new named
town,

Fair is thy face—thy form surpassing fair!

Thy parts more comely than thy sister's
are!

In beauty decked—outstretching winsome
arms—

We yield us captive to thy potent charms;

We feast, with raptured eyes, on what we
see,

And own that Art has done her best for
thee!

Thy heritage is good, for thou art heir
To what long years have built with pa-
tient care.

Thy rosy youth predicts a lasting age,

And thou art come of vigorous parentage.

Thy sister's creed be thine, safe counsel
hers—

'Twill bring to thee a crowd of worship-
pers;

And they, neglecting other favored shrines,
Shall bide beneath The Laurel-in-the-Pines.

Now on this Laurel with the hyphen'd
name

Rest all the prestige of the Laurel fame!

Rest all the benisons of coming friends!

Rest praise of those who reap the divi-
dends!

May sun and rain prepare the oak and pine

For open fires; and all good things combine

To make it run a hundred years at least.

That children's children here may come to
feast!

That children's children in these woods
may play,

And pledge their love upon the Lakeside
way;

That Hygeia, goddess, may not lose her
reign.

Supreme to-day o'er all this sandy plain;

That naught disturb the influence serene

Which flows to Lakewood through this
rosy Queen;

That on her smiling happy subjects all,

To latest day her benedictions fall!

And now a moment in a lighter mood—

If we had power to decorate the good—

Their merits great with titles to requite—

So that his name should be "Sir This" or
"That,"

(Say any honor 'neath a cardinal's hat)

What should we do for those who built
this Inn?

With whom this recognition just begin?

Seated beneath the dome, we should com-
mand

That Kimball first, before our throne should
stand,

Then we would say, "Great Sir, for all we
see

This Garter wear, and thou art K. B. C.!"

For thou hast done good work these many
years,

Our friendly plaudit fall upon thy ears!

While stands this marvel it will speak of
thee,

This noble Inn thy masterpiece shall be.

And next a man so like a well-loved king,

That scarce he needs the title we might
bring.







The Club



Club









THE LATHAM HOUSE, NEW YORK

was added here from the critics who speak so well of his work as the composer of the music of Charles Emerson Cook's opera, "The Rose of the Alhambra."

Mr. West in his "Lohengrin" says that Florida "stays long in New England when he says: "Lohengram is superior to Florida on account of his manners in the metropolis" and "one may safely challenge comparison with any of the Florida crowd" and "that the dominant note of Lohengram is—art."

The Erie station, at which stop the six regular trains going to or from New York its sister city, is kept in attractive condition by the Central Railroad of New Jersey, whose stations in New York are at the foot of West 42d street and Liberty street N. Y.

So much has been said and written about Lohengram it is not an easy matter to avoid repetition; but having visited this lovely spot we can try with Eugene Field:

"It seems to me I'd like to go
Where bells don't ring and babies blow.

For where don't babies, and where don't
And I'm sitting all around.

"If I were the night and wind and moon
I'd like the old world well,
For when it comes to getting lost,
I like the country best the best.

"Sometimes it seems to me I want
You and the city's day and night,
And yet not where the city is, but
And yet how far that I want to go!"



A CHILD, DAUGHTER OF LATHAM

The Dates of establishment of the leading hotels, cottages, schools and real estate offices of Lakewood will be seen in the following list:

LAUREL HOUSE

1880

Open from October to June.

Accommodates 300 Guests.

A. J. MURPHY, Manager.

PALMER HOUSE

1890

Open from October to June.

Accommodates 150 Guests.

C. PALMER CLEAVER, Owner.

LAKEWOOD HOTEL

1891

Open from November to June.

Accommodates 700 Guests.

J. N. BERRY, Res. Manager.

LAUREL-IN-THE-PINES

1891

Open from November to May 15th.

Accommodates 450 Guests.

F. F. SHUTE, Manager.

THE LEXINGTON

1898

Open all the Year.

Accommodates 85 Guests.

A. S. LARRABEE, Manager.

BARTLETT INN

1904

Open from November to May.

Accommodates 100 Guests.

C. M. BARTLETT, Manager.

THE CARASALJO

1886-1899

Open all the Year.

Accommodates 75 Guests

H. M. PARKER, Manager.

THE MADISON

1880

Open all the Year.

Accommodates 30 Guests.

Mrs. E. H. MERRIMAN, Manager.

KNOX SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

1904

Open from October to June.

MISS MARY F. KNOX, A. B., Prin.

LAKEWOOD SCHOOL FOR BOYS

1899

Open from October to June.

DR. EDW. P. HARRIS, PH. D., Prin.

A. M. Bradshaw.

1867.

BRADSHAW'S AGENCY

1906

W. C. O'LEARY.

JASPER LYNCH

1895-1906

1867 TIMES AND JOURNAL — LESLIE R. FORT 1906



the city., Mrs. D. W. Kuhn was elected to fill her place.

"After the business the meeting was adjourned to meet the second Tuesday in December at the home of Mrs. William McConway and the members remained at the invitation of the President, Mrs. Kirk, for a most pleasant reception.

"While there has as yet been no time to formulate any fixed plans for work, yet so many suggestions have been submitted and there is so much enthusiasm among the members of the Pittsburg Colony that it cannot fail to have a full and interesting series of meetings even this first winter of its career."

Their lists of officers and members are as follows: Mrs. David Kirk, president; Mrs. W. B. Schiller, first vice-president; Mrs. George Pearson, second vice-president; Mrs. David Mitchell, 5816 Baum street, recording secretary; Mrs. George Page Wrench, 242 No. Dithridge street, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Lucian Livingston, treasurer; Miss Florence Alrich, assistant treasurer. Board of managers: Mrs. E. P. Boynton, chairman; Mrs. Charles Zug, Mrs. George Hailman, and officers.

List of active members: Mrs. Marcellin Cote Adams, Miss Florence Alrich, Mrs. E. P. Boynton, Mrs. William McConway,

Mrs. Wesley Gould Carr, Mrs. Edward Dewson, Mrs. George W. Hailman, Mrs. B. Hazeltine, Mrs. David Kirk, Mrs. D. W. Kuhn, Miss Mary Lewis, Mrs. Lucian Livingston, Mrs. Francis Payne Mason, Mrs. David E. Mitchell, Mrs. George Pearson, Mrs. W. B. Schiller, Mrs. Jane D. Waring, Mrs. Frederic C. Weber, Miss Grace Williams, Miss Elisa May Williard, Miss Mary Williard, Mrs. George Page Wrench, Mrs. Charles H. Zug. Associate: Miss Elizabeth Dickey, Mrs. Frank Mulkie.

Reports from the other Colonies voice the same earnestness of purpose, cordiality among members, and fraternal interests generally. Lack of space prevents publishing their reports in this issue. Colony four, of our nation's capital, has created a social innovation by the introduction of men, who are dignified as *guest members*. This is a reciprocal compliment—to the men that Washington ladies had strong enough preference for the comradeship of the sterner sex to admit them at all; and from the men that they appreciate the privilege sufficiently to accept on so restricted a basis as that of guest membership only. No vote is accorded them, but we know full well they have voice in plenty. It is certain that other Colonies will follow the example set by Colony four. It recommends itself from every point of view.

The Way Glorious

By STEPHEN TRACY LIVINGSTON

When do men quit the sunlit field
For somber, unadventurous days?
Tell me when buoyant youth must yield,
And tread the heart's decadent ways.

Heigh-ho! I know not. Time slips by,
Yet life's fair promises unfold;
Ever the vales retreat that lie
Where one accounts himself as old.

I doubt not that a soul may fare
Hard up life's outer edge, and find
Resplendent landscapes even there,
Nor cast a single look behind.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

The inter-church conference on federation at New York in November was an initial movement from which much good may be expected in time, but the larger part of its addresses seem to have been somewhat foreign to the practical ends desired. Some forty denominations or sects participated. The early excitement over the exclusion of Unitarian delegates subsided when it was made apparent that the purpose of the projectors of the conference was to confine it to "evangelical" bodies. Future misunderstanding was avoided by the insertion of the phrase, "our divine Lord and Savior," in place of "our Lord and Savior," in the original preamble. Several of the delegates favored the admission of all who stand on the basis of the broadest Christian unity. President Faunce of Brown University was applauded when he said, "I should not want to be a candidate for any heaven from which Channing or Martineau were excluded." Rev. J. M. Buckley had similar approval when he said the Bible would never be put back into the public schools, and that it would be all that the churches could do to keep the Bible in the pulpit. Dr. Henry van Dyke made an earnest address on "The Ideal Society," which he said "must be composed of persons and not of classes; the reason why society is so bad is that so many persons are wicked, a golden age cannot be made out of brazen hearts, no legislature can merge lumps of selfishness into a fellowship of love. Ideal society means all sorts of men and women co-operating in common toil, and loving their neighbors as themselves. Great changes are coming in the social order—coming through sympathy, the sense of justice and Christian love. What part shall the Church play in this social transition? It must play the part of social idealism." The outcome of the conference was the provision for a Federal Council, with no authority over the constituent bodies, to meet once in four years, beginning in December, 1908, and to be made up of four members of each denomination plus one additional member for every fifty thousand communicants, or major fraction thereof. Its object is to stimulate and express Christian unity, to encourage devotional fellowship and mutual counsel, to improve moral and social conditions, etc. Evidently the end in view is not expected immediately. Such a body, meeting only once in four years, will hardly make a very strong impression, or change prevailing conditions.

While the evangelical denominations in the United States are moving toward at least a theory of federation the Canadian churches seem to be moving in a more prompt and practical way toward actual unity. Representatives of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational churches throughout the Dominion were in recent conference at Toronto, and agreed upon a code of doctrines which is expected to unify these denominations into one great church, which it is proposed to call "The United Church of Canada." Indications at the New York conference justify the expectation that all or nearly all of what may be called the minor evangelical bodies will fall in with this movement. The proposed United Church is to accept the revised Confession of Faith of the Presbyterian church, while church government will be headed by a "General Conference" after the Methodist form, and a "council" after the Congregational form and a "presbytery" after the Presbyterian form will be subordinate bodies, charged with local government. The officers of the three governing bodies will be a president, a chairman and a moderator. The scheme is to be submitted to the several denominations at once, and its approval is confidently expected. The movement is a decided advance over the theoretical federation which was advocated but not adopted by the New York conference, and it may be that the churches in the United States may find the practical aspect of Church union worked out for them by their Canadian brethren.

* * *

The abuse of the elective system as allowed in grammar and high schools is attracting the attention of conscientious educators. At a recent meeting of the Association of Mathematical Teachers of New England there was a general protest against the system. It was shown that in some Boston schools from twenty-five to fifty-three per cent. of the pupils ignored arithmetic, algebra and geometry, and a Yale instructor admitted that the standard for college admission had been lowered in mathematics because the preparatory schools do not send candidates who can pass the former tests. Similar complaints against the lowering of the requirements for writing, spelling and grammar are frequent. In fact there is reason to fear that in education fads and fancies are crowding out the essentials of what used to be esteemed as elementary education.

The "stay-at-homes" have been charged with a large share of responsibility for the disreputable character of elected officials in American cities, and when "Reform Associations" start in to improve things they usually preach earnestly on the responsibility of every citizen to go to the polls. This might or might not improve matters, for all sorts of people stay at home, just as all sorts of people vote. France is just now endeavoring to improve political conditions, and one of the schemes advocated is compulsory voting. It is stated that often only forty per cent. of the voters act at the polls, a proportion sometimes equalled in some of the upper class wards of Boston. Another scheme is the publication of the names of those who do not vote. The trouble is that politicians with personal or partisan aims will work to bring out their adherents and retainers, while the citizens who really desire only the best public service from elected officials have not the same personal interest, and thus many an election goes to the disreputables by default. The French experiment will be watched with interest, but we fear that little will be permanently gained by any form of compulsion. The inculcation and reception of a more vital sense of civic responsibility is the need, and this can come only through the normal stimulation of the personal conscience.

* * *

That agriculture is the basis of national prosperity is again demonstrated by the recent report of the Secretary of the Department of Agriculture. He finds the wealth production of the farms of this country in 1905 to be \$6,415,000,000, an excess of \$256,000,000 over last year. He says: "Should there be no relapse from his present position as a wealth producer, three years hence the farmer will find that the farming element, about thirty-five per cent. of the population, has produced an amount of wealth within ten years equal to one-half of the entire national wealth produced in three centuries." He also finds that in the last five years farm values have increased over thirty-three per cent., or approximately \$6,133,000,000. The principal factors in the year's farm products are corn, \$1,216,000,000; hay, \$605,000,000; wheat, \$525,000,000, and dairy products \$605,000,000.

* * *

Much has been justly claimed in the past for New England intellectual vigor and culture. It is a serious question whether present conditions are contributing to the maintenance of the old standard. The increase in libraries, magazines

and newspapers is quoted as an indication of increased culture, but serious observers raise the question as to the accuracy of the interpretation. Fifty years ago the average New Englander was a reflective being; he read less than his grandson of to-day, but he thought more deeply and more frequently. Popular literature has come to be sensational and amusing, rather than informing and stimulating to individual thought. Another indication of the decadence of general interest in clear thinking and sound learning is seen in the passing of the lyceum platform. Half a century ago thousands of people gathered in the largest city auditoriums and hundreds in the village halls all over New England, to listen to lectures by the leaders of real thinking and learning. The lyceum work of George William Curtis, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, John B. Gough, Henry Ward Beecher, Mary Livermore, Anna Dickinson, and a score of other speakers of national reputation, had a profound and healthful effect upon the people of the cities and larger towns, while lesser but brilliant lights shone week after week on less costly platforms. People listened, reflected and discussed, and there was almost a universal stimulus in the mind of the masses. The decay of interest came when stereopticon shows and professional humorists invaded the field, and the public taste was debauched and emasculated, until the show and the funny man had the field to themselves. Would it not be well for New England if the old "lyceum" of fifty years ago could be reinstituted? But first must come a revival of intellectual eagerness and appetite which present conditions tend to suppress.

* * *

A Canadian optimist foresees the utilization of the almost unlimited waterpower of the Dominion, not only as a source of power but of heat, so that the coal barons this side of the line will be discomfited. May be, but there is no lack of waterpower in the United States. Besides this is only one factor in domestic and commercial prosperity, and where both countries are equal in this respect the other factors are to be reckoned with. Thus far the optimist admits that present progress there is largely based upon "the introduction of capital and energy" from this side of the line, and "Yankee ways" will prove in the future as in the present to be the source of local development. The Dominion has indeed infinite possibilities, but not as exclusive possessions. Competition will assert itself, and conservative provincialism must be overcome before the Utopia of prosperity can be reached.

EDITOR'S TABLE

The craze for athletic sports in this country seems to have reached its height. For years it has eclipsed any other single interest, and the daily press has exploited every phase of "sport" until a stranger might well believe that it was the leading industry of the country. Baseball has become a "profession" and the franchises of the leading clubs have become merchandise of great value. The game has been a prolific parent of gambling, and its patrons have spent far more than they could afford in following the game. Football has not degenerated into commercialism, but the gambling element has been prominent. Nearly a score of deaths the past season on "the gridiron" and the increasing brutality that has accompanied the game seem to have given a wholesome check to the folly. President Roosevelt and President Eliot of Harvard have spoken words of conservative counsel against the recklessness which has attended the game, and the action of the authorities of Columbia University, after the close of "the season," excluding football from the college athletics, and abolishing the game so far as the institution is concerned, is an even stronger condemnation of the excesses that have become so prominent. The movement has taken strong hold in Iowa, where a conference of college presidents and high school principals has determined to abolish "football with its present rules" in all high schools and secondary colleges in the state. It is hinted that Harvard is to break all athletic relations with Yale, and if this should occur it would add much to the force of the prevalent reaction, which, although it has been long in coming, is most welcome to the conservative element of "the public."

The "blue glass cure" which General Pleasanton so earnestly promoted over thirty years ago did not establish itself in public confidence and soon disappeared from general interest. It is, however, revived by the declaration of Dr. Harvey Hilliard, of the Royal Dental Hospital, London, that blue light is anæsthetic. He has tested it in general dental work with success. Focusing blue light upon a patient induces a calming effect and a disposition to slumber, and a continuance of the exposure brings insensibility to pain, with no unpleasant after effects. He also uses it for insomnia, and some cases of mania have been controlled. His theory is easy and cheap, and may be tested by any one who will give it credence.

The city of Cambridge, Massachusetts,

celebrated its two hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary the week before Christmas. Harvard University and the literary history of the city were naturally much in evidence in the exercises, and the prophecy of still greater literary, scientific and educational advance was emphatic.

The unrest concerning "tainted money" is infectious, and has penetrated to the wilds of Kentucky, where a circle of Presbyterian women have undertaken to put things right by consecrating to church charities all the eggs laid by their hens on Sunday. This is better than the Connecticut deacon who whipped his cider barrel for working on Sunday, for probably he got fuddled later on the cider. The deacon who punished his cat for catching mice on Sunday is also outdone by these Kentucky matrons. It is to be hoped that no addled eggs will find their way into their contributions, and if their hens are as irreverent as was the hen of Old Grimes:

"She used to lay two eggs a day—
And Sunday she laid three,"
the church charities will flourish, and no one should criticise either the women or the hens.

It has been often told, but hardly realized—the wonderful commercial advance of the last century—only the span of a single life. In 1805 the world had not a single clipper ship or steamer on the ocean, a single mile of railway, a single strand of telegraph wire on land or under the sea. In 1905 it has over 18,000 steam vessels, 500,000 miles of steam railroad, uncounted miles of electric railways, more than 1,000,000 miles of land telegraph and over 200,000 miles of ocean cable, while telephone lines are too many and too extensive for computation. And all this is in but the germinal period of the union of science and industry. What may we not expect in the century upon which we have just entered?

It is singular that the publication in the November number of the New England Magazine of the article on "The Art Treasures of Fenway Court" should have created great excitement in Italy, and indeed in art circles everywhere. The article mentioned as a conspicuous treasure Giorgione's "Christ Bearing the Cross." The reception of the magazine at Rome was the first intimation there that the picture was not in the Loschi palace, where it has been kept as a priceless illustration of Italian art of five hundred years ago. The matter is under investigation.

BOOK NOTES

THE MOODS OF LIFE. By William Francis Barnard.

Here are over a hundred choice bits of verse, some of which have appeared in THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE. They cover a wide range of sentiment, but to many readers the keen appreciation of nature, animate and inanimate, will be the chief attraction. Man and his untrammelled freedom are the burden of many of the songs, and there is a vein of pathos running through the whole collection. The lines are musical and several of the fragments will adapt themselves to a musical setting. The conception of "The Poet's Work" which begins the volume is a pretty conceit:

"As the bee hies to the flowers,
Gathering nectar through the bowers,
So the Poet, taking wings,
Seeks the blooms of Time and clings
Till he can their essence reach
And distill it into Speech.

"Ah, the Honey of his Song!
He shall labor, lingering long,
Ever storing it in words
Which mock the fluted tones of birds
Against the time when men will look
And find it Hived within a Book."

And among the "epigrams" which are frequent in the volume, this will illustrate the author's attitude toward mental freedom:

"Rather would I my Mind were all
unfixed,
My Thoughts like leaves windblown or
low or high;
Rather would I dark doubt with doubt
were mixed
Than that my Life proved constant to
a Lie."

Independence, vigor and chaste sentiment are all charmingly expressed, and all lovers of fugitive poetry will welcome this compilation as one in which many phases of life, love and thought find illustration. (The Rooks Press, Chicago. \$1.00; postage 10 cents.)

JAY GOULD HARMON WITH MAINE FOLKS.
By George S. Kimball.

A wholesome story of simple country life, told by a lover of the Maine woods, who has certainly caught the spiciness of the pines and brings it to us in this neatly

published volume. As full of thrilling adventure and dramatic situation as a Charles Reade novel, with a tender thread of romance running through it all, it holds the unflagging interest of the reader from cover to cover. To the severe critic it may seem a bit over-detailed and lacking in pure literary merit, but this can hardly be said of the chapters on the river-drive, in which the author has thrillingly depicted the daily life and perils of the log-runner. He cleverly contrasts the insipidness of city society life with the pure joy of vigorous outdoor life in the woods and makes us long with him "to preserve the most magnificent park under high heaven," as the Maine forest is to those who know and love it," "not only for the children of this state but for America." He suggests that "it is within the lines of possibility that some great soul or souls can be found to buy Katahdin and a million acres around its base and give it as a national park, extending from the Ambejejus on the south to Churchill's Lake on the northwest; from Sebois and the Grand Lake on the east to Chesuncook and the Allegash on the west; while Katahdin, rearing its glorious head and flinging down its shadows on half a thousand lakes, should dominate all." (C. M. Clark Publishing Company, Boston. \$1.50).

MR. PENWIPER'S FAIRY GODMOTHER. By Amy Woods.

An attractive story for children about a bright, lovable little girl who is so jolly and active that she is the leader of her school-mates in all their pranks until in one of them she becomes crippled, as the doctor thinks, for life. Then by her sweetness and patience she holds her place in their hearts and becomes a veritable fairy godmother to all her grown-up friends. She opens the heart of crabbed old Mr. Penwiper and all ends merrily when she is completely cured of her lameness, and all the hardworking or lonely grown-ups become happily mated. (Dana Estes & Company, Boston. 50 cents).

ON LIFE'S STAIRWAY. By Frederic Lawrence Knowles.

A neatly bound, revised edition of about one hundred short poems, covering a wide range of subjects. To the many who loved Mr. Knowles and recognized in him a genuine American poet this little volume will be most welcome. (Dana Estes & Company, Boston. \$1.00).

BOOK NOTES

SAN QUENTIN DAYS.

A curious little pamphlet of verse, prettily bound and profusely illustrated. The name of the author of these verses is withheld because, as explained in the introduction, they were written behind the gray walls of San Quentin by one who is now pardoned and becoming a power in the world, the stronger for his falling and rising. These poems are the heart beats through the long dark hours of prison gloom of a man weak enough to fall and strong enough to rise above and beyond it all. There is at times the bitter cry against injustice, but more often a pathetic tenderness and hopefulness. (Joseph M. Anderson, Sacramento, California. 50 cents).

PART OF A MAN'S LIFE. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

The reading of this volume is quite like having an intimate and friendly chat with its author. In his own charmingly straightforward and finished style, Colonel Higginson expresses his ripe views upon many public questions and literary subjects. Instead of a dry and formal autobiography he has given us a most entertaining series of chapters, which overflow with a quiet humor, upon some of the more important phrases of his long and interesting life and experience. The character of the book is suggested by the chapter headings, some of which are, *The Sunny Side of the Transcendental Period*, *Aristocracy of the Dollar*, *American Audiences*, *English and American Cousins*, *The Child and His Dreams*, *Books Unread*, *Butterflies and Poetry*, *The Cowardice of Culture*, etc. All are delightful, none more so than *The Child and His Dreams*. The book is especially well printed and bound and illustrated with excellent photographs and facsimile letters from men of note, such as Whittier, Mathew Arnold, Browning, Thoreau, and others. (Houghton, Mifflin & Company. \$2.50 net.)

FAULTY DICTION; OR, ERRORS IN THE USE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, AND HOW TO CORRECT THEM. By Thomas H. Russell, LL.B.

Dr. Russell is editor-in-chief of Webster's Imperial Dictionary, and is most competent to compile this little handbook, fitted for the pocket. It is of value to the pupil, the scholar and the business man, and every one else, for errors in speech and writing are universal. "English as she is spoke" has become a by-word, and those who use this little manual will be saved from its application. (George W. Ogilvie & Company, Chicago. Cloth 25 cents; leather 50 cents).

GARRISON THE NON-RESISTANT. By Ernest Crosby.

Mr. Crosby is author of half a dozen books in which fact and fancy are combined to evoke interest, and in this volume he has cultivated the same field. He claims originality for his view that the Civil War was a mistake, and the germ from which have grown imperialism, militarism, trusts, labor troubles and the race question in its present aspect. His ideal is non-resistance, and he declares that the morality and the worldly wisdom of the Civil War were more than questionable. He finds excuses for Garrison in his sympathy with the North in the struggle, although the war was counter to his non-resistance principles, and contends that his platform was practicable and wise; that he almost alone saw clearly and rightly the great issues of the conflict. (The Public Publishing Company, Chicago. 50 cents net.)

WEBSTER'S FIRST BUNKER HILL ORATION, AND WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS. Edited By A. J. George.

The bringing together of these two American classics is a happy thought and the editor's preface, introduction and notes give the book added interest and value. As a handy volume, showing the essentials of the revolutionary period and the early days of the Union, it should be on the desk of every school pupil. (D. C. Heath & Company, Boston).

THE FOOLISH ALMANAC. By Half a Dozen Wits. Illustrated by Wallace Goldsmith.

It is to laugh! There is nothing else like it! It bubbles over with fun, and chunks of wisdom are not lacking. The pictures are as funny as the texts, and the texts are all quotable. No other almanac can compare with it for wit, wisdom or accuracy. (John W. Luce & Company, Boston.)

DEACON WHITE'S IDEAS. By S. W. Brown.

He was a Wisconsin farmer, rigidly "pious" but close fisted and inclined to grumble when his crops went wrong or some one bested him in a trade. The village discussions over the outbreak of the civil war, and the adventures of the soldiers who went from the village give variety of the story, and all along the Deacon's "ideas" are full of quaint philosophy and humor. (Mayhew Publishing Company, Boston. \$1.00.)

A special edition of Mary E. Wilkins Freeman's recent novel, "The Debtor," is now being prepared by the Harpers for sale in Australia.



CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS.

is an old proverb but holds good more than ever in these modern times. Every recurring spring time gives occasion to put this saying into more forcible practice, and the thrifty housewife, whose home is her pride, looks about for the best method of cleaning house. The kind of soap to use is the great question that comes to her mind at once. It is, therefore, fortunate that we have a soap manufacturing house in this city, which can be heartily recommended. This firm—Charles F. Bates & Co.—manufacture the “Kitchen and Hand Soap,” an indispensable article in every house. The use of Kitchen and Hand Soap lightens the drudgery of housework to a wonderful degree. Ask your grocer for it or send direct to Charles F. Bates & Co., 123 Oliver Street, Boston.

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at the decisive battle of the Sea of Japan was: “The destiny of our Empire depends upon this action. You are all expected to

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The Newfoundland Fishery Dispute

By P. T. McGRATH

NEWFOUNDLAND is an international storm centre little inferior to Morocco or Venezuela. Only in 1904, after nigh upon two centuries of bickering with France, was the famous "French Shore" question settled, yet no sooner did this occur than a new outbreak of a dispute with the United States, that has lasted over one hundred years, took place.

This Terranovan-American entanglement, like that with France, is the outcome of the defective diplomacy of Britain in bygone days. The fisheries of Newfoundland were famous four centuries ago and all the maritime nations of Europe flocked to engage in them, though England annexed the island. France later disputed her title and many battles were waged on its shores till the Peace of Utrecht, in 1713, confirmed England in the sovereignty, but granted the French fishing rights over one-third of the coast line.

Before the North American colonies proclaimed their independence they shared in the Newfoundland fisheries with other British subjects, but the war abrogated that privilege, though at its close they de-

manded and secured its revival. This continued till the war of 1812, when it again ceased, but in 1818, to terminate disputes arising out of American claims as to fishery rights in these waters, the two powers compromised on the following basis, which formed Article I of the Convention of that year:

"I. It is agreed between the high contracting parties that the inhabitants of the United States shall have forever, in common with the subjects of His Britannic Majesty, the liberty to take fish of every kind on that part of the southern coast of Newfoundland which extends from Cape Ray to the Rameau Islands; on the western and northern coasts of Newfoundland, from the said Cape Ray to Quirpon Islands; on the shores of the Magdalen Islands; and also on the coasts, bays, harbors and creeks from Mount Joly on the southern coast of Labrador, to, and through the Straits of Belle Isle, and thence northward, indefinitely, along the coast, without prejudice, however, to any of the exclusive rights of the Hudson Bay Company. And that the American fishermen shall also have liberty forever to dry and cure fish in any of the unsettled

bays, harbors and creeks of the southern coast of Newfoundland, have always been closed; but no more on the same, or any portion thereof, shall be noticed, it shall not be lawful for the said fishermen to dry

or obtaining water, and for an other purpose whatever. But they shall be under such restrictions as may be necessary to prevent their taking, drying or curing fish therein, or in any other manner whatever



FISHING IN CANADA, 1852

or cure fish at such places as are fixed without previous agreement for such purpose with the inhabitants, proprietors or possessors of the ground.

"And the United States hereby renounces forever any liberty heretofore enjoyed or claimed by the inhabitants thereof to take, dry or cure fish on or within three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays, creeks or harbors of the British

Highway's declaration in America are included within the above mentioned limits; provided, however, that the American fishermen shall be admitted to enter such bays or harbors, for the purpose of shelter and for repairing damages therein, of purchasing wood and

showing the privileges hereby reserved to them."

A close study of the language will reveal the fact that the right of "taking" is confined to the "coasts" of Newfoundland alone specified, though the "bays, harbors and creeks" of Labrador are also referred within the convention, whereas in Newfoundland the right of "taking" is for the purpose only of drying and curing the catch, even this right, however, being ruled solely on the south coast, and then only when these Indians were considered civilized. No such right was granted the Americans on the west coast because the French had already been established in the northern part, and



try has not so far agreed to endorse it, the question being one of those now the subject of negotiations with the Cabinet at Washington.

A century ago the west coast of Newfoundland and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, on which it fronts, were a great resort for cod, halibut and mackerel, and large fleets of fishing vessels operated there. But of late the fish have deserted those waters and now the chief trawling areas are along the Grand Banks, where, of course, the French, American, Canadian and Newfoundland fishing fleets have followed them. The Americans, therefore, have lost all the advantages which they possessed on their treaty coast, of having a nearby base which would greatly facilitate them in carrying on their undertakings. From the Grand Banks, where they now catch fish, the nearest land is the eastern coast of this island, where they possess only the right of entry if in distress, and as it is essential that they should have for successful fishing an accessible seaboard where they can procure cheap and abundant supplies of provisions, water, bait, ice, gear and outfits; hire men, tranship cargoes and otherwise operate advantageously, they have found themselves greatly handicapped there.

After endless disputes in the first half of the last century, they obtained all these facilities by the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854-1866; they secured them again by the Washington Treaty of 1871-1886, and they enjoyed them once more by the *modus vivendi* which followed the abortive Fisheries Treaty of 1888, which though originally intended to be but for two years was continued by Newfoundland until

March, 1905, and is still recognized by Canada. By the Reciprocity Treaty free entry for fishery products was granted each country. By the Washington Treaty American fishermen were conceded free fishing in Canadian and Terranovan waters and the fishermen of these countries were granted free fishing in American waters down to thirty-nine degrees north latitude. But as they claimed that the Americans had the best of the bargain, an arbitration was agreed to, which was held at Halifax in 1877, which mulcted the United States in \$5,500,000 for the twelve years the treaty was to run, Canada taking \$4,500,000 and Newfoundland \$1,000,000. Canada funded her proportion and uses the \$160,000 in interest obtained therefrom in bounties to her fishermen every year, while Newfoundland spent her share in lighthouses and marine works for her people.

With the expiration of the Washington Treaty in 1886 begins what may be termed the modern epoch in this fisheries dispute. Secretary Bayard and Mr. Chamberlain negotiated a new fisheries treaty on a reciprocity basis, but the United States Senate rejected it. To provide against the possibility of friction while it was under consideration by that body a *modus vivendi* was agreed to, effective for two years, granting the Americans in-shore fishing privileges by their vessels paying an annual license fee of \$1.50 per ton register. In 1890, when this instrument was expiring, Newfoundland had entered into the separate reciprocity arrangement, since famous as the Bond-Blaine Convention, and to expedite its acceptance agreed to continue the

should should resemble Canada, not included in that company and beside us & therefore, but nothing resembling Canada, but no objection but no de liberate. She then presented against the third-class Convention on the ground that as the Newfoundland fisheries were the common property of all British subjects, that colony should not be

most, however, decided to transfer to Canada's control and withhold its ratification of the same until Canada should have had an opportunity to negotiate a similar one.

Newfoundland, in 1876, began a legislative war on Canada's fisheries, and on her shipments of products to the island, which proved most bitter and vexatious, and de-



FIG. 10. A FISHING BOATMAN.

allowed to make them away for generations for her alone. Newfoundland replied that the sovereignty in these fisheries, and the right of legislating for them, lay in her, and that the proposed convention wronged Canada in no wise, as her fishermen had the same right of entry as always, and the Americans were only descendants. The British govern-

ment all the efforts of the British Colonial Secretary for three years in bring it to an end. Canada was, at the same time, working for sovereignty and sending delegations to Washington, but without avail, and though both Upper in 1884, and Lower, after his election in 1884, sought to effect an agreement, the United States would not deal with

them. In 1881, when the John High Commission was formed, the latter question was one of those submitted to it, and Newfoundland insisted upon representation on the tribunal under a threat not to accept its findings otherwise, so her demand had to be complied with. This attempt to dispose of the question was in fact the last pre-

vious Board to appoint a new compact, as it was not known if the Cabinet then in power at Washington was favorable to the project. He found it equally ready to endorse his proposals, and the Boundary Commission was the outcome. After being signed it was submitted to the Senate by President Hancock with a message of approval, but after be-



NEWFOUNDLAND COAST LINE.

foremost, and both Canada and Newfoundland had still to maintain the marine coveys and allow the American fishermen to enjoy for a second year privileges worth millions and of steadily increasing value as the years went by.

Not until 1884 was Canada persuaded of the impossibility of avoiding reciprocity, and then Premier Laurier issued the remarkable decree that the next convention must come from Washington. The Newfoundland government at once pressed for the withdrawal of the invitation on the Basildon Convention, and provision was granted

ing conferred by the Foreign Relations Committee for two sessions was "succeeded to death" by them in February, 1885, as the Senate was in order to exert its coordinating authority, then rejecting arbitration and other treaties entered into by the President.

It seems proper here to explain the reason why the Washington Conference, in 1884 and 1885, should have a bilateral treaty with Newfoundland and not with Canada. It is that they regarded one as favorable and the other as detrimental to American interests. Canada is a country physically attached to the

United States. Her maritime powers are within easy reach and nearest connection with the most populous nation states. Her fisheries are very large.—Baptismists against Baptismists in the United States. Her home market is swelling, ninety million people against eighty million. The granting of reciprocity to her west coast flooding the Republic with cheap fish to such an extent as to destroy the American fishing industry, for the Canadians are nearer the fishing grounds, carry on their operations less expensively, and could undersell the Americans in the latter's own mar-

ket, but fish are raised in other States and would not sell in the United States, and she would send only partial supplies there—sufficient to insure a reduction in present fish prices and cheaper fish food for the American economy, without destroying the home fishing industry. Lastly, Newfoundland had something to offer in return for reciprocal trade by granting the American fishermen access to her fish supply, a something which would help to establish the New England fishery rather than cripple it, but Canada had no such equivalent to put forward, because she has no fish sup-



NEWFUNDLAND, LOOKING ON THE SEASIDE

her except for the import duty now levied.

Newfoundland, on the other hand, has but two hundred thousand people, is remote from the United States and separated even from Canada by a wide stretch of ocean, so that her fish could not be easily transported to American markets. Her principal sales are made in Europe and Vir-

gily cities, the Canadian, American and French fishermen having all to depend on Newfoundland for their stocks of this commodity.

The harking of the Bond-Flag treaty was performed at the instance of Senator Lodge and the Gloucester fishing interests, who counted on being able still longer to play off Canada and Newfoundland against each

other, and who raised the cry that the North Atlantic fisheries, the training school of the American Navy, would be destroyed if this compact were ratified. Senator Lodge's son-in-law, Congressman Gardner, represents Gloucester, and the Senator himself has strong support in the fishing headquarters. But their plea is a fallacious one. The American fishing vessels are no longer crewed by Americans—not even by naturalized ones. Not five per cent. of their personnel is American born, not twenty-five per cent. naturalized; the great bulk of the men are Nova Scotians and Newfoundlanders, who proceed to Gloucester and join the vessels each spring and return to their homes in the fall after the fishing season is ended.

As for the plea of these fisheries being a naval nursery, the record shows that of a total of 12,358 men enlisted in the American Navy for the year ending June 30, 1903, only 1,464 enlisted in Massachusetts, she being but the second state, New York leading with 1,643, Pennsylvania being a close third with 1,282, while it is interesting to observe that other states not usually regarded as great fishery centres, also contributed large quotas, California furnishing 908, Missouri 904, Illinois 733, Ohio 872, and Texas 548. In Massachusetts all the enlistments but thirteen took place in Boston, and there is no evidence to show that any larger proportion of them came from the fishing districts than from elsewhere in the state; on the contrary, it is a fact that part of them drift into Boston from other New England states.

Newfoundland, therefore, feeling that she had been very unjustly

treated, resolved upon a retaliatory policy, and in the session of her Legislature in March, 1905, enacted a statute termed the "Foreign Fishing Vessels Act," the purpose of which was to deny American fishing crafts a continuance of the *modus vivendi* and other privileges which they had previously enjoyed. At the same time she enforced against them the "Bait Act," which she had already applied against the French with such destructive effect that she cut the catch of fish at St. Pierre in half and is steadily depopulating that French outpost. About eighty American vessels frequent the Grand Banks every summer and have always heretofore obtained their bait in Newfoundland ports. Now they can only do so on the west coast, and even there must catch it themselves, and in this they suffer from three disadvantages: (1) they do not carry the proper gear, nor have they sufficient men for such work; (2) bait is not obtainable there until June, though the Banks fishery opens in March; (3) that coast is too remote from the fishing areas to make this a satisfactory alternative.

The Bait Act is therefore counted upon by Newfoundland to work as great injury to the American fishing smacks and Gloucester as it has to the French and St. Pierre; more so, indeed, in the opinion of some, because the French had the benefit of an advanced base in St. Pierre within very sight of our shores whereas the Americans have no foothold nearer than their own New England coasts. The inability to procure bait in Terranovan waters during the summer of 1905 has very prejudicially affected the catch of cod by the French and the Ameri-

cans, both of whom are prevented from buying bait in our waters save on the treaty coast, while as a result the demand for Newfoundland cod and the price obtained for it in foreign markets is the best for half a century. Newfoundland is thus encouraged to continue the enforcement of this Act and the exclusion of the Americans, believing that by a firm stand in this respect she can eventually compel the United States fishery interests to agree to some compromise on this whole question which would ensure to this colony an adequate return for the valuable baiting privileges which she has to concede to all comers.

When the autumn approaches and the fierce October gales drive the fishing schooners from the Grand Banks, they visit the deep fiords on the Newfoundland coast to carry on the winter herring fishery. This is a remarkable industry and its prosecution forms one of the chief features in the present fishery dispute. The waters of Newfoundland are the only marine areas in North America to which herring resort in the fall and winter, and therefore American, Canadian and Terranovan vessels gather there in quest of them. There are five centres familiar to the herring—Bonne and Island Bays, on the west coast, Fortune and Placentia Bays on the south coast, and White Bay on the north coast. The former two being on the treaty shore the Americans have certain rights there, but the colony contends that they may not fish in the "bays, harbors and creeks," which definition, if accepted, would exclude them from all participation in the industry. The British government, however, has ordered that they be permitted the

same fishing privileges there this season as the colonists, and all disagreement on this point will probably be dispelled by the negotiations on the whole subject.

But the mere permission to fish is of comparatively little value to the Americans. They have never conducted this herring industry on the basis of catching the fish themselves. On the contrary, their whole idea has been to avoid doing so, because it is both costly and inconvenient. The herring are taken with nets in the shallow reaches and inlets of the bays, and hundreds of coast folk engage in netting them when the season opens, the vessels which visit the region then buying the contents of the nets from these men from day to day and loading their vessels thereby. To successfully fish otherwise would mean bringing large crews and expensive gear, feeding and paying these crews when herring were scarce; and lessening the cargo space on each craft by the room required for them and their equipments. While amity prevailed with the United States, the American schooners, like the Canadian and Terranovan, would come to these bays with but six or eight men on each to navigate them, and would then purchase cargoes of herring and when loaded sail home again.

In reality it was a trading and not a fishing venture, and the Newfoundland government, in recognizing it as such, enforced regulations which covered every feature of it, and which the American vessels subscribed to and were governed by, though on the west coast the colonial Ministry could have no control over them in the exercise of their liberty to "take fish of every

kind forever" unless they agreed to it. In practice, however, the procedure was for each vessel to enter at the Customs, apply for and obtain from the Fisheries Department a permit to purchase a cargo of herring, and then proceed to load them subject to these conditions: (1) to pay a minimum price of \$1.25 a barrel for the fish; (2) to take them without "cull" or selection; (3) to use a standard barrel in measuring them; (4) to refrain from polluting the waters by throwing garbage or offal overboard; (5) to maintain a tidewaiter on the vessel to see these rules enforced, and (6) to give a bond for \$5000 not to sell the cargo at St. Pierre on the homeward trip.

The American fishermen, as already stated, abided by these rules, not only in White, Placentia and Fortune Bays, where they had no fishing rights whatever, but also in Island and Bonne Bays, which are on their treaty coast. And, equally, they obtained free entry in their home ports for these fish, caught by British fishermen in British waters, whether these herring were taken on the treaty coast, where the American vessels had some right of entry, or on the remainder of the coast, where they had no right at all. This was accomplished by making fraudulent affidavits that the herring were the product of the American fisheries, taken by the crews of American vessels "assisted by Newfoundlanders," and such was the power of the Gloucester fishery interests that this fraud was officially sanctioned.

Seven years ago, complaints of the dishonesty of this proceeding being made to the United States Treasury Department by importers who desired to secure cargoes

in Newfoundland bottoms, but found the duty levied on these though they were taken under exactly the same circumstances as those in American bottoms, that department sent agents to Newfoundland to investigate the matter, and the report of these agents was so conclusive as to the magnitude and the openness of the fraud, that the Treasury Department made a ruling levying duty on all these fish, but the fishing interests were sufficiently powerful to force a cancellation of this and a perpetuation of the malpractice down to the present day, at a cost to the United States of about \$100,000 in duties every year.

The situation, then, which has been created on the west coast of Newfoundland in connection with this herring fishery is that the American vessels have been forced into netting the fish themselves. Their own crews being inadequate for the work, and the colonial laws forbidding residents to sell fish to them, or to join their vessels and ship thereon as additional members of the crews, the vessels have had to entice local fisherfolk outside the three-mile limit and hire them there. This expedient has, however, proved but an unsatisfactory one at best, because formerly these vessels could buy herring from scores of men, whereas now they are restricted to the catch of the few they have hired in this fashion. Moreover, the Newfoundland government has protested against this practice as an evasion of the spirit and the letter of the Treaty of 1818, which granted the fishery privileges in these waters to "inhabitants of the United States," and it is pointed out that these men do not come under that

definition, nor is the practice one consistent with honorable dealing. This point is one of those reserved for the diplomats of the two nations, but even if the American vessels are upheld in it they cannot operate as successfully by that means as if they had the free right of purchasing cargoes as heretofore. The right of unrestricted access to the shore, which is now denied them, is one which bulks largely in the successful conduct of such an enterprise, and they find its loss a very serious drawback.

The British government has stationed the warship "Latona" in the herring district to see that no friction arises. The United States Cabinet has sent the fishery cruiser "Grampus" there to watch over the American interests, and the Newfoundland Ministry has the colonial cutter "Fiona" on the scene, enforcing the local laws and the Terranovan interpretation of the treaties. The situation for the Americans has been made worse by the herring being scarce this season, increasing the difficulty for limited crews to secure good hauls and prolonging the stay of the vessels, for it paid local netmen better to sell to Canadian and Terranovan crafts than to take the risks involved in hiring outside of the three-mile limit to fish for the Americans.

Whatever may be the eventual outcome of the negotiations between Britain and America with

respect to this matter, the fact remains that successful operations by the Gloucester fleet have been made impossible this season. Many ship-owners did not despatch their vessels to the coast at all, fearing the trouble which has ensued. And those that did proceed there found themselves so seriously hampered in procuring cargoes that they had to pay more for them in many instances than they could afterwards sell them for in the home markets. The Newfoundland government is now considering the enactment of more stringent laws to prevent its own people from hiring to Americans outside the three-mile limit, and if it can accomplish this it must make the problem still harder of solution for the American fishermen, who would then have to get men in hundreds from their home ports or else abandon the fishery altogether.

After New Year, when the west coast inlets freeze up and sometimes enmesh several American vessels there, the scene of the fishery shifts to the southern bays—Fortune and Placentia, which have in the past been the theatre of extensive American operations. But in these areas the American fishermen have no rights under the treaty, and in view of the conditions now existing they would certainly be excluded altogether and deprived of any opportunity to participate in the fishery there.



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ing was so broad it would have been lost, but to make no head his crew in his absence and when his horses were exhausted had caught a few "bums" and spent as he thought seemed to Kowloon like watching the birds. One more head in what our Captain meant and he

would have been good to order he would not take a wrong one either to see about. Kowloon returned to the Straits of Juan. He said about this latter place an enormous of fishermen who have followed the fishery out of Gloucester and visited to their homes for good



VIEW OF KOWLOON

would show the Canadian a wide world even of the last one.

Kowloon, arrived in Vancouver. The advent of a stranger to this remote town lying well out of the way of general travel is an occurrence. For that stranger to remain any length of time without satisfying the tongue of gossip was to create suspicion. The gold mines in the harbor gave Kowloon's presence the due notice. In the guise of a prospector he entered the place. Kowloon had the geographical eye and it did not take him long to locate his capture vessel, get the details and details of the harbor's channel and lay out in full his plan of campaign. His next step was to

set for the season. Kowloon was not willing to this for. The eyes of the Canadian officials were upon him, one false move and his undertaking would be made public and the whole thing would be blown. In this shipping of the case our Captain alone. Vancouver's decision would have increased but he witnessed it. With the drawing out that Mother Nature had in his breast when she launched him. Kowloon would be and was among the officials and the people, he samples of quarts in one hand, he returns in the other. The trick was to make men believe gradually toward the country that gave them bread was greater than their love to

the plot that gave them birth. Our Captain made not one mistake. His other men were wonderful, personified good, and at last six able-bodied men were collected, secure to follow Kowitch to the death. All being ready, the seven men slipped out of the village of Malgros at dusk and plunged into the righteous mists of wilderness that lies between the frontiers of Canada and Cayshenough. All night they crept and slithered about their hidden lair, a fern-enchanted bay of Cayshenough. For three days the Captain waited about the town, while his impatience wore after him, perhaps, never heard of Kowitch, never heard of the psychological moment, ripe well to burst, chewing arrows and conspiring with their lighted pipes the newly-mown hay.

The services ended, they slowly reached their way homeward, little dreaming that their movements were being observed by a hidden and determined hand bent on outraging the dignity of their beloved Dominion. There some neighbors hurried in a doorway to discuss the manner of some disputed point in theology; there house fires were ready to their homing; but at last the village scenes were quiet (almost), one after another the lights in the town went out, and then the impatient Kowitch with drawn pistol at their head, emerged from their hiding and moved steadily down on the captive subman.

The hour for action had been well selected. The single guard's religious scruples had become his end for the Dominion's business. Kowitch



VIEW OF LAKES

The glass matured, Kowitch was ready to put his enterprise to the hazard. Sunday, the eighth day of October, was the day picked upon. On the evening of that fateful day good people of Cayshenough hurried to their respective places of worship.

Long hours were spent by those there in worship who had dropped in to talk over the prospects of the coming grounds. The guard lighted his pipe, stretched himself on a convenient and inviting lounge and agreed that, if the late day season

had been bad for the hay, it was good for the potatoes. The evening wore on, the neighbor departed. It suddenly occurred to the guard that it was high time for him to be about the Dominion's business. Now this man, during his nightly vigils, had oft and deeply reflected on the folly of keeping a watch on board this captive vessel away up at the head of Chedabucto Bay. As to her being retaken, why, she was five hundred miles from any one that even harbored the thought! He assumed a sitting position, drew his heavy sea-boots to him, tipped their soles upward and began to contemplate the season's wear. The folly of keeping watch on board of that vessel began to loom larger than ever. The sun would be in the heavens on the morrow and the schooner "E. A. Horton" would be at her berth. He lay back upon the lounge, lit his pipe anew and began to debate within himself the pros and cons of the matter. There was a momentary passage of arms between the still, small voice within and the charms of the situation. The charms of the situation won. The guard slept.

When Knowlton arrived on the wharf and found that a conflict with an armed guard, resulting perhaps in bloodshed, had been providentially excluded from his undertaking, he breathed a sigh of relief. There were obstacles enough in the path of escape. There was no wind the vessel was aground and all her sails had been stripped from her and stored in a nearby warehouse. All her charts and nautical instruments had been removed, but the soul of the ship remained, the compass swung in its binnacle. The provisions for fourteen men for a two months' cruise, minus the guard's

nightly "mug up," were intact. The first task of the invaders was to find and bend the sails. It so chanced that the schooner "Nickerson," hauled up for the season, was moored at the same wharf. The men working in the dark in the warehouse lit upon the sails of this vessel, and they were carried on board and broken out before the mistake was discovered. Valuable time was here lost, but nothing daunted the men threw the misfit canvas on the wharf and once more began to grope among the girders of the warehouse. This time they drew the prize. And now the work of bending the sails to mast and boom began in earnest. A dog bayed; a light flashed at a remote window and a child's cry came down the night. The hours slipped by, and still the men with feverish haste pressed the work of lacing the sails to mast and boom. The round, red moon shied up from behind the dark hills and gave them light; the friendly tide murmured encouragement as it ran in and lipped streak after streak of the vessel's sheer. As the last hank was tied, the last lacing rove, the last foot of the last sail pulled home, the schooner careened wharfward, righted herself, her rigging vibrated, she was afloat, she was ready for flight.

And now the essential reinforcement had not come up—there was no wind. Far down the bay, fugitive cat's-paws chased each other over the ocean's breast, but the "slick" of the immediate harbor rose and fell under the moon like a sea of mercury. But, wind or no wind, out the vessel must go! The sails were hoisted, a kedge anchor carried out into the stream and the schooner was slowly warped into the channel.

Still no wind. A chancicleer was now telling the events of the night to the morning. On the opposite shore the lantern of an industrious farmer, who was taking thought of his stock, gleamed fitfully. The round moon elbowed a cloud out of her way and distinctly pointed out to the invaders the black walls of the Guysborough jail perched on the hillside. The morning was now coming on apace and the situation was becoming desperate. Our Captain called up his last reserve. Lowering the yawl boat the men began towing the heavy vessel to sea. But the pace was fearfully slow. Here and there lights appeared in the town. The sun began to pencil the caps of the far eastern hills with the dye of dawn. Suddenly, as they passed the stern of a little pinky, a cur set up a most unearthly yelping that sent the echoes flying over town and harbor. A touzled head bobbed up out of the pinky's companion way. Knowlton ran aft and, tying a rope to the corners of a square piece of canvas, dropped it over his vessel's name.

"Where away so early, Captain?" came the hail.

"The mackerel have struck into Canso," answered Knowlton, "a vessel took a hundred wash-barrels there yesterday!" The head disappeared. Suddenly the towline slacked up and Knowlton ran forward and peered over the knight-heads. The boat came backing up against the bobstay and a frightened voice came out of the darkness: "We ain't making any headway, Cap'n. The jig's up, cut loose and jump in!"

The men had yet to learn what Knowlton was about to exemplify. Every people and every guild have

their own way of putting it. The Cape Ann fisherman's manner was in this wise: "In desperate straits given the sails, the wind and the will, you can drive a vessel through less water than she draws, damn the keel!" The Captain swung himself out on the guy ropes and pointed his loaded pistol down at the wavering boat's crew: "Take to your oars or by God I'll let daylight through the whole crowd! There's a breeze in the bay—I smell it. Give way!" The men, sensing the charging step, assured that their leader was also under fire, gave way again. And now the stroke was the stroke of desperation. The water was lashed into foam beneath the oars of the resolute men; one after another the heads of the dark piers slipped by, and foot by foot the vessel went on to freedom. As they reached the first, headland, a breeze came up out of the ocean, all the way from Yankeeeland, the bellying sheets ran taut, the schooner careened and went flying down the harbor, free!

It will be of interest, perhaps, to state, that the ancestors of many of the inhabitants of Guysborough came from what were once the most aristocratic circles of Virginia and Connecticut. At the dawn of the American Revolution they found themselves and their fellow countrymen on different tacks. In vain the "rebels" signalled them to change their course; they kept straight on and at length grounded in the pleasant hamlet founded by Sir Guy Carleton at the head of Chedabucto Bay. It does not require a long probe to touch the old nerve. This captive Yankee craft, then, beneath their windows, was mildly suggestive of the conqueror, of wiping out old scores. Indeed, some elderly

dame who had heard from her father's lips how the yelling mob of Patriots had jeered at his departure must have knit and contemplated the prize with some satisfaction. Imagine the surprise of these good people; especially of the officials whose duty it was to guard the schooner, when they awoke and found their captive had flown in the night. The thing was so preposterous, so utterly unlooked for, that the officials found it necessary to pinch one another all round before they were quite assured that the schooner had really been in bondage.

Captain Knowlton, anticipating pursuit, shunned the beaten track and steered broad off for the northern edge of the gulf stream. On the third day out a steamer was sighted that seemed intent on speaking him. Knowlton, determined that his vessel should never again grace a foreign port as a prize, made preparations to destroy her.

"Sink me the ship, master gunner, sink her, split her in twain!"

To the deep relief of all, the steamer bore away and the schooner's people breathed again.

Meanwhile, the news flashed over the country that a daring Yankee skipper had entered a British harbor, cut his captive schooner out and sailed her away. The most intense excitement prevailed on Cape Ann. Nothing was heard from the boy or greybeard but speculation concerning the fate of the brave little craft. The mill of conjecture ground out a hundred rumors. Now an English man-o'-war had been sighted in Massachusetts Bay lying in wait for the "Horton," now one of our gunboats had attacked the Britisher and sunk her, and so on.

Our authorities moved swiftly in the matter. The commandant of the Charlestown navy yard despatched the cutter "Mahoning" and the revenue tug "Hamlin" to the war zone. These were soon followed by the supply steamer "Fortune," having on board Mr. Robert McKenzie, one of the owners of the vessel, and Captain Robert Tarr, who were especially authorized by Collector Fitz J. Babson of Gloucester to take charge of the "Horton," if they fell in with her, in the name of the United States government, and hold her as a derelict vessel being found without papers and bring her into port! The war vessels steamed, seaward, masthead and rigging manned, returned, scoured the coast up and down for miles, spoke all inward bound craft, no trace of the fugitive, no sign of the English man-o'-war. Our clever Captain, lacking a spyglass, was unable to distinguish between friend and foe and wisely gave everything with a trail of smoke behind it a wide berth.

Had the "Horton's" movements, however, been reported daily by wireless her position from day to day would not have been better known. The old skippers now came to the front as oracles. The path Knowlton would pursue was rightly surmised, the sailing qualities of the schooner, the course and strength of wind and tide taken into account and by dead reckoning the old captains voted the "Horton" due on Wednesday, October 18th. When the dawn of that day appeared, expectation was effervescing.

Sure enough, as the day wore to its close, a cannon roared out at Eastern Point, the signal agreed upon. While the people held their

breath to assure their ears, another report followed. Then the electrified town began racing for the water front. "The 'Horton's' sighted!" was the wild cry that broke from a thousand throats, as men, women and children swept past each other. The gallant little craft stood up past Thatcher's, past Eastern Point, in toward Norman's Woe, until her next reach would clear "Dog Bar." Then she tacked ship. With a "rap" full and a bone in her teeth, as if the whole British navy was in pursuit, down the harbor she came. Knowlton had scored!

The housetops and wharves along the water front were black with people and be assured they gave the gallant craft, her brave commander and his plucky crew a royal welcome home.

The citizens of Gloucester went wild. This was peculiarly their affair. Once again the Yankee tar had been called to go up against the British seaman and give an account of his seamanship. For days the eyes of the country had been watching for the outcome. And now Cape Ann had won! Guns boomed, bells pealed, bands played, rockets soared, fish horns shrieked, steam whistles screamed, the people turned out *en masse*, firing pistols and flaring torches. A banquet was given, our Captain the centre of it all. A purse running into many hundreds of dollars was subscribed by the

citizens and divided among the crew, and the fishermen, considering the time out, voted it the best trip for many a season.

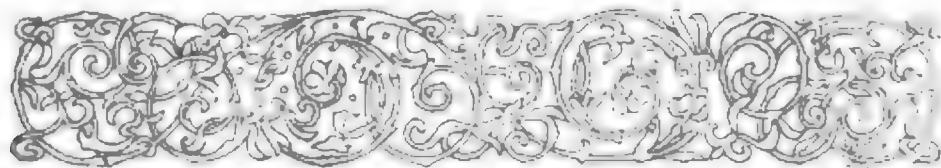
The stirring event proved a fitting theme for a hundred poets, but the Marseillaise of the occasion, composed by some unknown and sou'-wester crowned Roget de Lisle, the one roared out to this day in every fisherman's fore-castle, runs in this wise:

"Ye sons of Uncle Sam-u-el, come listen for awhile,
And I'll tell you of a capture that was made in Yankee style
Of the schooner 'E. A. Horton' and her bold, undaunted band,
Commanded by brave Knowlton, a true son of Yankeeland.

"Now, the schooner 'E. A. Horton' in a British harbor lies,
She was taken by the 'Sweepstakes,' while cruising in disguise,
Our treaty they rejected, our government they defy,
They have captured one of our fishermen, now, Johnny, mind your eye.

"On the eighth day of October, in the year of seventy-one,
Those bold, undaunted heroes their daring work begun,
While Johnny's sons were sleeping, with red ruin on their brain,
Oh, those sons of Uncle Samuel took their vessel back again.

"Now, Johnny, there's a bully time in Glou-ces-ter to-night,
There's heavy guns a-firing and torches burning bright,
While the band plays Yankee Doodle, they make the welkin ring,
Young America is a-shoutin' the 'Horton' has got in!"





The Sunny Side of Life Insurance

By HENRY L. SHUMWAY

MODERN conditions are not conducive to clear thinking and impartial judgment. Public opinion in the mass is swayed by sensational statements and partial or superficial representations. Recognized evils or advantages are magnified and viewed out of focus, to a degree which renders candid, impartial judgment almost impossible to the casual observer. We are in a world of mingled and complex influences, each reacting on all the others, and it requires more than the mental training and acuteness of the average citizen to always balance the conflicting elements of life's problems so wisely as to reach a just conclusion on the main question involved. Almost every practical problem that can be stated for consideration and decision is so complicated with other problems and diverse conditions as not only to confuse the honest man, but also to furnish plausible foundation for the arguments of the self-seeker and the demagogue. Nothing stands alone; good and evil not only lie along contiguous and interlacing lines, but in practical life they are often relative in their nature, so that an act or a transaction viewed in itself may seem to be reprehensible until a broader view justifies it, not perhaps as the ideal good, but as the best practicable treatment of current conditions.

These facts have a practical and important bearing upon many questions, social, political, industrial and financial, which from time to time

occupy the public mind, and not only vex the comprehension and judgment of the rank and file of the community, but furnish argumentative ground for those who assume to instruct the masses.

They come to the surface when attempt is made to consider any great question of public interest. They are especially pertinent in an attempt to present a reasonable and reassuring aspect of the life insurance situation. There is such an aspect, in spite of the frenzied and partial expositions of irregularities and "graft" which have recently occupied so much space in the current press, and so much of the attention of the general reader. When the worst has been told it appears clear that not one of the great companies whose officers have been so largely accused is financially unsound, or that its reserves have been materially affected by the alleged mismanagement. For instance: we read that the officials of a certain company have received annual salaries aggregating say half a million dollars. The sum looks enormous standing by itself, and there is probable ground to believe that part of it was not really and honestly earned. But a fair view of the matter, from the standpoint of the policy-holder's interest, will consider this great sum as related to the total revenue of his company. We find in the reports that the largest company has a total of assets of about four hundred and thirty millions. If the whole of the half million has gone

wrong it is less than one-seventh of one per cent. of these assets, a shrinkage hardly appreciable to the average policy-holder. If the compensation of the officers should have been only half as large as here assumed the ratio to assets is only one-fourteenth of one per cent. and this is perhaps a fair estimate of the "graft" as contrasted with the policy-holder's contribution to the revenue of the company. It is not claimed that even a little "graft" is excusable, but that some of the sweeping accusations are really trivial, so far as they affect the individual policy-holder's pocket, or the stability of the company.

The same illustration covers the effect upon the policy-holder of the alleged political contributions of the companies. When contrasted with revenue they are infinitesimal. Nevertheless if these contributions were venal they deserve rebuke, but there is an excuse for them that should be stated in fairness to the managers. National campaigns are fought largely on questions directly affecting the integrity and value of invested capital. Life insurance managers are bound to protect the funds in their care. They cannot secure advice and authority from the thousands of policy-holders in the emergency of a political campaign; they act under the responsibility of their trusts and if their best judgment leads to the conviction that the integrity or the safety of the company's investments is imperilled by the possible success of a political party are they not justified in making such a contribution to the treasury of the opposing party as their judgment suggests? A private capitalist would be justified; why not if he is the trustee of other

funds than his own? Is not such an act even more excusable than a recent contribution by a Boston gas company to the Firemen's Relief Fund, in recognition of the services of the firemen in protecting the company's property when exposed by fire in adjacent property? No stockholder of the company has been heard to complain of that.

The fact is that the whole life insurance situation has been presented to the public widely out of focus, through the sensational manipulation of those who care more for "interesting" matter than for accurate statement. The following incident is illustrative: Not long ago a representative of an Eastern life insurance company was in Denver to inspect the real estate investments of his company there. He was promptly visited by a newspaper reporter, who was anxious to learn the latest news about life insurance troubles. The Eastern man is a quiet humorist, and before his visitor had got fairly started with his questioning he was himself being interviewed.

"I suppose," said the Eastern man, "that your business affairs in Denver are all in confusion and ruin just now."

"Why, no," said the reporter; "Denver is all right; everything is going on as usual; what do you mean?"

"Just this," was the answer. "As I came in on the train, last night, I saw by big headlines in a Denver paper that one bank president had been sentenced to the penitentiary, and that nineteen bank directors are under indictment. I expected to find the city in financial ruin, until, in walking about this morning I saw the banks open and people crowding

the counters with their deposits, and I concluded that the general business in Denver was not much affected by the matters made so conspicuous in the headlines; in fact, it seemed quite like the life insurance situation in the East. Wrongdoing in certain companies has been exposed, and is being corrected, but the business at large is going on just as usual, and nothing very serious to the public is likely to happen, and even the policy-holders in the companies directly affected will hardly know that their interests have suffered."

The reporter acknowledged the "home thrust," and did not press his quest for a sensational story.

No little outcry has been heard relative to the excessive cost of obtaining new business by the companies and the rate of commissions has been under criticism. This rate has advanced in recent years under the stress of increasing competition and the increased cost of living, but the increase in the volume of business written has more than kept pace with this, so that the general ratio of cost to the companies has not materially advanced. Their endowment policies when they mature are met in full with their matured dividends, so that, as a rule, the insured has had the full period of protection for the interest on his annual payments. That a few agents have grown rich in the business is true, but they have succeeded by the force of exceptional ability, while the rank and file have received but modest compensation. The average income of all the agents who devote their whole time to canvassing is not over \$1500 a year.

The question of large salaries to officials has already been discussed

in one of its aspects, but there is another view which should be fairly considered. One of the life companies held, five years ago, about a hundred and sixty millions in invested securities. Since then the managers have considered the purchase of offered securities aggregating over a billion of dollars. Of these about one-fifth were purchased, and numerous other changes in investments were made, the net profit in the five years being over ten million dollars. The bond holdings of the company now aggregate over three hundred millions, with an average of fifty years to run, and an interest rate of over four and a quarter per cent. This is but one illustration of the work of the officials of the companies and its results. Their financial skill has placed these enormous holdings of the companies in safe and very profitable investments, and in view of their responsibility and the results the officials have earned generous salaries. That there should be "leeches" in such vast organizations is not surprising, but it may safely be assumed that as a result of recent exposures these will be rooted out, and even the comparatively insignificant leaks will be largely stopped.

Aside from the revelations of improper advantage taken of their opportunities for personal aggrandizement by life insurance managers there is another phase of "graft" which has depleted the treasuries of the companies in the past, but which current investigations promise to suspend. This is the tribute collected by legislative agents, and sometimes by legislators from company officials, and which has been paid under threats of adverse legislation. This tax upon the companies

has attracted but little public attention, but it is an evil which works far more extended public demoralization than the simple matter of the tax itself. Those familiar with the matter know that comfortable fortunes have been made by men who have used their positions in legislation to exact contributions from the companies. One method is to collect pay for pretended services in preventing adverse legislation, the collector representing that he can buy votes against the pending measure. Another and a more adroit scheme is for the "grafter" to secure the introduction of adverse bills through another member, and collect from the companies considerable sums for his influence in "killing the bill." This latter, known as "strike" legislation, promises to be conspicuous in the legislatures that meet this winter. The current interest in life insurance will prompt these gentry to especial activity. In fact, certain members are known to have secured their election solely for the opportunity to work these schemes. Insurance managers have been very timid in the past, and some of them have paid liberally for this sort of protection, but the aroused public sentiment will doubtless check their contributions this winter. It is to be hoped, also, that it will tend to the unmasking of the "grafters" and the decision of all legislative questions on their real merits, rather than through the influence of money considerations. The system of life insurance is so vast, its interests and influence so widespread, and its benefits so general and so far-reaching, that it should be carefully and thoroughly protected from illegitimate taxation. Legislators can do their constitu-

ents no better service than to study carefully all suggested insurance legislation, and make certain the exposure and defeat of the schemes of these corrupt self-seekers. All policy-holders owe it to themselves and to their associates to exert all possible influence upon their representatives in the legislature, to prevent corrupt or adverse measures.

Life insurance canvassers are apt to confuse their clients with the offer of a great variety of contracts, and sometimes they will descant with glibness on the superior value of some form of policy. In fact, however, there are but three forms of life insurance, and their modification into a hundred policy forms, more or less, is only in response to the real or fancied needs of the individual client, or an attempt to meet the competition of a rival company which has foisted "something new" upon the public. It is no matter to the company which of the three forms of insurance, or which of the hundred sub-forms the client chooses to take; all rest alike upon the same mathematical basis, and at maturity they produce the same mathematical result.

The premium receipts of all companies are apportioned into three divisions, governed respectively by the mortality table governing the expectation of life, the estimated expense of conducting the business, and the required reserve. The reserve with its interest accumulations is calculated to be adequate to meet the face of the policy at maturity, the computation being based upon the average expectation of life and of interest income. Naturally and wisely the companies make liberal allotments of probable cost, and experience thus far has shown that

these allotments have been in excess of actual requirements. If the death rate is less than the mortality tables suggest, if actual expenses are kept below the estimate, or if the interest on investments proves better than was estimated, there is a saving all along the line, and these savings control the dividend possibilities of the mutual companies or the profits of the stock companies.

On this simple basis all forms of policy rest. The "whole life" plan calls for an equal annual payment during life and is met by the payment of the face of the policy at death. A modification of this is the "term" policy, which is written for a stated period, and, like fire insurance, if there is no loss there is no payment. It is temporary protection.

A second form in a life policy; all the payments are made in a limited number of years, after which the policy is not only self-sustaining but is subject to accretions by dividends. This form is popular, in that all its payments are completed during the productive years of the life of the insured, and he is relieved of all anxiety during later life.

The third class is the "endowment" form in which the policy is made payable at the expiration of a given term of years, or at death if it occurs during the period. This is also popular in that it assures a given sum to be enjoyed during the later years of life.

Experience has shown that too often the good intent of a policyholder is frustrated by the unwise use of the proceeds of his policy by his beneficiary. This has led to the introduction of an annuity feature, by which the policy is not paid in full at the death of the insured, but

in installments for a term of years or during the life of the beneficiary. This form is rapidly gaining favor, some managers reporting that it is taken by a majority of their clients. This form of policy, while it possesses especial advantages, costs some thirty per cent. less than a policy requiring full payment at death, for the reason that the amount remains with the company to earn interest, subject only to depletion by the annual payments.

Another late modification of the business is a "term" joint policy, issued upon the lives of business partners and payable to the firm on the death of a partner. This has become very popular, as it prevents the crippling of the firm by the premature withdrawal of a deceased partner's interest.

The man who carries life insurance has an advantage over his uninsured neighbor in one important particular. As he pays his premiums, year after year, there is an accumulation of "reserve" to the credit of his policy in the hands of the company. This must be loaned to bring in its appropriate interest, and the insured can borrow from the company well up to the surrender value of his policy on no other security than the assignment of the policy itself. Many a business man in financial straits has found this resource the only bar to the ruin of his business.

The present system of life insurance is the result of an evolutionary process which has been going on for about two hundred and fifty years, during which it has grown to be a legitimate and almost necessary part of the family and business life of to-day. The president of a company, in a recent address, clearly

and fairly stated its agency in modern life. He said: "The maintenance and education of many families rest upon its stability. The credit of many persons whose business affairs require that they shall borrow money, depends upon the protection which creditors are afforded by life insurance. In a broader way, it curtails the expense to the public treasury of almshouses and police, of criminal courts and prisons, and of the various other branches of the public service which have to do with the prevention and punishment of crime, and the relief of the suffering and unfortunate."

While so large a portion of the community is directly interested in life insurance, some of the most important and beneficent steps in its development have been forgotten. The changes were natural and their results inevitable, but they are usually ignored by those who find it desirable to criticise present conditions. One popular complaint is that the representation of canvassers as to the amount of prospective dividends have not been borne out by actual results. Of course the canvasser tells as good a story as he can, and sometimes he may strain a point to make an impression, but with the present competition his rivals will see to it that he is held down close to the facts, and the more general diffusion of information as to the mathematical system and the orderly basis of the business goes far to correct inflated impressions in the direction of dividends.

It is true, however, that the older class of policy-holders, who have been on the rolls for thirty or forty years, have not realized the thirty or more per cent. dividends they were led to expect. This is, however, due

to changed conditions which could not have been foreseen. A considerable factor is the great reduction in the rate of interest on the highest class of securities. Many elderly policy-holders will recall the time when government bonds were issued at seven per cent. and over, and lower grade securities bore equal or higher interest. Now, government two per cent. bonds are at a premium, and the best long time real estate mortgages are hardly more than three per cent. Life insurance reserves must first of all be safely invested, and that their earning capacity should be largely reduced from forty years ago is inevitable.

There is, however, another less conspicuous but much more important factor which has reduced the dividend possibilities on all policies, while it has proved of immense general benefit to the insuring public. This is the change in the legal rights of policy-holders in respect to lapsed policies. At first the failure to pay a premium at the stipulated time worked the immediate cancellation of the policy and all the accumulated reserve was left in the treasury of the company. As early as 1869 this was seen to be inequitable, and a non-forfeiture clause was provided in the policy, its life being extended as long as the reserve would meet the premium charge. This was first provided by the Massachusetts law governing companies chartered in this state. Later, about 1880, the present surrender law was passed. This gives the policy-holder the option of accepting the surrender value in cash, or having the life of his policy extended. At the present time all "old-line" life insurance companies give these added features of protection to

every unfortunate policy-holder. At first the companies were obliged to apply the entire accumulated reserve to the extension of the life of a lapsed policy, but this proved inequitable, and now the larger portion is so applied, or returned to the policy-holder as "surrender value" as he may elect, while the company is allowed to retain the remainder as compensation for the loss of the business and the expense of putting it on the books. And this great advantage to the policy-holder works automatically. The policy-holder may elect to take the surrender value, but if he does nothing his insurance is extended to the full value of his equity in the reserve. Illustrations of this beneficent but almost unrecognized feature in the business are of common occurrence, where dependents are lamenting the money paid for insurance where the policy was lapsed, but find that the reserve has kept it alive and it is paid in full. The court decided for the claimant in a quite recent Kentucky case in which the policy had lapsed, and contained no extension feature, the court ruling that the legal reserve should equitably be used to extend the policy until it was exhausted. These surrender values and extensions are all at the expense of the company, and reduce the sum which would otherwise be distributed as dividends.

Still another factor in the reduction of dividends is the change in the practice of the companies in the time of payment of policy claims. For many years all policies provided that payment should be made in either sixty or ninety days after proof of death. For a number of years the companies have voluntarily waived this provision, and pay

all death claims as soon as proof of loss is completed. On a single small policy this would seem but a trifle, but to a moderate sized company paying say three millions of death losses a year, it is no trifle. This amount in the hands of the company, would, at six per cent. for sixty days, earn thirty thousand dollars, which sum now goes unnoticed to the claimants.

There is besides, a third factor operating in the same direction of reducing the dividend possibilities of the companies. This is the change in the method of computing the reserve liability of the companies. Previous to 1902 the Massachusetts law allowed this reserve to be computed on the basis of four per cent. interest, while some other states allowed a four and a half standard. The generally reduced rate of interest brought about a change in Massachusetts to three and a half per cent., and other states have, as usual in insurance legislation, followed Massachusetts, so that this rate is to-day the general basis. To compute interest at a lower rate compels the maintenance of a larger reserve to produce the same accumulation to meet the policy at maturity, and this increase in the reserve naturally reduces the dividend possibilities.

All these factors tend to reduce dividends, but the two latter are wholly in the interest of the policy-holder. The second is doubtless not only of the greater value to him but it is also the larger cause of his decreased dividends. All illustrate the wisdom of legislation and of company management, and are a strong assurance of security to the policy-holder, under almost any imaginable financial stringency. They are in

themselves the reasonable basis of public confidence, against which current clamor should have but little effect.

Life insurance has had a gradual and normal growth in this country, developing as the country itself has developed. It has met and satisfied a recognized want in the community. The most intelligent and conservative classes have accepted it and it has proved a great blessing to countless thousands of families. It is not perfect, for it is a human institution. The public knows the worst of its weaknesses through the recent publicity given it. The officials of a few companies have proved unfaithful, but in a great majority of cases the companies and the officials are exempt from criticism and are as strong in the confidence of the public as ever. They have a valid claim to increased confidence, for while even their names have not been mentioned during current discussion, all have been under trial and they have come out unscathed. When the guilty parties have been fully exposed and deposed from their posts and when the new legislation indicated by investigations as necessary has been enacted, as it will be, the business will go on, stronger, safer and more broadly than before. Nothing has developed to justify doubt of the solvency even of the companies that have been most sharply arraigned, and no policy-holder should, under the present agitation be led to abandon his insurance for fear for its safety. Even the affiliation of some of the companies with banks

and trust companies, which has been a subject of criticism, and which under some conditions might have been harmful, has resulted profitably to the companies and nothing has been lost.

This cursory review of the subject is not intended as an apology for any of the misdeeds charged against the managers of a few of the companies, but to call to mind the fact that in spite of individual betrayals of trust and of selfish use of honorable and responsible positions, the institution has suffered no material harm, nor has it proved unworthy of public confidence. So long as men are men and not angels self-seeking and the betrayal of sacred trusts must be expected. That the lapses from financial and personal honor now charged have had so insignificant effect, even upon the companies most affected, and are wholly without evil consequence to the greater number, is a matter for public congratulation, and it is believed that current revelations, shameful as some of them are, will ultimately be of value in compelling a higher standard of personal honor among company officials, less extravagance in company management, and closer superintendence by state officials. All these are ultimately to strengthen public confidence, and to establish more firmly than ever the system of life insurance as one of the great factors in the protection of the family and the home, and in the promotion of economy and thrift among the great masses of the community.

The Christian Endeavor Society

The Greatest Young People's Movement in Christian History

By REV. JAMES H. ROSS

THE celebration, February second, of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor will be the commemoration of a great history. The growth from the beginning has been marvellous in numbers and in extent of territory. From one society in 1881 it has increased to nearly seventy thousand societies in 1906, and from a membership of fifty-seven to an enrolment of more than three and one-half millions, and from a small place in one denomination to a large place in sixty denominations. It spread rapidly into New England, the United States, Canada, South America, Great Britain, into Northern and Central and Eastern Europe; into the great Empires of the East, India, China and Japan; into Australia and the widely dispersed islands of the great oceans; into the Dark Continent of Africa. It has penetrated to the interior of all the continents of the world. It has been the greatest young people's movement in the history of the Christian church and the supreme expression and triumph of evangelical Protestantism during the last twenty-five years.

The original society of 1881, founded by the Rev. F. E. Clark in the Williston Congregational Church, Portland, Maine, of which he was

pastor, was full grown at birth. All the essential principles developed in the subsequent history of the society were incorporated in the original constitution which Mr. Clark wrote in his study on the day named. Such revision of the constitution as has been made has been slight and simple, a modification of the constitution originally framed. Mr. Clark had sought information from all known sources concerning the varied plans that had been matured from time to time in Christian history for developing the religious life and activity of young people, and had become somewhat despondent over the possibility of producing anything new and effective. Nevertheless, he made one more attempt and it proved to be the most successful in the history of Christendom. Its success is due doubtless to its simplicity and its definiteness. He was a providential man chosen for a world career, although he did not realize the fact for a year or more after the organization of the first society. Providence did not communicate the secret of his destiny except gradually, and from the moment when the consciousness of it dawned upon him he has not ceased to recognize every advancement as due to equally specific and evident providential leadership. He has followed where he has been led. He has not run without being sent.

Inasmuch as the first society began its origin until the present time has been a model, it is desirable to state the facts concerning it, that we may learn from them what the essential principles have been which have developed multiracial societies in so many lands. The constitution provided for two classes of members, active and inactive. The active members were to be Christians; the inactive members were to be young people of worthy character who were not fit for the time being willing to be considered Christians.

The objects of the organization were to promote the Christian life and mutual acquaintance and usefulness. There were to be six committees, the prayer meeting, the lecture, the social, the missionary, the Sunday school and the Young Men's Association.

A constitution of American origin was adopted. The pledge was taken by active members promising attendance at every morning service demanded by some other holy assembly, and participation, however slight, in every meeting. Absence was to be excusable provided it was due to a sickness which could be immediately given to the leaders of the members.—James Chubb. This pledge came to be called "initiated." The leaders

of the society deemed it absolutely essential to every society of Christian Endeavor and hence regarded it as a minimum. In any the least, if the name of the society was agreed upon and the pledge was omitted or made meaningless. He has considered the success or the failure of the society in different churches, denominations and countries in the keeping of the pledge or in the



MR. JAMES G. CHUBB, JR.

THE FIRST OF AMERICAN ORIGIN SOCIETY

omission or violation of it. Nevertheless theory and practice have not always been in unison. It was resolved to have some rule and the word agreement or promise better expressed his intention. The constitution has remained. The constitution provided for a monthly conference meeting at which each active member should make his record of conversation, and discussion was to send written expressions of

their interest in the service and removal of their cares.

The germ of a Junior society evolved in a vision for boys and girls which Mr. Chubb was then conducting, and which called for a pledge similar to the one incorporated into the society's constitution. That was the essential feature of the original society; there were details which need not be rehearsed.



men and women in religious efforts, the tendency in those countries having been historically to separate the sexes. It would be difficult for critics to show any harm done to young people by being thus associated or by expressing the simplest phases of Christian experience.

It has already been made clear that the vital principle of the society was a pledge of the performance of specific Christian duties. The vast majority of the societies organized have used it, and found the advantages of doing so. It is easy to make a pledge a bugbear. A pledge is a promise. It is a specific promise. It is a customary act by multitudes of people and by a plurality of organizations. Promises were made in biblical times by the servants of God, and similar promises constantly have been made and kept in all departments of society, religious and civic, individual and collective, ecclesiastical and governmental. There is nothing new in the idea of making and keeping a vow. Men and women have done it historically. It is an essential element in wedlock. It is a vital part of the monetary system of the government. Pledges are made by the national government to redeem written promises. Admission to the churches of the various denominations has been not merely by acceptance of a creed but by the taking of a covenant comprehensive in its character and sacred in its obligations. The covenantal mode of admission is older than the creedal, and preferable to it. Hence the Endeavor pledge has been defended against every criticism that has been levelled against it, and the criticisms have been multitudinous, some of them about sixteen months after the so-

plausible and some of them unreasonable and imaginary, the product of minds seeking an excuse for negation in the Christian life and non-performance of Christian duty. The pledge has worked advantageously where it has been honestly taken and faithfully kept.

The society was intended to be an organization for Christian work, for *doing* things, hence it was well named an Endeavor society. Good intention was inherent in the name whatever the result of the efforts put forth. Christian work in all its manifold forms has been done, work for the promotion of home and foreign missions, temperance, good citizenship, the abolition of gambling, the care of the sick and infirm, the visitation of prisoners. Millions of dollars have been put into the treasuries of missionary societies. Deeds of kindness have been multiplied all over the globe. There is scarcely a conceivable form of Christian activity in which the young people have not participated. They have generated new forms in accordance with the inventive capacity inherent in youth. Good will and good deeds have characterized the course of the society in all the lands where it has found a home.

As soon as the society began to expand, a result that occurred within one year of its origin, it began to generate a group of unique conventions, the size and proportions of which have increased from local to county and state conventions, from national to international and worldwide conventions. The first convention was called a conference and was held in the home of the original society in Portland, June 2, 1882. A second convention was founded. A second convention was held in the same city in







were presented and this has been an abiding lesson, reminding me that genuine unity. The New York convention of 1892 was planned even for New York

would not be the solution of the most important problem that confronted the Christian Endowment movement, the delineation of its relation to the denominational



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City, and was conspicuous like the city hall. There were lessons for proportionate and systematic giving, a new feature. It had been assumed in New York that no convention ever treated the city as a whole. It was moved by this convention to Street before us now. The daily press had made an elaborate provision for reporting it but it had such facilities for supply of action, and was so overwhelmed by the numbers in the city and its courts before the opening session, that it wrote from the largest and most influential newspaper its reputation for enterprise and from Massachusetts. One new feature was the denominational relation; another was the first international rally of Jesus societies. William James B. Williams said that "during 1892 and the following year was

young people's societies. There are nations have been accepted by different branches of the church. One is that of the Baptists, who adopt into their Baptist Young People's Unit all Baptist Christian Endowment Societies, without change of name or constitution. Another is that of the Methodists of Canada, whose action are changing their name to "Epworth League of Christ Endowment"; Epworth League of Methodist Christian Endowment societies thus finding a common meeting ground. The third and most widely accepted relation is that of adoption of the Christian Endowment Society as the denominational youth people's society, denominational churches simply recognizing the existence of the Christian Endowment relation in their church, and later

ing and getting the movement among their own young people."

As illustrated in this movement for good citizenship was the domi-

The year 1914 was a great international year throughout the world, a year of great state and provincial conventions as well as of national



1914 INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION

nant feature of the convention. Month-to-month association meetings were held and preliminary sessions originated the working before the association proper began. They awarded their prizes to the members present who were ready for a meeting of some kind. The international spirit prevailed as between the United States and Canada and between the United States and Great Britain. This has manifested itself in subsequent conventions.

and international cooperation. Edinburgh, Scotland held its first annual convention. England its fourth national convention in London, with an attendance of over five thousand delegates. For the first time in England international rallies were held in connection with national conventions. The year was one of the actively years for the advancement of the movement in this and other lands. It was the beginning of Christian Endeavor work in some

quarters where the society had not before obtained a foothold, in Bolivia, Germany, Scandinavia, Switzerland, etc.

The Boston convention of 1893 was the biggest religious convention ever held in any part of the world. It was famous for the time being the host of the religious mi-

nistries of the world, and the movement for Christian civilization was renewed and strengthened.

To tell the story of the conventions of the last decade would be simply to repeat what has already been stated, as to their number, their origination of new lines of endeavor, and the expansion of the



CH. OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

movement. Samuel H. Vinton was chairman of the local committee of arrangements. The convention had evangelistic features that were new; among these were meetings at rail houses, on the wharves, at department stores, on ships, in the homes, as well as in the customary halls and churches. The World's Christian Endeavor Union was formed. The

movement is many heads. In 1901 that day that of two years' rich revivifying conventions has arrived to inspire the others in spirit, intense spirituality and genuine depth and height and breadth. This is the most gripping testimony that he would give to others—and the most acceptable to the churches. These conventions have been held regu-



of the young, and especially the young in the newer portion of our country where such historic shrines do not exist. They have promoted education and elevated conversation from the trivial to the important. To these multitudes, religion and history have been as important themes as sports have seemed to be to another group of young people in the educational institutions of the country. They have demonstrated downright earnestness in the valuation of life, practically saying that it is worth living, and that they mean to be appreciable factors in promoting the welfare of the Church of Christ and His Kingdom in all the earth.

The method by which the society has been perpetuated has been chiefly by the printed page. The United Society has been a bureau of information, and has been self-supporting. Dr. Clark has made several trips around the world, and innumerable visits to conventions, but he has gone primarily because of the work already created rather than responsive to his own impulses. He and the few of his associate officials have been in the field more or less constantly, and there have been a few field secretaries in this and in foreign lands, but not all these officials together can sufficiently account for the extension of the society. "The Golden Rule," which was purchased in 1885, and subsequently called "The Christian Endeavor World," has been widely circulated, and "United Societies" have been formed as information societies in a number of foreign lands, but the calls for information have been so numerous, unceasing and insistent that nothing has supplied the demand save a leaflet and pamphlet

literature, stating, advocating and defending the principles of Christian Endeavor. The method is simple and unobjectionable and has been phenomenally fruitful.

Like all good men and good citizens the society has not escaped criticism and it has sought to profit by legitimate criticism. It has been called unorthodox, unbiblical, non-ecclesiastical, undenominational, divisive, and what not. Criticism has been applied to the prayer meeting and the pledge more than to anything else, yet in reality these have been the causes unquestionably of the great success that has been gained, and Providence, as has been said, has cared for the society as if it were His favorite child.

It has been proposed that the twenty-fifth anniversary shall be signalized by the erection of a memorial building and the acquisition of an endowment to support the society and to relieve the officers of financial burdens that have become too heavy to be borne. It is also proposed that the building itself shall commemorate the founder of the society, who is regarded as the Robert Raikes of this generation. The prospects are that the fund will be raised and the building erected, for the society has yet to fail in the attempt to realize its detailed plans for the welfare of the Kingdom of God and the Church of Jesus Christ, except that world-conquest lies in the far future. It is worthy of note that at the tenth anniversary of the second society, formed in 1882 at Newburyport, Massachusetts, its pastor, the Rev. C. P. Mills, disclosed the seership and spirit of prophecy already referred to. He said that he would like to head the list of contributors for some fitting

memorial that would perpetuate the name, influence and distinctive work of Dr. Clark provided he should outlive Dr. Clark. He has preceded the founder of the society into the future life but his proposed list of contributors for a fitting memorial is now forming and enlarging, and it is believed will soon be complete and sufficient.

When headquarters are secured and a fund is obtained for the support of the work, the future usefulness of the society can be greatly increased and extended. Gifts averaging twenty-five cents each, or a penny for each year of the society's existence, from members of the societies, and larger gifts from past members and from friends of the movement who will give for its works' sake, are asked for by the promoters of the Memorial.

The reason for obtaining it ought to be clearly understood. Dr. Clark has raised ten thousand dollars a year to pay Christian Endeavor organizers who have labored in missionary lands under the direction of the foreign missionaries and the foreign Endeavor unions: thereby a coöperative work with the missionaries of all denominations has been carried on. He is now at the transition point of middle life, and will need to do less rather than more in the years to come, and especially to be free from that most wearing, carking care, financial anxiety. Moreover, the result will be that the financial work of the society will be placed on a footing equal to the spiritual. The founder of the society will be honored while he still lives and the institution will be of lasting usefulness to the young people of the world. There need be no fear of extravagance, for the society

has been economically managed throughout its entire history.

The secret of the success attained has been disclosed when the founder's name has been given and the intimation conveyed that he has been the prime factor in the expansion of the work from 1881 to 1906.

Dr. Clark has revealed great executive ability and versatility. He has been many things to many men. He has been a pastor and leader, an organizer and a diplomat, an advocate and a defender of young people, a gentleman and a Christian. And his gentleness has made him great. His humility has saved him from the dangers to which pride and honor are always exposed. He has been a voluminous author and editor who has perpetually made copy, not only for his official paper and publishers but for numerous editors of magazines and weekly papers. He has found copy for his readers wherever he has gone in this and other lands. He has made friends not merely by his aggressiveness but by his forbearance. As the work has progressed he has believed in the mission of the society more than he did when he organized it, for he has believed profoundly and constantly that Providence was opening the way before him and bidding him follow in divinely illumined paths. This has given him courage and zeal even when critics were most virulent. Thereby criticism in the main has been silenced and the number of critics has been reduced to a minimum. The spears and swords have been broken and friends of the Endeavor Society, numerous and cordial, are the principal survivors of the conflicts into which Dr. Clark has been crowded. One such example of heroic and insistent endeavor

is a great boon to this generation. Fortunately, a step has been reached in the history of the Endeavor Society where it has nothing to do except to grow, unhindered, and with accelerating speed which has increased with the increasing years.

Mrs. Clark has been a co-laborer throughout the entire history, including companionship in her husband's journeys around the world. She has fostered Junior work, delivered many addresses, and written a part of the literature of the society.

It has been difficult in this article not to deal in superlatives and in the language of seeming exaggeration and extravagance. The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor has been the incomparable society, a "none such." It differs

from every other society of young people in its pronounced religious influence. It is religious or it is nothing. Its growth has been climactic; whereunto it may yet grow even its experienced seers and prophets are incompetent to say. There is no sign as yet of arrested development nor of diminution. There is no prospect of any. The unoccupied field is vaster by far than the occupied. The society has taken its place apparently as one of the permanent institutions of the churches and the denominations within and beyond the church like the Sunday school, the prayer meeting, the Young Men's Christian Association and kindred bodies. As an institution it deserves the Christly commendation: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Sunset in the City

By CHARLES HAMILTON MUSGROVE

Down at the end of the iron lane
I see the sunset's glare,
And the red bars lie across the sky
Like steps of a wondrous stair.

Below, the throng with unlifted eye
Sweeps on in its heedless flight
Where the street's black funnel pours its tide
Out into the deepening night.

And no one has stopped to read God's word
On the fiery heavens scrolled,
Save an old man dreaming of boyhood's days,
And a boy who would fain be old.

Shadows

By THEODORA ANNIS CHASE

THE gate clicked. A quick step sounded on the gravel walk.

An old woman sitting on the vine covered porch looked up from her knitting. A young girl stood before her looking sweet and flower like in her white dress and dainty ribbons.

"May I trouble you for a drink of water?" asked the new comer. "These dark woodbines look so cool and inviting that I could not resist the temptation to rest under them a while."

The woman addressed rose from her chair. She gave the girl one of those comprehensive glances which only a woman can give as she replied,

"Certainly, sit down in the rocking chair while I get it." She entered the house and soon returned with a glass of water and a china plate on which were some seed cakes. Her guest thanked her cordially, and they were soon chatting in a friendly way.

"Are you staying in town?" asked the elder woman. "Yes," replied the girl, "I am spending the summer with your neighbor Mrs. Greenlaw. My home is in New York city where I study art. I am here in search of rest and quiet."

They talked on until the clock struck twelve, when the girl sprang to her feet exclaiming, "I beg your pardon, I did not dream it was so late." "Nor I," replied her hostess, smiling. "I hope you will come again. Mine is a lonely life and it opens a new world to me, hearing about your work."

Margaret Emery found the coun-

try town rather lonely and her steps often turned into the little path that led to Aunt Huldah's cottage. She loved the leafy woods that she passed through and the little murmuring brook that was ever telling secrets to the nodding ferns on its banks. She was always sure of an interested listener, no matter on what subject she touched.

Although rather a reticent girl, Margaret soon showed Aunt Huldah a diamond ring and told her that she was to be married in the spring to the best man in the world. Quite to her own surprise, she often found herself describing her lover, or telling little incidents of her courtship that she had never told any one before.

As sympathy is always magnetic, the two soon became fast friends, and spent many hours together.

One evening as they sat under the vines, listening to the drone of the crickets and watching the far off hills clothed in silvery moonlight, silence fell for awhile between them.

After a little, Aunt Huldah broke the silence by asking in a dreamy tone, "Margaret, would you like to hear the story of my life?" Margaret eagerly assented.

Settling back in her chair, till her face was in the deep shadows of the vines, the elder woman began in a voice like one in a trance.

"What I tell you to-night," she said, "must never be repeated. I never speak of these things to any one, but perhaps my narration will interest you."

"My father and mother lived a

few miles from here in the village of Hampden and there I was born. I had a comfortable home, and my parents were kind and indulgent. You may find it hard to believe that I was called the prettiest girl for miles around. My eyes and hair were black as a raven's wing, my skin clear and dark, and my lips red.

"Of course I had lovers, but I cared more for my books than for beaux, though like all girls, I did not dislike attention. My temper was quick and hot, but my heart was ever a loving one, and wrath was short lived with me.

"Mother had a big stone pitcher which I used to carry to the well for water. I always pretended that I was Rebecca, and I used to call back when I set out for water. 'Good bye, mother, I'm going to meet Isaac.'

"It came to be a standing joke with us, and some laughing allusion was always made to Isaac when water was brought.

"One morning I started out, pitcher in hand. I ran down the path like some wild young animal, singing a gay song. As I neared the spring, I saw a man reclining on a bank, watching my impetuous journey with an amused look on his face.

"Oh, how handsome he was with the breeze just stirring his fair hair. His blue eyes looked so merry, yet kind, that I was drawn to him even then. It flashed through my mind, I have found Isaac.

"As I came near, he asked me for a drink of water, and a long time after, he asked, 'Why did you blush so the first time that I saw you, when I asked for a drink?' I seem to hear his dear laugh now, when

I told him what I was thinking.

"He did not rise to take the pitcher from me, but explained by saying that he had sprained his ankle, and was resting it so he could continue his journey.

" 'This is a poor introduction,' he said with a smile. 'I am the new teacher at Stony Creek, two miles from here. I started this morning from Chester, but unfortunately stepped in a hole, and twisted my ankle with this result.'

"I ran back to the house, and found my father. Together we got the stranger to the house, where mother kept him all day. She rubbed and bathed his ankle till it was much better. 'It is pleasant,' he said with his rare smile, 'to have a mother even for a day. Mine died when I was a child.'

"Toward evening father harnessed the horse, and we took the young man to his destination. It was just such a night as to-night, and my heart sang a shy, sweet song that none but I could hear, and even I did not understand. The moonlight held a joy and mystery, and a strange spell was over me.

"He called frequently, and before the summer was over, we were lovers. I suppose that our courtship was like all courtships. We had our little misunderstandings and jealousies, we hurt each other and made up and were fonder of each other than ever.

"He was ever strong, yet gentle, and my soul grew and rose nearer the level of his higher nature. One night he asked me to marry him as we stood in the old garden in the moonlight. He bought a piece of land and began this house. We often went to see it, mother and I, for he did the work himself, and some-

times I went alone when I grew tired of sewing. He would throw down his hammer at sight of me, and putting his arm around me, would talk of the time when we should be together always. When the apple trees were in bloom, and old Earth was putting on her wedding garments, we were married.

"After the simple wedding was over, we came across the fields up that path to our own home. At the threshold we paused as if we half feared to enter our new, untried life. He turned and took me in his arms, the words he whispered to me I shall never forget. They are sacred, too sacred to repeat even to you, dear.

"Thus began our life together. What children we were. I was nineteen, and he was twenty-two. We led a merry, care free life; nothing troubled us, for we had youth, health, and each other, what more was there left to desire?

"Together we drove the cow home from pasture, loitering by the roadside to catch the golden sunset, and the fireflies flitting along the valley.

"Before I was twenty my first child was born. I hope that you will one day know the rapture and wonder that fills a mother's heart, when she feels for the first time her child's soft face against her breast. A new mother is always a Madonna, her first child a Christ child to her.

"Then as never before, I realized my husband's strength and tenderness, and my dependence on him. Although he was so young, he was manly and thoughtful of my comfort always.

"I named the baby Margaret for my mother. She grew to be a perfect little fairy, beautiful as a dream, and just delicate enough to make peo-

ple wish to shield and protect her.

"In two more years, John, my precious sturdy boy, came. He inherited his father's fair hair, and my black eyes, and was every inch a boy.

"Elizabeth followed. She was a little brown gypsy, warm hearted, hot tempered and very lovable.

"We were almost too happy for this world, though we worked hard and had little. Our pleasures were simple, but how we enjoyed them. A ride to town, a walk across the fields, the long, quiet Sundays, all were exquisite delights to us.

"While Elizabeth was still a baby, little John took a severe cold. We thought very little of it, until one night we were awakened by that terrible cough that makes itself understood even by inexperienced ears.

"John hurriedly harnessed and set out for the doctor who lived three miles away. When they returned, they found me sitting half dazed, with my beautiful dead boy in my lap. Then followed sorrowful days and lonely nights. I tried hard to be brave, and trouble drew my husband and me nearer to each other than before.

"We buried our baby among the trees where the moonbeams threw quivering shadows on his grave and the little birds sang above him.

"Life soon settled down in the old grooves once more, and we grew happy again, though a sense of loss mingled with our joys. My sweet Elizabeth was our baby now. She was strong and handsome, and had her father's merry laugh and fun loving disposition. She left us when she was five years old. There was an epidemic of scarlet fever in the town, and the children took it.

Delicate little Margaret recovered while the stronger child went home to God.

"In the meantime father and mother were taken with a fever, and died within a week of each other. Little John's death had saddened their hearts, and I loved to think of the three being together again.

"Two quiet, uneventful years followed. One glorious winter morning my husband having business in a neighboring village, set out for that place. 'I think,' he said as he kissed me good bye, 'that I will not take the horse. It is a beautiful morning, and I should enjoy a walk across the lake.'

"We never saw him again, either living or dead. When night came we grew anxious and asked advice of our neighbors. A party went in search of him. In the centre of the lake, the ice was broken. We never knew any more about his death. If he must leave us it seemed hard that he could not die at home where loving hands could minister to him, but God knew best.

"After that I lived for Margaret alone. For her I put away my sorrow and became her confidant, her friend, her companion. I studied with her. I entertained her friends. I tried to see life with her eyes. Richly she repaid my love, for hers was a rare nature. Thus time went on until her lover came, and I sat in the moonlight alone, and tried to forget self and be glad with her. It is hard when one has been first so long, to find another in one's place.

"One evening they came to me hand in hand and sought my consent to their happiness. They both kissed me, and her lover said, 'You shall never want for a son to love and protect you. Let me take your

own son's place who died in boyhood.'

"Before long they were married. They urged me to live with them but I knew young people were happier alone, so I lived here alone with my sacred memories. Happy? Yes I could not be unhappy when my darling was so blessed.

"When her little daughter came, I was with her a great deal, and lived over my motherhood in her joy. They soon faded away, like spring blossoms, and lay together in their coffin. The night after they died, I went into the little parlor where they lay in state, and opened the shutters wide. The moonlight streamed in and illumined those two sweet faces. I fell on my knees beside the bed and cried, 'Father, I thank thee that thou gavest them to me. I can never lose them. They are mine forever, and the joy I have had with them is worth all the sorrow I now feel.'

"When the last sad rites were over, Harry put his arm around me and said, 'Mother, stay with me, I cannot live alone.' In those first lonely days Harry often said, 'How can a man ever marry again when he has once loved?' I held my peace, for I knew how great a healer Time is, and man was not made to live alone.

"In three years he married a new wife, and I came back to live in the old house, so full of precious memories and gentle ghosts.

"He moved to the West, and at first I heard from them frequently, but after a while new cares drove me from their minds, and it has been many years since their last letter reached me."

Aunt Huldah ceased speaking. She seemed unaware of her com-

panion's presence. Margaret arose, and kissing her, softly went away in the moonlight. After that the two women were often together and Aunt Huldah told many incidents of her lost ones.

So time sped on until one day as Margaret and Mrs. Greenlaw were sitting together, the talk drifted to Aunt Huldah. "I do pity her," said the latter, "she is so desolate." "Yes," began Margaret, but remembering her promise, she stopped.

"She never knew who her parents were," continued Mrs. Greenlaw. "she always lived at the poor farm, and she was such an ugly, silent little thing that nobody liked her. She never had a beau or a girl friend. She was always reading, and when she was old enough to work, she supported herself washing and cleaning. She actually saved enough to buy her little place, and she manages to eke out a living somehow."

"Was she ever married?" asked Margaret, tremulously. "Bless you no," replied Mrs. Greenlaw. "She was very plain and the boys never courted her."

Margaret retired to her room hurt and indignant. All the sweet idyl she had wept over was false. Those gentle beings had never existed save in Aunt Huldah's fertile brain. The friend that she had come to love had tricked her, and all her love and grief were imaginary. Margaret sat down by the window, and looked out into the tranquil night. The moonbeams kissed her brow and tumbled in her hair. As she meditated, her mental vision cleared, that lonely, desolate heart lay bare before her, and she understood.

But she still talked with Aunt

Huldah about her imaginary family when they were together. Ere long, however, Aunt Huldah grew reticent, and finally ceased talking about them. And one night when they had been conversing on an entirely different subject, she suddenly broke out, "I've got to tell you. You'll despise me and you're all the one in the world who cares for me, but I can't deceive you any longer."

Margaret knelt by the old woman's side drawing her grey head down on her bosom. "I know," she said gently, "Mrs. Greenlaw told me, but I understand." "I've been so lonely," said Aunt Huldah in a dreary tone. "The world didn't need me, but I did so long for beauty and love and laughter, the heritage of young souls, that I peopled a world with friends of my own age, and created from my own fancy, a dream lover, husband, children and parents. I do not think Tennyson knew when he said, 'Sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happy days.' It seems to me that the real crown of sorrow is having no happy days to remember. My dreams grew so real to me that it did not seem to me that I was telling you a falsehood. I never told any one but you."

"It is not a falsehood, dear," cried Margaret. "I believe God will give them to you in another world. We will talk of them, you and I, and believe in them, too."

The next morning the young girl arose full of a new purpose. She began a new picture. Day after day she wrought, sometimes pausing to wipe the tears away. She showed no one the picture, but when it was finished, she had it framed, then took it to her friend.

Under the orchard trees, stood a beautiful girl with a baby in her arms. At her side stood a handsome man with a tiny boy on his shoulder. She had tried to realize Aunt Huldah's dreams.

The old woman gazed at the picture with a strange, exalted look. "Now I see the people of my dreams," she whispered. Always after this when Margaret visited her friend, she found her sitting with folded hands before the picture. "It is so much company for me," she said once.

She grew feeble as the summer advanced, and Margaret spent many

hours with her. One night she said wistfully, "Do you think that it is wrong to dream about them so much?" "No, dear," replied Margaret, "I am sure it is not." She smiled faintly, then said, "Please raise the curtain, I want to bathe in the moonbeams." Margaret obeyed. All was silent, save the sweet voices of the night. There was not a sound or movement from the figure on the bed. Margaret rose and bent over her friend to see if she slept.

Yes, Aunt Huldah slept. Her lips were smiling, and a light, not of the moon, shone in her aged face. She had gone to the land of her dreams.



The Gifts of To-Day

By CORA A. MATSON-DOLSON

Withered, by chance, her primrose plants lay dead,
"I do not care for primroses!" she said.
Tossing the worthless, unkempt things from sight,
To set her brave geraniums in the light,
"I thought you loved them!" said I, wondering,
To see how little heed she gave the thing.
Turning from where the scattered remnants were,
Once fair and sweet with pink and lavender,
She held a scarlet bloom for me to see;
"No use to cry for withered flowers!" said she.
"Next year, perhaps, new fragrant primrose flowers
Will thrive and blossom in my window bowers,
Then will I prize each newly waking star;
But see how gay these brave geraniums are!"

Contemporary New England Humorists

By RALPH DAVOL

ONCE upon a time the Oracle of the Bandusian Fountain inquired of the unthinking world, *Quid rides?* Then after a lapse of nearly two thousand years came the answer when the parvenu tobacconist placed the motto on the panel of his gilded coach. This question of what constitutes humor has been wrestled with by all the philosophers from Aristotle to "Ali Baba." Why should we waste words after Sunset Cox has exhausted a volume on "Why we laugh" and old Burton spent half a lifetime trying to analyze the twin sister of laughter? All we know is that it is one of the component elements of ethereal energy in which humanity exists and manifests itself in divers forms and various degrees. Like the pretty girl's flirting it can't be defined—can't be taught—is its own excuse for being, and the man is to be pitied who doesn't enjoy it.

Perhaps we apply the word humorous to whatever is funny without regard to consequences, as for instance the squibs of the flippant newspaper man who writes "anything for a laugh." But it is sympathetic, not comic, appreciation of the imperfections of life—the finer humor is love and leaves no thorn.

Tudor Jenks, who has plastered his name on the billboards of fame quite extensively as a circus writer, speaks apropos of this subject: "In order to appreciate the truth that the soul of satire is the same with the soul of humor, acquaintance

with humorous writing must be supplemented by a personal acquaintance with the authors. If any one interested with this particular form of nature study will take the pains to secure for observation a few humorists (they may easily be attracted by a properly displayed bait of dollar bills), and will study at close range these harmless little beings, he will be amused to find how much of their so-called humor is merely their spoiled artistic work. If we imagine a sculptor to begin with the idea of producing a masterpiece—a bust of Homer, for example—to labor soulfully at his wet clay until the evening shades draw on, or are drawn down; and then if the sculptor, in despair, puts a clay pipe between the lips of his clay failure, and sets a pair of glasses astride the nose of the blind bard we shall have a fair type of the method by which many a funny vender turns out his remarkable wares." Which is to say that when we try for the sublime and accept the ridiculous, that's humor—and therefore no luxury.

The farther back we delve into history the less humor we seem to find. The abiding records are of the heroic deeds.

"One cannot disturb the dust of years and smile serenely."

Man must develop laws for protection and personal liberty before he can laugh—with any safety. A perception of the ludicrous is a mark of civilization—and at the

in Howe's staff needs. We may consider a few by the names.

You think of hundreds of them—40, 50, 60, 70—on the mention of Hannah Dustin, bloodily-baptized from her savage masters, and of old General Sam Adams, grim inspirer of the Revolution. But when you hear the name Charles Folger Adams—"Oat-eater number eleven." Though destiny has placed the label of the humorist upon him, Folger Adams was no less a hero than the laughing members of his family. At nightfall of the first day's fight at Gettysburg, he was galloped up from the field—breeches wounded—and taken to a hospital where, in lingering consciousness, his mind clanking his comedy after a surfeit of tragedy eagerly sought relief in turning to the scrapple-English of a Dutch comrade. The impression was so strong upon his mind that later, after he had become a father with children playing pranks about his knee, the poetic impulse—that comes with parental fondness—sought expression in this well-remembered Dutch dialect, and the world laughed over "Levells Nieuwe Droom"—and then pulled out its handkerchief. When "New-ent" long years met over the signature C. F. Adams, society looked into one another's eyes, closed, and giggled as if on that last fellow, but the surface was rather proud of his handkerchief and took pains to spell out his middle name for the den and grandson of presidents of the United States should be chosen off the name of his mighty heroism. Majestic dignity is pulverized by the characteristically comical language to the masses. The learned shy at the mention of the hapless

owner of the Temple of Fame.

Mr. Adams is of thoughtful Yankee stock. His father came down from Northampton, New Hampshire, to become master of Boston Common, planting the present elm trees on the Charles street



CHARLES FOLGER ADAMS

and some seventy-five years ago. Folger was the sixth of ten children, and born in Danvers, 1844. He joined the 12th Massachusetts Regiment and took part in the engagements of South Mountain, Thoroughfare Gap, Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg, and

ter, though I trust he lost no needless time in teaching the young idea how to shoot for it is in Leadville, you remember, where the bullet holes in the theatre are labelled for their victims. He wrote for the local paper and soon went to Denver in the employment of the "Republican" at the time when 'Gene Field was publishing his "Denver Tribune Primer." Mr. Harbour sent stories to the eastern papers until the "Youth's Companion" offered him an editorial position. He has withdrawn from this publication and still continues his story writing, having published some six hundred, possibly more short stories than any other current writer. These have not been collected in book form. He uses them in his lectures and they form part of the stock in trade of popular writers. As a lecturer Mr. Harbour does not belong to that cold order of humorists who deliver their goods stoically with emotionless countenance, appealing solely to the mental acuteness of their auditors. He never wearies of his jokes and, in spite of Hamlet's advice to the players, excites sympathetic appreciation by the vibration of his own midriff; and once they do say that he was so forgetful as to join in the applause, just as Blind Tom used to do. When Mr. Harbour's face begins to squirm together and his body to bubble, as he tells the story of the tall Baptist minister who was about to baptize a tall woman with a short husband, and as the trio waded into the river the wife missed her husband and, looking back, discovered him swimming manfully on, buffeting the waves with lusty sinews—then, as Solomon says, is the time to laugh—or abandon all hope.

Mr. Harbour is alert to all unconscious humor. Once after protracted negotiations for a lecture he received this ultimatum: "We have concluded to have a clam supper instead."

His home is in New Dorchester where he lives with his wife and a four-in-hand of children who furnish him good copy. Thus, he imputes this to his three-year-old:

"If boys wore dresses and girls wore pants
Then all our uncles would be our ants."

Mr. Harbour's fine western jollity and breeziness adds largely to the gaiety of the Boston Authors' Club.

Of him Harriet Prescott Spofford has said: "I think there can be no one in the world who can tell an amusing story so well as Mr. Harbour. The pleasant memory of his drollery takes all hearts and life seems very bright and gay while listening to him. His humor is original as it is kindly and wholesome."

"Care to our coffins adds a nail, no doubt,
But every bit of laughter draws one out."

"He came with a heart full of gladness
From the glad-hearted world of the West.
Won our laughter, but not with mere madness,
Spake and joked with us, not in mere jest."

Another most kindly and lovable writer who has come back from the West to New England in exchange for Bill Nye, John Phoenix and 'Gene Field, is Nixon Waterman.

One September afternoon I climbed Mt. Parnassus—that is to say Arlington Heights—and found Mr. Waterman's cottage perched half-hidden amid a setting of sapling oaks and birches, next neighbor to Editor Burns of the "Globe" and Sculptor Cyrus Dallin.



smiled, turned to the till and a five spot passed over the counter.

"Now, boys, we'll have a good dinner." Thus he graduated from the lunch stool—he had found himself. The editor of the "Bee" had an eye for live copy—he hired his lampooner. Presently there was a call from Chicago that was promptly accepted, though with some misgivings as he took his place near the desk of an editor of modish, silk-hatted, high-priced bearing. It was not long before the prince made advances toward friendship. Shivers went down Waterman's spine: "I guess it's back to the farm." Van Bibber bent low to his ear: "Couldn't you spare a half dollar till Saturday night?" From that moment Waterman's self-confidence expanded.

He wrote many verses just as his friends, 'Gene Field and Ben King, did and with the southern novelist, Opie Read, he went on a reading tour. In 1895 he came to Boston to edit the magazine "Good Cheer," and later the "League of American Wheelmen." At present he is doing editorial work on Boston papers and writing for syndicates. His vers de société, pointed and snappy, appear in the "Saturday Evening Post." Here is a fair taste of his quality from yesterday's issue:

"Lorn, lean, old moneybags may win
A rosy bride, if he
But woos her with a will—wherein
She is the legatee."

Every time he returns West they say he grows to look more and more like Emerson, but we of the East know that he is Phillips Brooks reduced two sizes. Over his mantel I noticed a passepartout motto from his writings:

"It is better to joyfully, hope-

fully try for the end you would gain than to fetter your life with a moan and a sigh."

Mr. Waterman is in demand as an after dinner speaker. He has published three volumes of poems. His best known lines are:

"A rose to the living is more
Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead;
In filling love's infinite store
A rose to the living is more
If graciously given before
The hungering spirit is fled—
A rose to the living is more
Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead."
That's Waterman—kind, cheerful, sweet.

I saw him leave for Florida to spend the winter. "Some day I shall shake the literary world to the centre," was his *au revoir*.

The granite-ribbed, stony-faced hills of New Hampshire seem better fitted to produce a defender of the Constitution than a Mrs. Partington with her laugh-lined carpet-bag. The spirit of humor that envelopes the earth manifests herself in the flesh according to laws as incalculable as those of the flying comet, though one thing is evident—she seems to delight in the farm as a nursery for her children. Josh Billings, John Saxe, Artemas Ward, Shillaber, Seba Smith, all cracked their first jokes on the hill farms of New England. Some think the country is only the city with its clothes off, and of course that's always funny since Noah went on his dishabille bender.

It was on a farm in Candia, New Hampshire, that Sam Walter Foss tasted the early joys of existence. Country-bred boys have a form of humor peculiarly their own—fastening a boot over a gander's head, attaching a paper bag to a rooster's

His wife thinks the "House by the Side of the Road" is his happiest effort, though much could be said in favor of the oft quoted "Calf-Path."

Mr. Foss is a frequent public reader. It is a serious thing to be a funny man—to order. Unexpectedness is a prime requisite of humor. I have seen Bill Nye hissed on the platform and Grossmith sweating under a pall of depressing chilliness. If you are in search of downright button-bursting hilarity and wish to take no chances, I can cheerfully recommend you to softly open the crack of the door some time when Mr. Foss is reciting—say to the Daughters of the Revolution—the story "He worried about it," with lacrimose accompaniment. Such actions you never saw.

"The sun's heat will give out in ten million years more—
And he worried about it.
It will sure give out then if it doesn't before—
And he worried about it.

"It will surely give out, so the scientists said
In all scientific books he had read.
And the whole boundless universe then will be dead.
And he worried about it

"His wife took in washing—half a dollar a day
He didn't worry about it.
His daughter sewed shirts the rude grocer to pay.
He didn't worry about it.

While his wife beat her tuneless rub-a-dub-dub
On the washboard drum of her old wooden tub
He sat by the stove, and he just let her rub.
He didn't worry about it."

So far as I have heard this is the only poem in which Mr. Foss at-

tempts to compete with the onion. His verse is compounded of dimples not distilled from brine.

Every large daily has its funny man. Out of the comic columns of the newspapers has developed a characteristic native expression—as a rule extravagant, ephemeral, of inferior taste—which is the essence of American humor. Sometimes these contributions are of abiding interest and appear in bindings—then "Who's Who" sends a blank to fill out. Of the roll of humorists nearly all have printer's ink on the thumb from Franklin down to the present day. Why down East (where they pry the sun up—if it doesn't appear on time) lived the Yankee clockmaker, whose drolleries enlivened the *taedium vitae* of our grandfathers. Then came Major Downing, Artemas Ward and Good Old Tom Reed. The present incumbent in the apostolic succession of Down East Humorists is Holman F. Day.

His father was a noted storyteller and at the age of fourteen Holman edited a manuscript newspaper interspersed with verses embalming his father's tales and the family smiled and showed them to the minister when he called. His quill was further sharpened on the "Echo," the Colby College paper. When Commencement day came he marched down College avenue behind the brass band, arm in arm with Forrest Goodwin, to deliver the class poem. The next day he went to work on the "Fairfield Journal," "taking a high dive off the Commencement platform into the ice-cold water of practical experience." He took to writing articles on Yankee life in Maine. The edi-

tor insinuated they were cribbed, on the ground that "anyone who couldn't clean off a horse any better than he could didn't know enough to write such like." He went to North Adams as local editor of a Sunday paper. He wrote an account of a sensational marriage and the next day was seen fleeing through the streets, hard pressed by the bride with a snapping horse-whip. Day hid in a closet and remained a half day under the delusion (aggravated by the office boy) that his pursuer was lying in wait for him outside. The lot of the humorist—like the policeman—is not always a happy one. The woman was afterward killed—by her husband. He went back to Maine, writing editorials of the "Frozen Dog" order at Bangor and Dexter, and finally landed in the "Lewiston Journal," where he wrote the "Up in Maine" column.

Mr. Day is fair, fat and forty. His second wife is a member of the New York Society of Ceramic Art and is known in Maine by her artistic china and water colors. She was superintendent of the Maine state art exhibition for several years. They live at Auburn. Mr. Day has published two volumes of poems—some of them as ragged as the Maine coast—"Up in Maine" and "Pine Tree Ballads," and two b'gosh novels, "Kin o' Ktaadin" and "Squire Phin," which are well received in Australia.

One of his best rhymes is about Uncle Nathan Shaw. It seems that every time Uncle Nathan went down cellar to draw a jug of cider Aunt Shaw stood at the top of the stairs and cautioned him not to "break that jug." Finally the old

man tripped, nearly breaking his neck. Then—

"Old Uncle Nathan he let one roar
And he shook his fist at the cellar door.
'Did ye break my jug?' she was yellin'
still;
'No, durn yer pelt, but I swow I will.'
And you'd thought that the house was
agoin' to fall
When the old jug smashed on the cellar
wall."

Mr. Day tells me: "I have put into verse many of the folklore tales of the funny side of life in Maine. I have never consciously ridiculed my own people. But the whole flavor would have been lost without the dialect and the quaint old words. The old-fashioned Yankee is getting scarce in these days of telephones, farmers' electric lines and granges, but there are still enough of them left to leaven the lump of latter-day affectation and skin polish. Give me the old-fashioned folk—God bless 'em."

If humor be the salt of life, the tribe of Sunny Jim should spawn on Cape Cod as thick as cranberries. Your true humorist doesn't write—often doesn't read even. His quaint, pungent, racy stories are a part of his personal experience, his picturesque forms of delivery are born to him—not acquired. The plantation darky is more humorous than the stage minstrel. But along comes a phonographic reporter with a sense of the ridiculous—writes out the folk tales and fame is focused on him. Cape Cod is an incubator of the genuine humorist.

It was down near the funny bone of the Cape that Joseph C. Lincoln was born—the same year that his father died. Cape Cod boys have the name of leaping from their

mother's lap into the shrouds of a fishing smack. But that is as absurd as the notion that the girls are web-footed or have fin keels. At the age of thirteen, that is in 1883, Joe Lincoln found life on the Cape a trifle too slow for him and moved to Chelsea, and by way of preserving the flavor of his native dunes he went to work in a Boston salt house. Next he was bookkeeping in Somerville—then he was stricken with art, studied for a spell with Hy Sandham and soon offered caricatures for sale with jingle attachment; but the advertising public concluded that the verses were the lesser of the two evils and, acting upon this hint, Lincoln was soon writing broad grins for the "L. A. W. Bulletin," aided and abetted by Nixon Waterman. All the old yarns of his seafaring ancestry were harnessed into verse and scattered right and left. He has handled the old codgers of his boyhood acquaintance with a discretion that has, so far I believe, subjected him to none of the litigation that was the lot of the author of "Cape Cod Folks."

He married Florence E. Sargent of Chelsea in 1897 and went to New York in 1898. He now lives in Hackensack.

His novels are "Partners of the Tide" and "Cap'n Eri," of which the fun-suggesting plot is three bachelor sea captains who advertise for a housekeeper and then draw lots to see which shall marry her.

Of his verses "The Cod-Fisher" is of heroic inspiration:

"Yet well he knows—where'er it be,
On low Cape Cod or bluff Cape Ann—
With straining eyes that search the sea
A watching woman waits her man:

He knows it and his love is deep,
But work is work and bread is bread,
And though men drown and women weep
The hungry thousands must be fed.

"To some the gain, to some the loss,
To each his chance, the game with Fate:
For men must die that men may live—
Dear Lord, be kind to those who wait."

No collection of American humorist masterpieces is complete without "The Village Oracle":

"Old Dan'l Hanks he says this town
Is jest the best on earth;
He says there ain't one, up nor down,
That's got one half her worth;
He says there ain't no other state
That's good as ourn, nor near;
And all the folks that's good and great
Is settled right round here.

"Says I, 'D'jer ever travel, Dan?'
'You bet I ain't,' says he;
'I tell you what, the place I've got
Is good enough fer me.'

"Some fellers reckon, more or less,
Before they speak their mind,
And sometimes calkerlate or guess,—
But them ain't Dan'l's kind.
The Lord knows all things, great or small,
With doubt he's never vexed;
He, in his wisdom, knows it all,—
But Dan'l Hanks comes next.

"Says I, 'How d'yer know you're right?'
'How do I know?' says he;
'Wall, now, I vum, I know, by gum.
I'm right because I be.'"

Men and monkeys are the only animals that cut up fantastic tricks to make the angels weep, and if man is but an overgrown monkey nature has confined horseplay with significant economy to a single species. Tress, rocks, cattle, and even a clan of primitive Veddahs still living in Ceylon—go through the ceremony of existence without a smile. So it is in the finest expression of the divine law that works for evoluion that we find the laugh and then apologize for it.

"I have no right to be called a humorist. Please omit me," writes

Kate Sanborn—as if to cheer the human heart with laughter were a disobedience to natural and spiritual law. But in the very same mail she sends circulars containing puffs galore of her “Abandoned Farm,” telling how the cities laughed over it till their faces rained.

I do not recall many humorists among the literary women of New England. Anne Bradstreet, daughter of Governor Dudley, could almost be mentioned for this description of an insect orchestra:

“I heard the merry grasshopper then sing,
The black-clad cricket bear a second
part;
They kept one tune and played on the same
string,
Seeming to glory in their little art.”

Then there was Mercy Warren with her dramatic satires during the Revolution, and of course Harriet Beecher Stowe with her Sam Lawson’s sayings. And Phœbe Cary’s witticisms were often passed around, and certainly Sarah McLean was funny when getting grandpa ready for Sunday school. But there is one woman I must quote from even to the humiliation of my family pride.

Madam Knight, who was teacher to Ben Franklin, took a journey from Boston to New York in 1704, keeping a journal on the way. When she reached Davell’s Mills in Westerly, Rhode Island, she found the accommodations so unsatisfactory that she took no pains to conceal her feelings. She says:

“However, I thought it proper to warn poor Travailers to endeavour to Avoid falling into circumstances like ours, wch at our next stage I sat down and did as followeth:

May all that dread the cruel feind of night
Keep on, and not at this curs’t Mansion
light.

’Tis Hell; ’tis Hell, and Devills here do dwell:

Here dwells the Devil—surely this’s Hell.
Nothing but wants: a drop to cool your
Tongue
Can’t be procured these cruel Feinds
among.
Plenty of horrid Grins and looks seveal,
Hunger and thirst, But pitty’s banished
here—
The Right hand keep, if Hell on Earth you
fear.”

You said it so well I forgive you, madam, and I’m sorry the ordinary was so inferior and regret the Mephistophelian visage.

At first Kate Sanborn “Adopted an abandoned farm”—then turned around and “Abandoned an adopted farm.” In both of these volumes fun blossoms out as thick as dandelions in the meadows. She sees all the funny situations of woman’s rural life and at the same time gives shrewd advice on woman management of farm affairs. Miss Sanborn has also written a humorous volume, “My Literary Zoo.” Katherine Abbott Sanborn was born, 1839, at Hanover, New Hampshire, where her father was a professor in Dartmouth College. She began writing at the age of eleven years. She was some time Professor of Literature at Smith College. She lives on a farm of her own, “Breezy Meadows,” at Metcalf, Massachusetts, of which many Boston authors have rare memories.

The farm has been a fruitful theme for several New England authors—Charles Dudley Warner, Donald G. Mitchell, Horace Greeley—but none have brought out its charm and sweetness as Kate Douglas Wiggin in her story of “Rebecca.” Kate Sanborn elaborated a private diary in presenting the ludicrous actualities of farm life and Mrs. Riggs’s “Diary of a Goose

"Girl" is almost a companion volume to the "Abandoned Farm." She asserts, however, that "Rebecca" was wholly a dream-child. It is pleasant to know that all the optimism and sunshine of this story was conceived during a protracted illness at a sanitarium—just as all beauty seems of sorrow born. She was lying very ill at Pinehurst, North Carolina, when she dreamed of a stage-coach going along a country road driven by a genial Jehu, and with a little girl leaning out of the window and trying to attract the driver's attention. The girl wore a buff dress and had black eyes and a black pigtail hanging down her back. That was all that the "brownies" put into her head, but this so haunted her mind that, in defiance of physicians' orders, she began writing the story in bed. The middle portion was written during a sojourn at a health resort in England and the story finished during a relapse at another American sanitarium.

Mrs. Riggs's New England home is "Quillcote" at Hollis, Maine, on the Saco River which is so poetically introduced in "Rose of the River." Here the authoress spends the summer writing every morning under the fragrant apple trees before the dew is off the clover. She finds no inspiration in the city—and so the hum of bees, bleating of sheep, the song of the veery, and the incessant rush of waters inspire a tone of lively joy in life which accounts for the fact that hers are the most popular books read aloud at the family fireside or in the chamber of the invalid, and yet there is something in those drooping eyelids that indicates a tender pity for life's abiding pathos—they call her

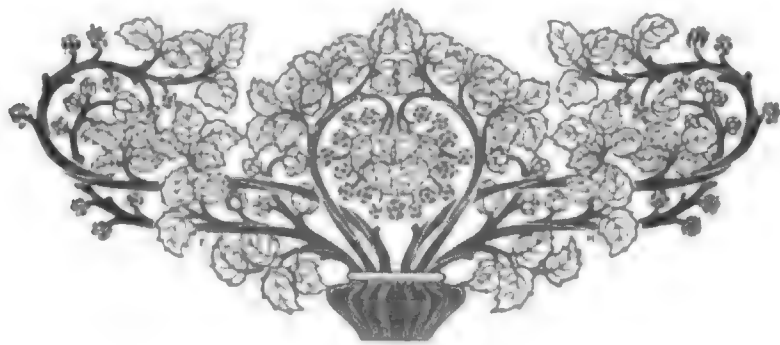
the Lady of the Twinkle and the Tear. She found two bed-ridden invalids in a neighboring town, and advertised in a Boston paper for a couple of wheel chairs. Her friends who owned wheel chairs were so many that in a few days she must advertise once more, praying that the caravan of incoming vehicles should cease—the station could not hold them all.

Kate Douglas Wiggin was born of ancestry prominent in New England history as teachers, preachers, lawyers and philanthropists. She graduated from Abbott Academy and her first story, written at the age of eighteen, was accepted by "St. Nicholas" at the price of one hundred and fifty dollars. Even this alluring return from literature did not induce her to continue in story-writing. She studied kindergarten and went to San Francisco as a teacher, and this kindergarten movement is still the paramount interest in her busy life. The authoress presides at the organ of the Orthodox Church at Hollis during the summer and leads the singing of the psalms. At the end of the season she gives a reading for the benefit of this church. Then under the harvest moon the carryalls, buckboards, hayracks from all the countryside creak into the church sheds, and the natives pass their verdict on the summer's literary output.

There is a sort of posthumous humor. In Pittsfield last fall I picked up a large map of western Massachusetts issued by the Berkshire Fire Insurance Company. Nestled among the hills I discovered, in letter of red, the announcement of the birthplace of a once very popular writer. Then I carefully scanned

the whole map running my finger behind every mountain and into every valley, in expectation of finding places identified with Hawthorne, Holmes, Longfellow, Herman Melville, Catherine Sedgwick, Bryant, Mrs. Stowe and other distinguished literati who have immortalized these hills. They were conspicuously absent—this one writer blazed in solitary splendor. I smiled and on Sunday took the trolley to Lanesborough and found a fine toothless old lady of some eighty-five years hobbling with a cordwood cane in the back yard of the estate where the solitaire once lived. She showed me the apple tree that he had planted and explained that there were “high old

doin’s when he came acourtin’,” and that I could see where he was buried down at the village cemetery. Tucking a couple of golden sweets in my pocket (for seed) I strolled down to the old roadside burial ground. There was the acre of mossy blue slate stones, with sculptured cherubs and crooked letters, leaning wearily among the long, dry, withered “uncut hair of graves”—bespeaking a cheerlessness of future hope. In the midst of these ruins of Old Mortality—as if tragedy were but a setting for comedy—gleamed a huge white quartz boulder bearing, in raised heroic letters a foot long and visible from the road, the simple and expressive words—Josh Billings.



“I’ll Still Be Glad”

By HALLETT ABEND

Ah! dearest, I am like a violin,
Which, taken by some master, sounded false,
And was laid down for lack of melody.
You’ve taken me, but I lack music, dear,
And my poor tones would only spoil your song,
So put me down, find some more perfect viol,
Some instrument of sweeter, deeper tone.
Though all the years I lie here silently,
And though my heart-strings cover thick with rust,
I’ll still be glad, for just this once I’ve known
The soft, compelling touch of master hands.

The Limit

By GEORGE BRINTON

THE special was side-tracked in the desert, awaiting the passing of a through train from southern California. From the five Pullmans the passengers alighted to stretch themselves, enjoy a foretaste of heat to come, and to make complacently derogatory remarks about the hamlet which had grown up, ugly and stunted as a cactus, on the dreary sand back of the railroad siding.

Eleanor Clarke, coming out from her drawing room in the "Iturbide," looked to see which way the other travellers were strolling. Then she walked the other way.

Once she looked back. The colored waiters made a dusky group up by the engine, throwing stones at a bottle on a picket of a distant fence. Midway were her fellow tourists, prattling now about this "nice, refreshing wait out in the sun" as they had enthused about everything since the train left Boston.

If there was one thing which bored Miss Eleanor Clarke more than travelling it was staying still or gushing. Her young eyes surveyed the track unemotionally and keenly. She saw no faintest smoke of an on-coming train. Then she again turned rearward toward the hamlet, the section master's house, a saloon and a livery stable making America as she is lived in that locality.

While an irresolute pause succeeded her idle walk, a few loafers came from nowhere and drifted round the corner of the stable. Sur-

prisingly a crowd of women and children gathered and she heard voices raised. Then blows.

Eleanor Clarke went straight down the railroad banking, over the stubbly sagebrush, along the dusty street. Distinctly this was the most interesting thing she had encountered on her way across the continent. The Grand Canyon had looked too much like its pictures, the Indians had posed artificially at the pueblos as the train approached. The Poland water and ginger ale had given out in the diner, and the other ladies in the Pullman were too poor whist players to be worth beating at bridge.

But this, she decided, as a woman's scream reached her, this was what other people meant when they said a thing was great. Her fingers tried the button of her kodak to see if all was in readiness.

She swung around the stable corner, a Redferned but valiant champion if need be. Yet even her strong nerves flinched at the cruel blows she saw descending upon a horse. Its diabolical owner owned also the screaming woman, and his curling lash would have gone against the face of anyone of the onlookers who interfered.

It was perhaps a strain from some remote ancestor which made Eleanor Clarke unimpressionable; certainly it was heredity rather than environment. Coolly and capably she went through the duties and pleasures incumbent upon her exalted station. Tennis trophies, German favors and golf prizes lining

her room testified that she was accustomed to win. Yet she remained unaffectedly and temperamentally blasé.

At the age when other immature beings declared they were passionately fond of gravy or adored dancing, Eleanor was wont to say gravely, "I like to ride."

And a daily canter was the sole event for which she planned the rest of her days. Had she not gone down the Bright Angel trail more to feel a horse under her than to realize the glories of the canyon?

Therefore she felt as well as saw the blows raining down upon the cadaverous beast in the desert shack, thousands of miles away from her "Dandy" in his brass-trimmed boxstall.

Steady and self-collected she pushed in past the idlers, slipped around in front of the man, aimed true, and as the camera did its work, her eyes blazed into his drunken, ugly face and her voice rang out.

"That picture will set the law on you when I put an agent on this case." Instinctively Eleanor had used the two words, law and agent, which could have made the man desist from his beating. The horse unsupported by the need of resistance sank to the ground, and Eleanor bent to see if it was breathing its last. In the stillness of the next few moments, a man's voice startled all.

"You'd better leave this job to me to finish."

Eleanor lifted her face, its calm broken by conflicting anger and tenderness, in time to see a young man swinging himself down from his saddle and coming towards her.

She nodded understandingly. The half-circle of loafers opened to let

her out and the newcomer in. Then a feminine shrinking from seeing inflicted the justice she had invoked took possession of her and she fled up the street, away from a high-handed command, a snarling oath, and finally a scattering of the forces of evil personified in that group in the stable yard.

A little later Robert Marsters, having finished the job to his satisfaction, sought the soft-hearted young lady. He found her sitting on a pile of relay sleepers by the track, looking up its empty rails, her expression stolid, her mouth drooping. She recognized his presence and spoke first.

"Well, this is the limit."

The sudden change in her, from fire to indifference, from a protesting and protecting champion to a listless victim, took his breath. He dropped limply on to another pile of sleepers. She explained:

"My train has gone."

"Great Scott! were you in that special, or was it the limited?"

"It seems to have become limited so far as I am concerned," she answered drily. "Can I telegraph?"

"Yes, over at the station agent's, and—and his wife, Mrs. Bunker, had better put you up to-night; hers is the only fit place in this beastly town. Would you,—will you come along with me over there?"

It was a silent walk to the house in its railroad uniform of red-brown paint and white trimmings. Marsters stole furtive glances at the fetching hat which Eleanor was grimly thinking might better have remained hanging in its silk bag pinned to her car cushions, if in its stead she had taken purse or toilet case when she stepped off the train for her stroll.

Mrs. Bunker could be depended upon to spy a couple a great way off. She was at her door and ejaculated,

"The land! Of course I've got to take her in. But Mr. Marsters, you know you've got—"

No flicker of Eleanor's eyelashes showed that she saw Robert Marsters hush Mrs. Bunker and say with excellent intent to deceive.

"It looks like a big rain. Better get your telegram through before washouts. There's the instrument in that corner. Where's Bunker? Oh, I couldn't see a little thing like you," as the giant station agent appeared in the doorway. "This young lady wants to send a message."

Eleanor looked inquiringly for blanks; Robert shook his head. "He will take it from your dictation."

No woman enjoys composing a telegram before folks; but Eleanor's habitual nonchalance stood her in good stead. It was to Marsters rather than to the trio in general that she preliminared:

"I am on my way from Boston to join my sister and come home with her. Ready, Mr. Bunker? Date and place in? To Miss Elsie Clarke, 346 Pepper St., San Ysidro, California. Got left. Safe at station agent's. Cannot tell when arrive. Eleanor." Then Miss Clarke smiled whimsically. "As I shall have to borrow money for everything, I will not write a book. I'm glad it isn't Elsie who got left," she added half to herself.

"Your little sister?" said Mrs. Bunker.

"My twin," said Eleanor, and conversation flagged, to be resumed by,

"You come with me and get your—"

"Yes, Mrs. Bunker." Robert hur-

ried her out at the door, saying with unnecessary clearness,

"My extra saddle? Yes, I did leave it out in your barn."

He was completely given away, however, when Eleanor was shown to her comfortable chamber and found on the bureau a revolver plainly marked "R. M." "He is turned out to make room for me," and she ran downstairs, fearlessly handing the revolver to Marsters who was taking his hat from the peg.

"You may need this if you go back to that tavern."

It was admitting him to a little camaraderie, the reminiscent look and faint smile as she alluded to the scrap with the two-legged brute.

It emboldened him to say to Mrs. Bunker, "I'll continue to come to my meals here, thank you for suggesting it."

"Thank me—for—" then she saw his twinkle. "Oh, well, you may come; it's as easy to cook for two as for one."

"When one was already eating enough for two? Make your multiplier big enough when you increase your recipes."

"Oh, go 'long. You'll be wanted when you hear the bell ring for supper."

By the time that meal was over the threatened storm began. Only those who have seen those violent cloudbursts over parched deserts can understand how the rain came down. Eleanor watched it lash the windows while Marsters made ready to leave. Almost she hated to see him go.

"I am sorry to have been the cause of your faring forth into such a night. But yours is 'gallant living.'" He answered with one splen-

didly comprehending look into her cool gray eyes.

Thunder and lightning, rare to the region and proportionately appalling, were added to the storm in the night; but electricity did not clear the air. This rain has left its phenomenal record in all the western newspapers of the spring of 1904.

Eleanor was gazing disconsolately from the window when Marsters came blowing over from the hotel, swinging his hat at sight of her.

"Morning, Miss Clarke. Your face looks as if I'd better not say Good morning. But if you had not been left here, you would have been stalled farther west. I've crossed three grand canyons of washouts between here and the hotel. Mr. Bunker, let's see where Miss Clarke's train has got to." And the two men moved to the corner where stood the telegraph.

"No use, Miss, to think of going on yet," was Bunker's opinion as the result of the clicking. "The storm's moving westward, and soon's it dries up here, it'll be dangerous farther on your track. Guess you better settle down and come to breakfast."

Eleanor settled with a fairly good grace, playing solitaire, and knitting washcloths and dishcloths, both square and round, for Mrs. Bunker during that week of wet.

The dry spots, so to speak, were when Marsters came to meals. Mrs. Bunker had explained: "He's out here to see how his ranch is gittin' on. Comes once in three or four years. Pritty young man as ever I see. His home is to New York state somewhere. Ain't a family man as I know of. Mr. Bunker he likes

to have him to come to our house and that's what he don't say to everyone."

"And some have guests thrust upon them," murmured Eleanor.

"Oh, we like you well enough. Wisht it would clear off so you could see something of the place."

This was too good to keep; Eleanor shared it with Robert, who gleefully exclaimed, "Then as soon as it stops pouring, may I have the pleasure of showing you the town? It is populous with civil engineer's stakes. You will like my horse, what part of her will be left above the mud."

When on the sixth day the two ventured forth to drive, Marsters asked in more eagerness than he cared to show,

"Would you like to see my ranch?"

And she replied with more interest than she often manifested,

"Sure."

At first they drove slowly, the mare's slim legs pumping up and down in the mud with the soft, sucking sound of a piston. It was not till the return that an ever-freshening wind had dried stretches of road so that speed was possible.

They chatted sociably about the ranch, which Eleanor had really enjoyed and appreciated, and about the despatches which had flown back and forth between her and her sister till a specially severe cloudburst put an end to telegraphic communication. "Elsie wired she should start to meet me. I'm only a half-hour older than she is, but, if the lines weren't down, I should order her as an elder sister not to undertake travelling yet. How soon do you think I can start on, Mr. Marsters?"

"How soon do you want to?"

His tone made Eleanor parry.

"Look, didn't you forget the top bar to your corral gate there? I'll wait here in the wagon."

Robert ran back to where she pointed, acquiescing in her unsentimental mood and calling, "That's a good fellow to save my cattle from getting out."

He found some hammering necessary, and was stooping to look for a stone and wishing he were in a New Hampshire pasture, when down the road came a single team. Eleanor's eyes were following Robert, and her thoughts were pleasantly absorbed.

Wheels almost locking her own and a lash descending upon the flanks of Marsters' high-spirited mare were the next thing she knew.

As the evil doer of the deed grinned derisively to see her try to control her startled horse, she recognized the man whom she and Marsters had come down upon, in the stable yard.

She was so furious at the dastardly revenge that her wrath was greater than her fear, though the mare, after dreadful rearing, had started to run.

All the tricks of her old management of "Dandy" came into play in the ten-minute tussle. She got control finally when the mare had almost overtaken the jaded beast the ugly customer was urging toward town. He cast another vindictive look at the girl. Eleanor put her hand into the leather pocket on the dashboard, steel glittered, and she took careful aim. There was no shot. Better not further unnerve her horse. Then she turned the wagon, having another grave danger from overturning in the mire,

and drove rapidly back to Marsters who was striding with white face and blazing eyes toward her.

"All right," she called. "See what I fixed him with." And she held up a stubby, metal ranch implement combination of knife and shears which was being taken to town to be sharpened.

"Damn that villain," Robert exploded as he climbed into the wagon. Then he gathered in her hands with the reins and laughed in relief and amusement.

"What a comrade you are, the best ever, do you know it, young lady?"

Her answering look grew grave. "Do you suppose I have made him hate you worse still? But you will be away from here soon?"

"Yes, I shall not stay long after you go. When did you say you were going, though?" he teased, looking at the black sky in the west, where were occurring the heaviest rains known to the white man in Arizona, rains delighting the natives of California as much as they disappointed the tourists.

Marsters' meditations that night ended with, "I don't want to lose sight of that girl. She's too good to be true. Jove, she's got sense enough to understand that a man wasn't undermining the moral universe if he were to wonder if she weren't too true to be good. But did she leave her heart in her Pullman? No sign of it inside that shirt waist which seems miraculously renewed to freshness every morning. But why—don't girls—nowadays make—a man—feel—sentimental?" and Marsters lapsed into sleep, to dream of somebody like Eleanor Clarke and yet not like her.

Eleanor's last waking thought

was the more simple one, "Solitaire is rather dull. I will ask him to-morrow if he does not know a good card game for two."

With the reestablishment on the morrow, however, of telegraphic communication, a message came through from Elsie, and Eleanor at dinner handed it to Marsters, who read aloud,

"Dear Will meet you at Needles. Leave noon to-day."

"'Dear Will'? Who is 'dear Will'?" ..

"Don't you see, *I'm* dear. Elsie always stops for loving. And that poor, misguided child is evidently stalled on the road between here and California."

"Yes, I see you are dear," Robert ventured in a matter-of-fact tone. But you—you are not like your sister in—er—your traits?"

"I? Oh, I should not stop for even dinner if I could start westward on a handcar. Elsie must not get in a fix as I did; she wouldn't like it. No, I haven't found it more than half bad," answering his questioning look but taking refuge in the phrase by which the English conceal any enjoyment they may have had.

That afternoon Marsters appeared at an unusual hour. "Miss Clarke, there's a freight starting out toward Needles, and I'll go on and see to getting your sister safely on the return route as far as here, unless you want to go on and see California?"

"Mercy, and *merci*! No, I want to see Boston. But you ought not to leave your business here when you could finish it in a few days now. Isn't there a baggage car in which I could get a seat?"

"I think not; anyway, this train is going to be the first to try

the bridges and—you'd better stay here." Then quickly, to forestall the abashed words at her lips, "How can I tell your sister among a lot of passengers?"

"Ask the Pullman porter or conductor, goosey." Eleanor felt ready for merriment. "But you would know Elsie to be my sister. She is like me, only different."

The phrase haunted Marsters with a familiar ring during the night, while his train felt its way over the temporary trestles. Before dark the next day the freight had crawled to the town where the trains from the coast were stalled. The passengers had left their sleepers for the mission style hotel, the remembrance of which is a delight, and on its register Robert Marsters readily found the name, Miss Elsie Clarke.

He sent up his card, writing on it, "With credentials from your sister," and waited in the mezzanine.

Down from the demi-floor above, scorning the use of the elevator as too slow for her eager welcoming, came a girl in shimmering pink and white, a girl so like in height, in figure, in shape of head and features to Eleanor Clarke, so different in bearing and coloring. Bonnie brown eyes instead of gray, a flush in the cheeks where Eleanor's were evenly tanned, hands that helped say in gestures what the sweet mouth could not utter fast enough of sunny cordiality, and instead of a level, friendly glance a distinctly feminine and flattering way of looking up at you.

Robert Marsters, who had risen, strangely moved, when he saw her approaching, felt himself shaken by a sudden remembrance, a quick conviction.

"My girl. It is my girl of the dream. Like Eleanor, and yet not like her. My girl!"

Their first handclasp was close and long. After it, it was easy to talk, to plan. "You will come back with me?" he took it as a matter of course.

"Yes," she acquiesced with delightful pliancy.

"Your train will start east this evening, I hear, and there seems no reason why it won't get through. Shall we try that?"

"Yes," she smilingly assented.

"Then I must go now. You will need time to pack." Robert's eyes lingered on the frills of her dress. They were like—like the petals of a rose—that was it. "There will be a diner on the train. May I breakfast with you?"

The brown eyes no longer looked up. They looked down. "Yes." And the two went their ways, he trying to call back into his business-encrusted brain the lines of Aldrich's "Good night."

Eleanor Clarke, seated on the Bunkers' front stoop, spent the next morning on the lookout. She gazed immovably up the railroad tracks. She did not stir when the smoke from a locomotive was discerned; only her gaze grew in intensity. The train slowed up at the station and two persons alighted. Eleanor's face shone as if from a light within.

Young and gloriously strong and

happy the pair appeared as they came nearer into view. Now they were at the steps, Elsie was "giving her dear old Nell a bear hug," and Eleanor was saying drily:

"Well, Elsie, you always did like travelling. Go up and strew your glad clothes about our room. Mrs. Bunker and I will be charmed to see so much sophistication. I will let her have the pleasure of waiting on you. She wants to see how a thirteen-gored skirt is put together."

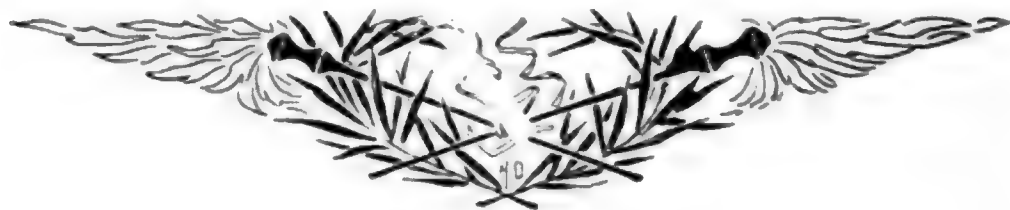
Robert had been watching the sisters. His eyes followed Elsie as she took her radiant self out of sight. Still looking where she had vanished, he knelt on the step before Eleanor who had resumed her seat. His beatific expression, the new note in his voice, made his next words clear:

"You are a bit older—the head of the family as I know it, so I must ask your consent. Will you be a sister to me, Eleanor?"

Every fine line of his face made finer attested the sincerity of his sudden love.

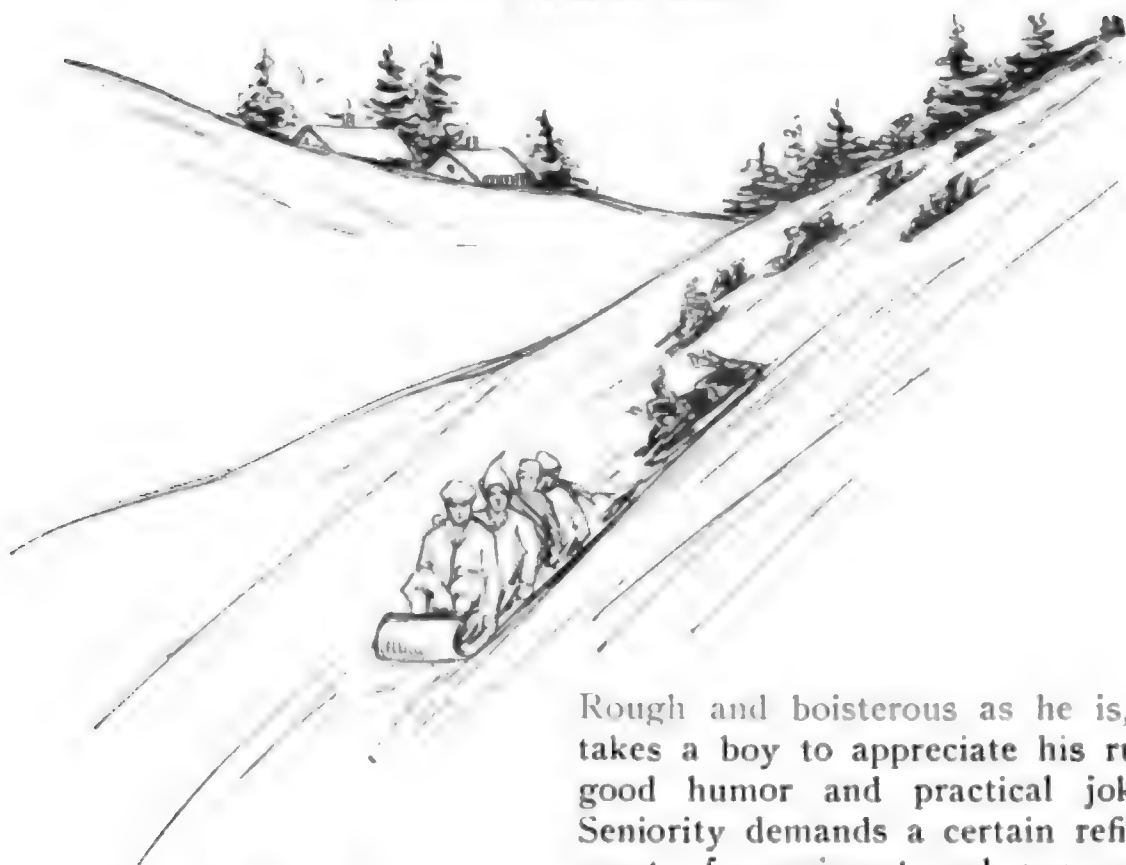
If a steady heart leaped in a calm breast, no one could see it. If the horse-beater was avenged by a hurt which had come to the girl who did not mind her own business, he never knew it. Eleanor gazed again up the tracks for help as on that first day when she had found herself left. Then a quietly amused voice said again,

"Well, this is the limit."



Sleds: Down Hill and Up

By RUTH BURLEIGH DAME



Rough and boisterous as he is, it takes a boy to appreciate his rude good humor and practical jokes. Seniority demands a certain refinement of merriment and one must enter into second youth to enjoy the season of ice and snow. The small boy is the happiest note in the song of winter. Age may catch faint echoes of the melody, but to the well-attuned ear of youth it is a rapturous symphony. There is no possible motif of it that he cannot appreciate. If the snow spoils the skating, there is snowshoeing, and if a January thaw must reduce the snow to a thin icy crust, there is coasting which General Gage himself might have envied. The men of Lexington and Concord may have faced the British soldiery for liberty, but it took Boston boys to face a British general and demand the liberty of coasting. What descendant now so unworthy as not to do or die for the love of coasting? What labor is too arduous

WINTER, despite his traditional white locks, has the heart of youth. How otherwise could he be so versatile, so ingenious in contriving mischief?

Trouble in the Mountains

By ANNIE G. BROWN,
Author of "Fireside Battles"

NIGHT had come down on the mountains; fold on fold, its misty veil had settled over the billowy crests of the hills till all the region was wrapped in gloom.

But night was not a time of quiet in those wild parts. Shielded by it, the owl and wolf and all other prowling creatures came out to pursue their race-old feuds. And man—wilder man—he, too, came forth to hound and be hounded by the enemies that had been his before he was born, and would be his children's and grandchildren's after him.

In a cabin high up on a slope that overlooked the "settlement" of the Higginbottoms slept Reuben White, his wife Charity and their little brood. The negro was not native to the region, but had been lured thither from the borders of civilization beyond Bald Knob by the hope of social equality with the mountaineers.

Things had not gone well with him, however; the rocky hillsides were hard to cultivate and the poor land yielded grudgingly. The wife had been sick and pining and was almost useless in the fields; worse still, she had won the dislike of their employers by not taking kindly to their affiliation.

As the family slept there came a peremptory rap on the cabin door; only half aroused, Reuben opened it and fell back in alarm.

"Make a light thar!" said a voice; and as the negro raked the embers

together on the hearth and blew them into a blaze, a head was thrust in at the doorway.

"Got any Higginbottoms in here?"

"No, sah, nobody here but me an' my wife an' chillen." Either the reply or the scrutiny seemed satisfactory, for the man entered and was followed by others. The frail cabin shook beneath their heavy tread. As the flickering light fell upon them a sickening fear came over Reuben.

"Whar's Shan and his pack gone to?" asked the leader.

"Dey ain't gone no whar; dey down to de house."

"That's a lie; you know they ain't!"

"Dey was down dar when I went to bed, fore—" began Reuben, but a motion from the leader silenced him.

While Reuben was being questioned some of the party were searching the cabin. Terrified by the threatening tone of the men, Charity lay silent and motionless till one of the searchers in overhauling the bed where one of her children lay waked one of them. The child sat up with a scream, then with wild eyes sprang at the intruder.

"Don't, Bobby, don't!" cried the mother; but the boy was crazed with fright. He slid off the bed and followed the fellow, who once or twice pushed him off good-naturedly.

"Come yere, chile! Come to yo' mammy!" pleaded the mother; but it was no use. Fascinated with

fear, the boy ran screaming and chattering around his terrifiers.

"I asks you once more whar the Higginbottom gang's gone to!" said the leader threateningly.

"Ter save my life, Marsters, I dunno nothin' 'bout de Higginbottomses, dey was—"

"Well, come along and we'll see if you don't know more'n you 'low you do." And dragging the struggling negro with them, they went out. Seeing his father carried away, Bobby flew at the last man and stuck his sharp teeth into the calf of his leg.

With an oath the fellow flung the child off and raised his riding switch. Swift as a hawk the mother flew between them and covered the boy.

"Don't hit him, Marster! Don't hit Bobby! He ain't nothin' but a ijut boy, Bobby ain't!" The fellow paused, then soothed his pain by giving the mother the cut he was too superstitious to inflict on the child, and went out.

For some minutes Charity lay still listening to the retreating footsteps, then gathering the child in her arms, crept back to bed and lay staring at the black square that marked the open door. Too dazed to think, she yet anticipated that Reuben would soon be able to prove his ignorance and be allowed to return. But as the hours wore away and neither he nor his captors appeared, wildest fears took possession of her.

When the darkness began to grow gray she got up and taking her water pail went out. She didn't catch the glint of fire on the hearth of the Higginbottom house as she followed the path down the hill to the spring; and setting her pail down on a stone around which the

clear mountain water gurgled noisily, she went up the path on the opposite side to the house. The doors were all open, but on going in she found—not a soul. The barn and stables revealed the same desertion. and amazed and fearful, she hastened back to her cabin. The chickens had come out of their house of pine poles and were picking about; to Charity they seemed wilder this morning; every time she came upon one suddenly it would squawk, throw up its wings and dodge under the nearest bush.

When her children had eaten—she could not eat—she took them to a rail pen and setting them to play on the straw within, went back to the deserted home of the Higginbottoms.

She did not stop, but followed the wagon track which led over the ridge to the main road. At the crest of the hill she turned and sat down upon a bank formed by the upturned roots of a fallen tree. The sun had risen high enough over the mountain to pour its light to the very bottom of the little triangular "hollow." It shone with a blinding glare on the smooth surface of the pool in the spring "branch" where the wash pot and the battling bench stood, and sparkled in the dew which covered the whole scene. Everything lay just as she had viewed it many times of late when she had climbed the slope to gaze longingly in the direction of her old home. The fields on the lower slopes were brown and sere; up the steep hillsides, where the footing looked insecure, the bare yellow cornstalks rose, rank above rank, against the gray earth.

Above and beyond all were the woods, billow behind billow, show-

ing on their green crests dashes of crimson and yellow and brown. Below the log cabins with their gray board roofs, the pens of yellow shucks, and the dull brown cones of hay looked as they had done the day before, except for the deep loneliness which hung about them.

For a while she looked and listened so intently that a wood rat, which scampered hither and thither in search of a breakfast, mistook her for a part of the inanimate nature around her and ran over her feet. Save this, the disconsolate looking chickens in the cabin yard were the only living things to be seen. The woman passed her hands over her face once, twice, then getting up walked vigorously back and forth as if trying to rouse herself from an unpleasant dream; but the awful solitude only clung the closer about her. Stopping in her walk she placed her hands around her mouth and called in long cadences:

"O, Reuben! Reu—ben!"

As she listened with the power of every faculty centered in the sense of hearing, only the echoes answered her faintly. But she was not to be beguiled by their soft voices, which seemed by their very softness to mock her fears. She threw her whole soul into one long passionate wail,

"O, Reu—ben!" and, dropping down with her face in her hands, rocked from side to side in uncontrollable misery. Her mind was dark with forebodings. That the old trouble between the Higginbottoms and the Grimeses had broken out afresh seemed the only solution to the mystery around her. But why had not the people, whose fields she and Reuben worked, given them warning so that they, too, might

seek shelter? Why had they been left to bear the wrath of their enemies? And now she was alone with her little ones and Reuben was a prisoner! There came to her a wild desire to take her children and flee to her white friends in the valley.

So strong was the impulse that she half arose to obey it, when the thought of Reuben struck her back into her seat. She could not leave him to find his cabin empty if he should escape and come seeking help and hiding.

The sun was high in the heavens when she arose, retraced the path to her cabin with rapid steps, and set about making preparations. Her hands trembled, but it was the agitation of determination; for in her face, drawn and pinched by the force of contending emotions, shone the light of stern resolve. She went to the straw pen and came back with Bobby whom she washed and dressed. The child submitted listlessly till she brought out his Sunday jacket, a brave little affair of red and black linsey, ornamented with old Confederate brass buttons. Bobby's face brightened with joy and he began to ask questions in a stammering, guttural voice; but a tightness in the mother's throat as she put the jacket on the shrunken form prevented her answering, and soon the child was absorbed in his finery. Unlocking a chest she took out a package which she placed in his breast, sewing it in and stitching the fronts of the jacket together over it. Then she took a piece of bread from the oven and calling Bobby to follow, started again for the road over the ridge. At the top she stopped and lifting the child to her shoulder pointed southward, saying,

"Looky yander, Bobby! See dem big white trees on top de mountain?"

"Yeh, me see um, me see um buzzard sailin' roun'."

"Down dat away's what yo' mawma lives—mawma an' Helen an' de boys." Bobby nodded assent. Setting him down and taking hold of him to keep his attention she said earnestly,

"An' now I'm gwine let you go home ter yo' mawma." Bobby caught the idea and breaking away tried to express his joy in a summer-sault, shouting,

"Hi, mammy! me go home to mawma?" But the feeble limbs refused to act, and the child fell. The mother noticed the weakness with a failing heart, but she lifted him up saying,

"Dar now! you gwine git yo' clean clo's dirty 'fore mawma sees 'em." This subdued his hilarity and she tried to make him comprehend some directions.

"You git in de big road an' you go, an' you go. You see heap er roads, but you keep in *big* road whar heap er wagin tracks is. Mammy gwine give you lots er bread an' when you git hungry you set down by er branch an' eat an' drink. Den you go on, *an' go on!* When you hear fokes comin' you hide in bushes till dey done gone, den you *go on, an' go on!* Bimeby you see white house wid flowers over de door an' you go in an' see mawma an' de chillen, an' dey'll all tell you howdy so glad."

Bobby's face shone brighter and brighter till it fairly beamed, but suddenly a cloud overspread it and he clung to his mother's knees sobbing,

"Ugly mans! Ugly mans git Bobby!"

Charity's heart quaked and for some moments she stood gazing down at the frightened child in the stupor of despair; then unwinding his clinging arms she said with an attempt at lightness:

"Shucks, chile, dere ain't no ugly men. You jes' dreamt dat."

"Ain't dere?" asked Bobby, confused between his own impression and his mother's assurance.

"No, dere *ain't!* I tell you dere ain't! You jes' dreamt hit! Didn't you jes' dreamt hit, Bobby?" Bobby nodded and she led his mind back to the joy of going home; when he was bright and happy once more she said:

"When you git home tell your mawma mammy say her want ter come home so bad. *Come quick!*"

She made him repeat the message several times, then lead him to where the wagon track joined the main road, the boy chattering gaily as they went. At the junction she stopped and to test him asked what he was going to tell his mawma. Bobby's feeble mind took but a frail hold upon words, and all recollection of the message had fled. As he looked up at her with a blank face the mother realized on what a slender thread her hopes hung.

"Lawd Gawd," she cried, lifting her face and extending her hands passionately, "is You gwine let de chile fail me at de last? Bobby, Bobby!" she said sitting down beside him, "you ain't gwine forgit me an' pappy an' de chillen, is you? We-all want ter go home, too. When you git dar an' mawma sets you down 'fore a great big plate er biscuit an' 'lasses, you ain't gwine forgit we-all, is you, Bobby, *is* you?"

and Charity dropped her head upon her knees. Something in the mother's strong grief touched the spring of the boy's mind and he tried to lift her head, saying,

"Mammy, Mammy, does you want some 'lasses? Bobby gwine tell Mawma *come quick!*" Charity lifted a shining face, saying,

"Mammy knowed you wasn't gwine forgit her!" She filled his pockets with bread and said encouragingly,

"Now, g'on, Bobby! G'on home ter Mawma! I'm gwine watch you now an' see how you gwine go!" As he started off bravely the mother instinctively turned and surveyed the distance to the far top of Bald Knob; she looked again at the child's frail form and opened her mouth to call him back. But just then he turned and smiled at her, saying,

"Don't you cry fer me, Mammy; I'm gwine home ter Mawma!"

She caught at the last words and repeated them softly to herself: "He's gwine home—gwine home ter Miss Mell"

Presently he reached the bottom of the descent and turning a bend passed out of sight and beyond the reach of her voice. Then the mother heart rose up and smote her, and falling on her knees she poured out her heart to the only ear in all that lonely region that was listening:

"Lawd in Heaben, pity po' mel Here I is a-stretchin' out my arm fer man's help, an' I know dat arm is too weak unless You strengthens it. I done sent my chile away an' ef I done right I dunno an' ef I done wrong I dunno. But I axed You dis mawnin' an' den my mind proned me ter it, an' I done it. Lawd, de

road are long an' lonesome, an' dere's wild varmints an' human beases on de way; an' de chile are po'ly in mind an' body. But sich as he is, he is de work o' Yo hands; den sholy, Lawd, Yo goodness must take de more keer o' dem what Yo wisdom sont into de worl' onfitter ter keer fer deyselves. Do, Lawd, keep track long o' de chile dis day, an' fetch him safe ter dem as keers fer him an' me. Gawd o' de helpless, help po' me! Fer Chris' sake, amen."

Getting up she looked away to the gray crest of Bald Knob. The skeleton trees on its summit, gleaming white in the sunlight, seemed like fingers of faith pointing her upward to the calm blue of the eternal heavens, and with something like hope she returned to her cabin and children.

That afternoon Sheriff Page's wife stood before her ironing table just inside the kitchen door. As she bent with aching back over the shirts which her husband and boys would wear to meeting next day ever and anon she looked up and away with thoughtful eyes. Looked away over the yellow curls of little Helen as she diligently molded mud cakes on the doorstep, across a charred and blackened spot in the yard where stood the chimneys and pillars of a burned house, over the fields in the valley where Robert worked alone, over the forests beyond where her boys were putting in a half-holiday fox hunting, to the top of Bald Knob where the buzzards were sailing on motionless wing above the tops of the dead trees. At last she said aloud:

"I wonder what makes my mind

run so on Chat, to-day. I hope things are not going wrong with her."

As the afternoon waned, the sprinkled clothes disappeared, and moving the table back she put the churn in its place. The dasher had not made many journeys up and down when she heard shouts and stepping out, she saw her son Billy galloping down the road. He was pounding the sides of his lagging mule with his heels and holding something before him. As he swung the gate open and rode in he cried:

"Maw, Maw! here's Bobby! I've got Bobby!" He pulled his blowing mule up at the step and the sheriff's wife lifted Bobby down and surveyed him in astonishment, exclaiming,

"Why, where on earth—!"

"Ole Blaze found 'im up by Bald Knob," said the excited boy. "The hounds were in full cry, with me and Blaze behind, 'cause she's gettin' old and Pete wouldn't go; and broke trail and went whinin' and snuffin' down this way. I tried to turn her back but she wouldn't go, and I followed her to see what she was after. The first thing I knew, she was whinin' and lickin' Bobby. lyin' asleep under a bush. Why here comes Blaze now!" he exclaimed as the old hound came up with a look of merit on her intelligent face.

"Child! child! how did you get down here?" said Mrs. Page, as the little black boy clung, laughing hysterically, to her skirts. "There, there! my poor little darkie! Poor little Bobby!" But soothing and coaxing were in vain. Excess of joy had made Bobby once more a poor dumb creature; and he whined and fawned as the old hound might have

done. She watched some moments with the look of one who sees years of patient, loving labor vanish, and said:

"He must have run away. See how dusty he is!"

"Yes, and he's just tired to death," said Billy.

"Though," added the mother, as if weighing all the evidence, "his clothes are clean otherwise. I expect he's nearly famished. Maybe that's what is the matter." Setting the boy down she placed some biscuits and a cup of milk before him. Bobby looked eagerly at the plate and then burst out crying.

"Mama, he wants some m'lasses," said Helen.

"To be sure! How did I come to forget it?" And catching up the plate she filled it with sorghum. Bobby chuckled with delight as it was placed before him, but paused with the first biscuit before his mouth, looked thoughtfully at the dripping syrup, and said,

"Mawma, Mammy want come home git 'lasses so bad. *Come quick!*"

Mrs. Page paused with uplifted dasher, and the air of one who recognizes the fulfillment of an omen. Then she tried to get the child to repeat; but the feeble mind had delivered itself of its burden and could not be induced to take it up again.

As Mrs. Page was milking the cows at sunset, her husband came up and said:

"Nellie tells me that Billy found Chat's boy this evenin'."

"Yes, and I can't make out what it means; the child was too excited to talk, except to tell me his mother wants to come home. I'm afraid she's in trouble some way."

"I dare say; but we won't worry

over it till we know more." But the wife did not so dismiss the subject.

As she put the boy to bed that night, she found his jacket sewed, and had to rip it open; a piece of cloth fell out. She picked it up and shook it out. It was only a baby's gown, ragged and yellow, but Melinda Page sat for some minutes caressing it with tired hands and gazing into the fire with troubled eyes. Then hastily taking Bobby to his pallet, she went and roused her husband, saying:

"Robert, wake up here! I'm sure there's something wrong with Chat."

"Well, what if there is? I can't help it to-night. It wouldn't do her any good for me to go up there and get shot full of holes; besides, I've no mind to do it, anyway, since she's gone off with that rascal, Reuben, and left you to drudge your life out."

"Oh, Robert, don't think of that; think of what she has done for us!"

"You women are curious folks; would you really have me risk my life in the mountains to-night?"

"No, no! You must stay with the children; I am going myself."

"*You* ride out nights when there's as much devil's work going on as there has been!"

"I've been out nights tendin' the sick and dyin' of them that's now doin' this devilment, and I'm not goin' to be kept from Chat by such as they. Look at *our* child here, and then at *hers* yonder, and tell me if I'm not right." The father's voice was softer as he replied:

"Don't think me hard, Mel. I appreciate what she's done for us as much as you do, but I don't think there's really anything much the matter with her."

"Look," replied the wife, holding up the baby gown, "at what I found sewed into Bobby's jacket. I tell you, Chat's in trouble and she has sent to me. That poor old rag is the strongest appeal she could make, and it stirs all that's good in me. I believe it would rouse me in my grave, if anything could."

"That's all right," replied he, "and I honor you for the good woman it shows you to be; but let's take a sensible view of the matter. The truth of the business is about this: Chat's homesick and not gettin' on well with the Higginbottoms and she sent the boy to let us know. Now, if you'll be quiet till mornin', I'll ride up there and see."

"No," said the wife emphatically, "she wouldn't have sent the boy off at the risk of his gettin' lost in the woods, unless she was in pressin' need of help—and I'm goin' *now*. You needn't say anything more."

"All right! I'll go and saddle Shoestring for you," he said, getting up.

In a few minutes the wife was mounting her trusty horse at the gate. Neither she nor the husband said anything as he looked again at the girths and gave her the bridle, but their silence was eloquent.

Melinda Page was a woman made on a large plan, though fortune had consigned her to a small niche. Her temperament had never permitted her any idle habits, despite the fact that she was the daughter of one of the few farmers in the valley who had owned slaves.

In girlhood her mind had quickly absorbed all the knowledge within her reach, and then for want of other mental food she had turned to her father's medical books, which she soon understood as well as he.

As years went by, her gift of healing made her general nurse and counsellor for her neighborhood; but it was not till her husband became sheriff of their half wild county that the full force of her character and talents came out. From caring for the "moonshiners" in the county jail, her sympathies had extended to their families in the mountain fastnesses, and so constant were the demands upon her that her tall form, mounted upon a strong horse and crowned with a calico sunbonnet, became the most familiar passer over the lonely roads. Often in her visits she found it necessary not only to care for the sick, but to provide for the living, and her hand and heart were always equal to the emergency.

To say that she was beloved by her beneficiaries, would be to attribute to them a degree of appreciation of which they were incapable. They took her kindness as they did the sharply wholesome advice which often accompanied it; and attributed both to the reddish glow which tinged her abundant brown hair. One proof of their gratitude she had, however,—her husband continued to live; and more than once she received word that, but for her, some mountaineer would have "made daylight through him."

As she rode up the valley, she tied her bonnet strings under her chin, and pushed the bonnet itself off her head. The wind and the moonlight were making lively shadows of the half naked branches of the trees, and she wished to have an unobstructed view. Though she sprang from a race of whom it was said that they didn't know the meaning of fear there was something of nervousness in her strong frame as her horse

bore her away from home and into the night.

At the foot of Bald Knob the valley road ceased, and she struck into the mountains. The moon had gone down and her horse had to travel more slowly. To beguile the time she raised her voice in a hymn:

"Though troubles assail and dangers
affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all
unite,
Yet one thing secures us, what ever betide;
The promise assures us, the Lord will
provide."

The grand old song struck responsive chords in her deeply religious nature and she repeated it, hopefully, trustfully. As her voice floated out, now and then some four-footed "hillite" would start up near her and bound away into the deeper darkness. But on and on she rode, her horse's feet ringing sharply as they struck sparks from the rocky hillsides.

"I wonder," she said aloud at length, "how I shall be able to find the fork that leads off to the Higginbottoms'? It wasn't more than a path when I came to see Shan's mother before she died last fall." As she spoke, something in the appearance of the sky to her right caused her to check her horse. In a few moments a red glare overspread the horizon, and by its light she saw the road for which she was looking.

"It's a fire, undoubtedly!" she exclaimed, urging Shoestring forward. A minute's swift riding brought her to the top of the ridge where Charity had sat through the hours of her morning wrestling.

Below her the "hollow" lay in a bright light. The shuck pens and straw stacks were aflame, and a dozen or more men could be seen

setting fire to the houses. On the hill opposite, the door of Reuben's cabin shone brightly, and forms were discernible within.

"As I live, I'm just in time!" said Melinda, as her face kindled. Gone were her fears; her heart beat high, and her blood leaped in her veins in a way that told her she was not born of a race of cowards. Restraining her desire to urge her frightened horse with the switch, she succeeded in getting him forward almost noiselessly. The dead leaves muffled the sound of his feet and she rode within a few yards of the burning buildings without being discovered. Then with a cut from the whip, Shoe-string dashed forward, Melinda sitting erect in her saddle and singing defiantly:

"Though trouble assail, and dangers
affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all
unite—"

She was past the burning houses, over the branch, and half way up the hillside ere the startled incendiaries realized her presence. A shout and a shower of stones followed her but it was too late; she had sprung from her saddle at the cabin door.

Charity had sat for hours in hope and dread, when Reuben was led in by his captors of the previous night. Exhausted, he leaned against the wall for support. His arms were bound to his sides with withes, and over his naked back and shoulders the stripes were thick. The wife sat mute with horror.

"Now," said the leader, "we've brought 'im back to yer an' ef yer want ter keep 'im, yer'd better tell whar the Higginbottoms air."

"Please, Marsters," put in Reuben, "Chat don't know nothin' 'bout

de Higginbottomses. Dey ain't never liked Chat, an' tried ter make me drive 'er an' de chillen away 'cause she couldn't work."

"Fer my life an' his'n, Marster, I dunno!" whispered the woman hoarsely.

"That ar ijut boy o' hern ain't yere," interposed one of the men, who had been inspecting one of the beds. "I bet she's sent 'im ter carry news ter the Higginbottoms."

"Whar's that ijut boy?" demanded the leader.

"I sent 'im home ter my mistiss."

"Thar's a fine tale fer ye! She sent 'im—the little ijut chap—twelve mile away, and him not sense enough ter tell his name!" sneered one of the group.

"Whar's the ijut boy, I say?" thundered the leader angrily.

"Oh, please, Marster, I *has* sent 'im ter my mistiss in de valley. You all knows her—Mars' Robert Page's wife."

"Stand up thar!" said the man threateningly.

"Please, good Marsters, don't beat Chat!" broke in Reuben. "Chat dunno nothin' 'bout nothin', an' she can't stan' hit now. Oh, men, fer de unborn chile's sakes—fer yer own mother's sakes, don't beat Chat! Gimme nother'un, but *don't* beat Chat!" and Reuben fell on his knees.

"Well, let her tell what she's done with the ijut."

"As de Lawd in Heaben made me, I sent 'im home ter my—" A long hickory cleft the air with a hiss and fell with a crash on her trembling back. As Chat fell writhing to the floor, clear and distinct through her own shriek of agony, she heard the voice of the sheriff's wife singing,

"The Lord will provide."

The next instant her old mistress stepped over the threshold and stood before them. Her tall form seemed to tower, as with stern face and dauntless eye she faced the mob.

"Put her out!" called several voices, but no one made a move towards doing it.

"Well, what do *you* want here?" asked the leader.

"I come to defend my friends, and I'll go when you let me take them—this woman and her husband and children—with me." The men from the burning houses had crowded about the door, and stood looking in.

"Jes' hark to her, boys;" cried one of them scornfully. "Melindy Page a-callin' of a nigger her friend!"

"Look!" cried the sheriff's wife, reaching into her pocket, "d'ye see this? It's only a baby's gown, an' it's all ragged at the bottom; that was burned off by the fire. Nine years ago next March, I went home from meetin' one night an' found my house in flames. My children, all but one, were standin' cryin' in the cold wind. I was about to rush into the burnin' buildin' for my baby, when this woman—this nigger woman here—came stumblin' through the flames and smoke with my child in her arms. As she laid it, alive and unharmed, in my arms, she fell senseless at my feet. For weeks and weeks we nursed her thinkin' every day would end her sufferin's. She came through at last, but when her child was born, it was all marked and scarred with her sufferin's. God had burnt into its mind and body the deed of the mother, as a living appeal to me and mine. And now—to-night—down in my house in the valley, *my* child lies all beau-

tiful and sound, while *hers* lies close by, a poor deformed idiot. Friend? She is sister, mother, ay, more than all these to me; for she is the saver of a life that is more than life to me! And I'll go to my death to defend her!"

She finished in a voice that was husky, and caught up her bonnet-skirt and wiped her eyes. There was sullen silence for a minute or two, then a voice from the group about the door said disdainfully:

"Them's mighty fine words, but how air ye goin' ter do it?—that's what we want ter know?"

"Why, if I can do it in no other way—if I fail to find human hearts in the breasts of you who call yourselves human—then I'll take the punishment meant for her, myself." And going over to Chat, the sheriff's wife took her stand in front of her.

"Let 'er have a taste, I say! It'll do her an Bob Page both good. They have bossed around in the county till they think we air all their niggers!" said a voice from without. Melinda turned towards the group with flashing eyes.

"Ay, let me have it! It's what I deserve at the hands of the men of these mountains—I who have ridden these hills and hollows tendin' the sick an' dying till the very foxes don't shy at me! Go to Joe Grimes," she continued, with a shrewd guess at the speaker's identity, "an' ask him when he broke jail an' stole home to see his dyin' wife, who it was kept his secret an' tended him in his hide-outs when his own mother was afraid to go near him. An' when he spread black measles all up an' down these mountains, who was it rode night an' day to the sick, till she nodded in her sad-

dle? Ask Joe Grimes, I say—he can tell you what I deserve!” The crowd stirred uneasily, for the shot went home.

“An’ what air you goin’ to do with the nigger woman, if we let yer have her?” asked the leader.

“I’m goin’ to take her to my home an’ care for her through heat an’ through cold, come poverty or riches, sick or well, till one or the other of us is laid away under the cedars in Lone Swamp buryin’ ground. Then, when the last day comes, and the Judge descends on His white throne, an’ calls us all to answer before Him for the deeds done in the body—when Chat’s name is called, with the Judge’s permission, I shall rise and tell before the assembled hosts of Heaven an’ earth an’ hell what I know of Chat. I shall tell them what she has done for me and mine. I shall tell them that for all I’ve ever tried to do in carryin’ out the Master’s command to help others bear their burdens, Chat deserves half the reward. If I’ve fed the hungry, Chat’s helped earn the bread; if I’ve tended the sick, Chat’s brewed the poor medicines that, for want of better, I’ve had to use. An’ through all, she’s been faithful to her God an’ faithful to her fellow men. Then when the testimony’s all in an’ the verdict’s rendered, an’ the Judge bendin’ from His throne, shall crown her with the crown of everlastin’ life an’ say, ‘Well done, good an’ faithful servant,’ with all my ransomed powers I shall say, ‘Amen, an’ Amen!’”

The firelight falling on Melinda’s disheveled hair made a halo around her uplifted face, which shone as if with a reflection of the scene she described, while her voice thrilled

with the realization of the truth of her own words. Once more there was a hush. The leader broke it with:

“Geriminy, Mis’ Page! But I’d like fer you ter say a few words fer me in that ar cou’t! Come on, boys, we’d as well help her git off with her niggers. I never was much ter stand out agin a woman, nohow.”

In a few minutes they brought to the door a cart drawn by a cow—Reuben’s only means of conveyance. A bed was placed in it for the mother and her little ones, and Reuben walked beside it to drive. By the light of the dying embers of the Higginbottoms’ houses, the procession left the hollow. Melinda rode next the cart, and Chat held fast to her skirt; behind came the gang.

As they rode, Melinda took up her song, but she sang now with glad thanksgiving, as Miriam sang of old. The men behind took up the strain and broadened and deepened and lifted it, till it flooded all the hills and valleys, and filled the very night.

At the foot of Bald Knob the gang halted, and their leader said:

“Well, Mis’ Page, I reckon you can git on now without any more scotchin’. Me an’ mine must be gettin’ away fum hereabouts. If you have re-cognized anything agin the law to-night, I hope you won’t mention it ter Bob; fer next ter *you* he’s the durndest fellow I know ter do what he sets ‘his mind ter.”

“You may trust me for that,” said Melinda, and they knew they could.

“An’—an’—” continued he, “I *would* like fer you ter say a few words fer me—in that cou’t, on that day!”

“With the Judge’s permission,” said Melinda, lifting her face

solemnly, "I shall tell them that I have not found you hard to turn from an evil deed this night. But there is One who is a better Advocate than all men and all angels; He has promised to undertake for all who call upon Him in time. You'd better get Him on your side, an' then you may be sure the case will not go against you."

Parted

By EDWIN HENRY KEEN

Beyond the cornfield and the wood,
Nestling beneath the hill
In the old days a cottage stood,
Beside a ruined mill.

And often on the edge of dark
I lingered in the lane,
Until a candle's welcome spark
Shone in the window pane.

Long years have gone, tonight once more
Beside the foot-worn stile
In the old path, as oft before
I wait and dream awhile.

Above the pines one lonely star
Shines like her casement lit,
But far away,—alas! too far
For her to open it.

Fond dream! my longing eyes beguil'd,
Yet must I turn again,
And like a little lonely child
Stretch out my arms in vain!

The moon is but a clouded disc
Only the star shines bright,
To me it seems God's asterisk
Upon the page of night.

O Love of happy days long past
My task is nearly done,
Faithful to thee, till life at last
Be ended,—and begun!

THE STORY OF THE CRADLE.

By PAULINE CARRINGTON BOUVE

THE evolution of the cradle stands, to a certain extent, for the evolution of physique, for as a child is cradled so will he develop is as true as the old proverb, "as the twig is bent so the tree will grow."

The Emperor Kieng-tieng, who reigned in China from 1736 to 1796, wrote some very interesting facts about the physical development of the Manchu and Chinese babies in a curious book entitled *Manchu-Yuen-lion-kas*.

"The Manchus," wrote the Emperor of the walled kingdom, "some days after the birth of a child, prepared for it a little hard bed, and laid it therein, face up. Little by little the back of the head was flattened and became larger."

The Chinese have a custom opposite to this. They lay a new-born infant upon its side, first right, then left, wherefore the head is made narrower."

Here we have a cause given for the different types of skulls of two neighboring peoples living under the same climatic conditions, which are, according to the Emperor Kieng-tieng, the direct results of two different methods of cradling.

When we consider what an important part the cradle has played in the physical development of the human race, the little swinging bed becomes invested with an interest stronger even than that beautiful sentiment of mother love and tenderness which the wooden box on rockers inspires in the feminine mind and heart, for the cradle is the symbol of the holiest instincts of womanhood.

The words of the old lullaby, "Rockaby, baby, on the tree top," has a greater significance than the mere suggestion of the swinging motion of the wind-swayed bough, for the early cradle of some of our ancestors was just the scooped-out trunk of a tree, cut the required length and swung on rough "rockers." Naturally the relation between bird and tree and baby and tree became manifest, and so the cradle song:

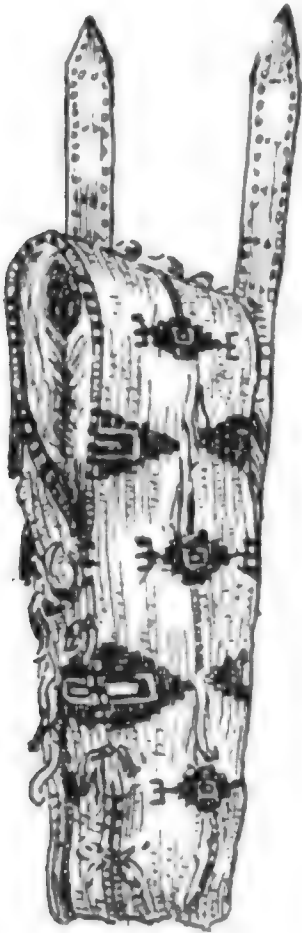
"Hushaby, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock,"

sang themselves from mother hearts to mother lips into a lullaby that will outlive all the modern vagaries of "scientific nursing" of our pro-

flat-nosed New Guinea mother has a New Guinea version of "Hushaby, baby, in the tree top, When the wind blows the cradle will rock," which has a closer analogy than our beloved nursery rhyme.

In Egypt where the earliest civilization existed, they used beds of soft skins laid upon the ground or upon a form of palm wicker work.

that "he was a goodly child," she hid him so that Pharaoh's cruel order,—that every son born among the Hebrew bondsmen should be cast into the river,—might not be obeyed; and when "she could not longer hide him, she took for him an ark of bulrushes, and daubed it with slime and with pitch and put the child therein and laid it in the flags by the river's brink."



HUPA CRADLE

It was this wicker work bed-frame, perhaps, that suggested to that frightened Israelite mother the idea of a cradle that would float upon the sluggish waters of the Nile, and the first cradle story in literature comes to us in the pages of the Pentateuch. With the simplicity which is the trade mark of truth, the ancient narrative states that when the mother of the infant Moses saw

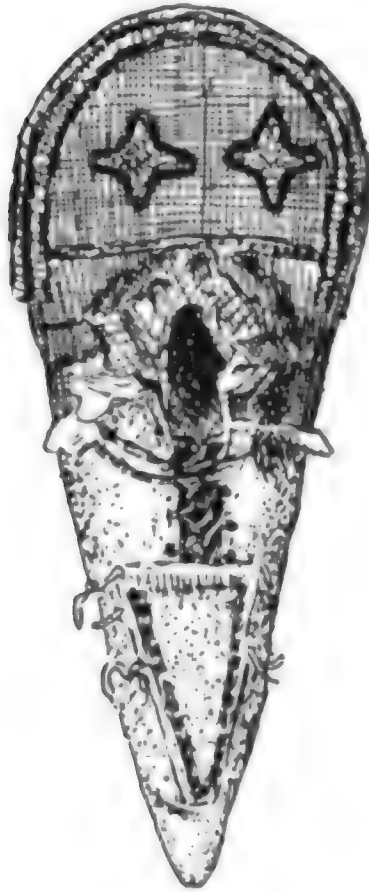


OGLALLA SIOUX CRADLE

So we see how the first cradle mentioned in literature was fashioned; how the little wave-rocked ark of plaited bulrushes, made water tight by slime and pitch, preserved the child who became the greatest law-giver and most remarkable leader that the world has ever known, and we realize that the first cradle story of antiquity is the story of maternal devotion stronger than the laws of kings, and that it bears a close relation to the history

of the first people who gave the nations of the earth a pure religion and a moral code of laws.

Somebody has written somewhere, that no family circle is complete without a baby and a grand-



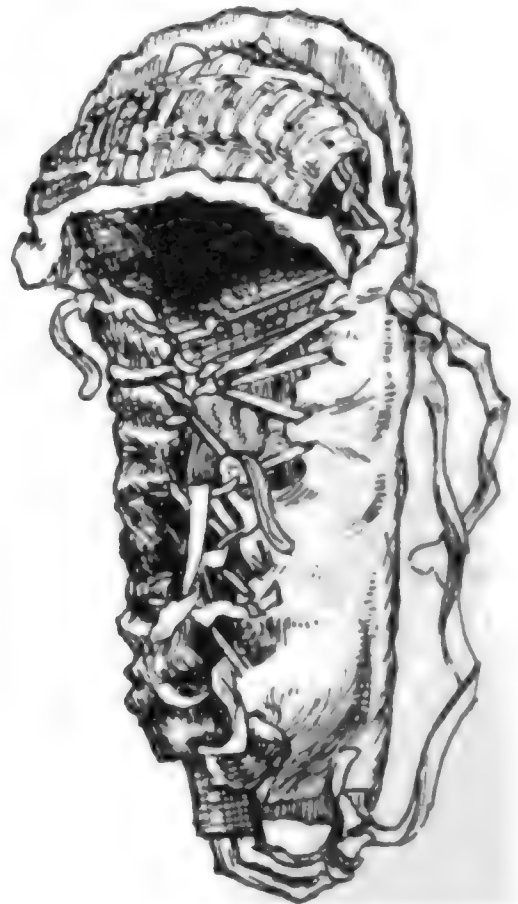
NEZ PERCE CRADLE

mother. If this be true, no home is really a home where there is not a cradle in some chimney nook. Certainly there is an indescribable lack where the evidence of baby life is wanting; and so one cannot but feel that in Japan, the America of Asia, where the cradle is an unknown article of furniture, the real essence of home life does not exist.

But the cradle has had its abuses as well as its uses, and it is interesting to find certain physical development and certain physical degeneracy, depending on the one and resulting from the other.

Where the soft bones of the newborn child have been subjected to the pressure of hard wood and tight swaddling bands, the physique of the child has suffered, and malformed skulls and distorted limbs have resulted. These in turn have been handed down from generation to generation, until we have the flat-headed tribes of some Eastern races and the artificially deformed skulls of certain of the American Indians.

It is noteworthy, too, that the beauty loving Greeks, who have given the world its highest ideals of



NEVADA UTE CRADLE

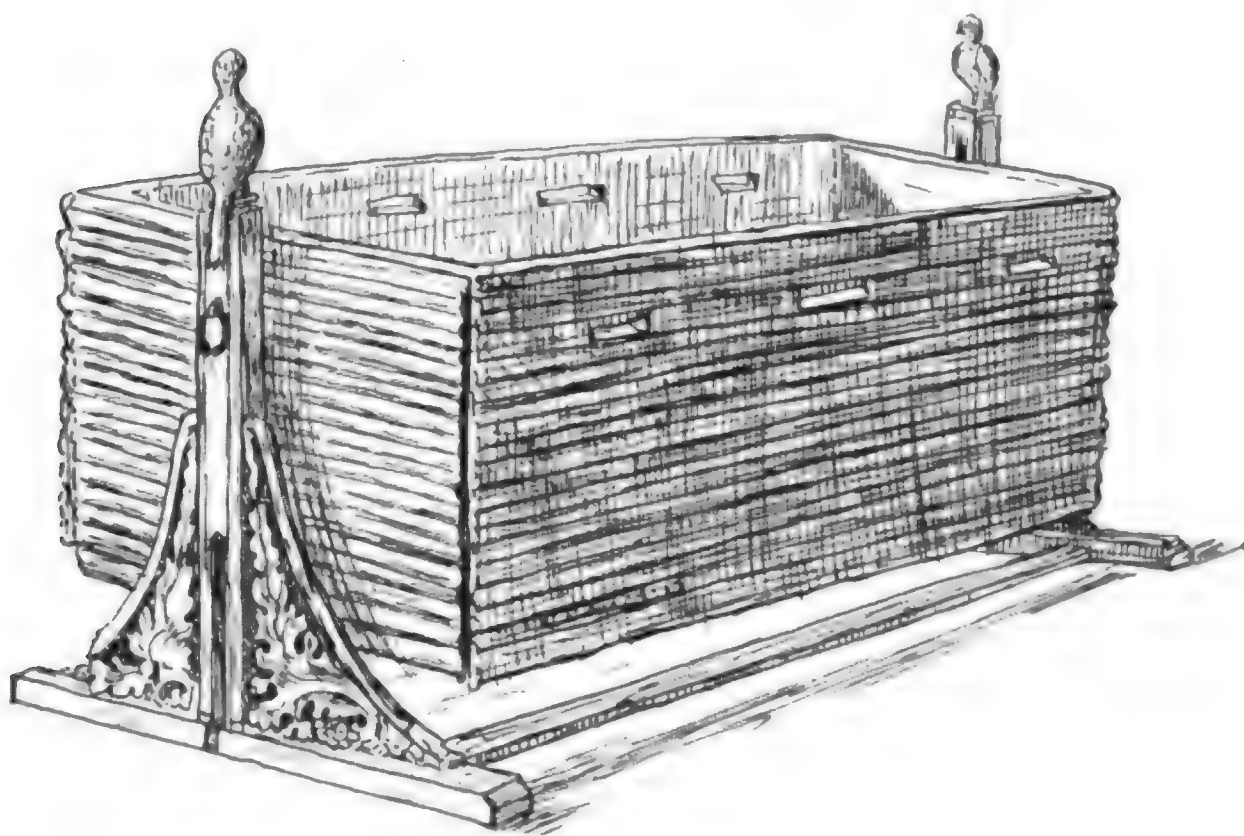
physical perfection and symmetry of form, used the wicker, shoe shaped, swinging cradle in which the body of the child was perfectly free from pressure and stricture. In what was known as the "heroic age"

the antique cradle was simply a swinging basket in which the Grecian mother "by-lowed" her baby while everywhere, except in Sparta, the *σπάργανα*, especially designed to prevent distortion, was used.

"Cradles." Professor Becker asserts, "are first mentioned by Plutarch. Plato never heard of them," and this gives us some data as to the antiquity of Grecian cradles.

Another argument in favor of the

velopement, the cradle marks the permanency of the home. Although the Eskimo cradle is the mother's wide hood, in every Eskimo hut provision is made for any babies who may be present, in the way of bone cut toys, and through the long Arctic winter the polar babies nestle close to their mothers' necks in their warm fur bags, while the mothers fashion fur garments with the long bone needles, rarely ven-



HENRY 5TH CRADLE

theory that symmetrical proportion and physical strength result from proper cradling lies in the fact that among those African and Indian tribes where light wicker, skin-lined, swinging cradles are used, and where the limbs and heads of the infants are kept free from pressure, the finest specimens of physical development may be found.

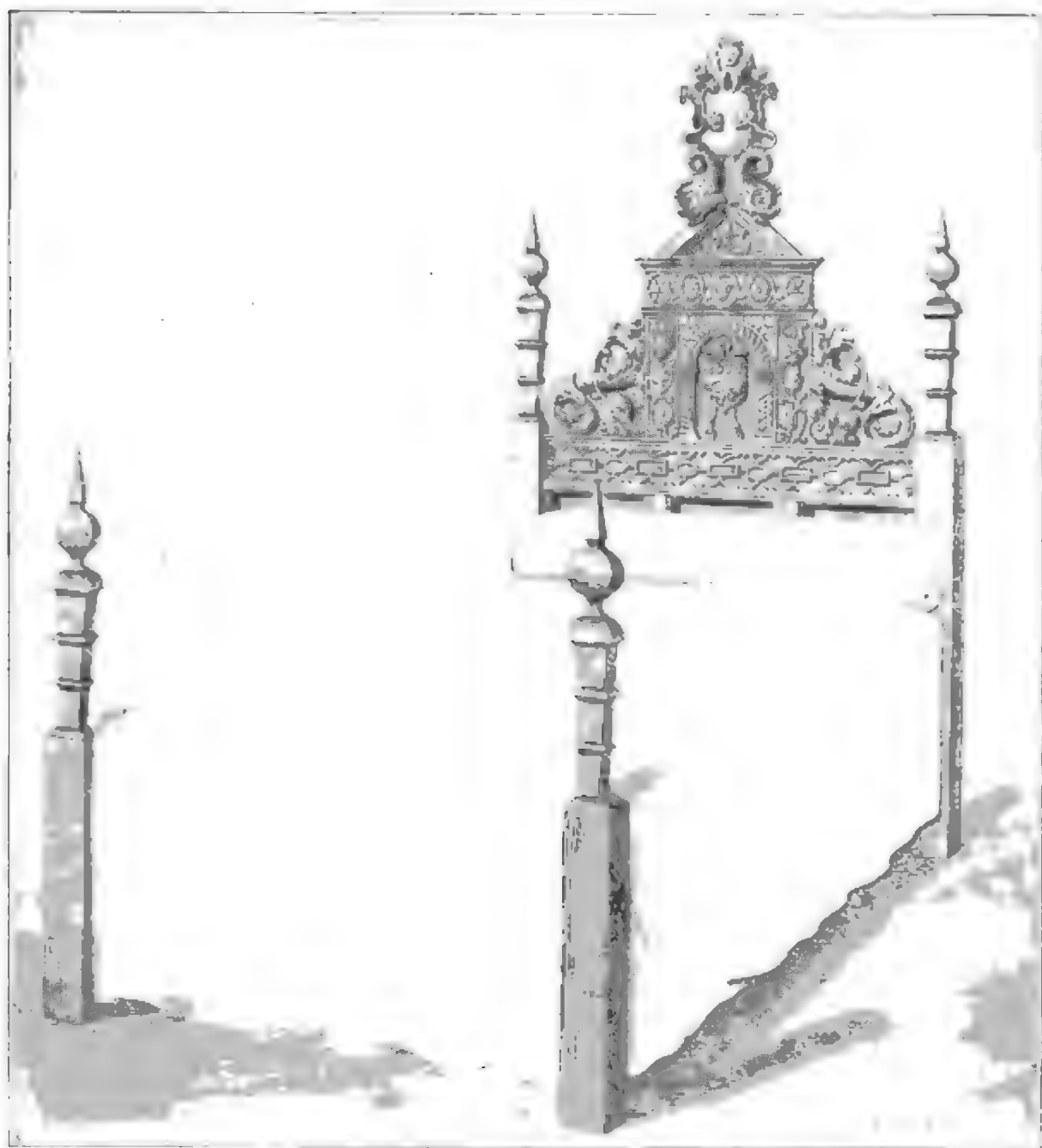
But besides affecting physical de-

turing far from their huts over the ice fields and snow wastes of that dark, desolate land.

In tropical regions where nomadic life is the result of climatic conditions, the cradle naturally takes a different form. The cradle of the American aborigines in the South and Southwest are, of course, quite different from the fur-lined, birch-bark nest of the Alaskan

a lost art beyond this point. In the cradle frame shown in the illustration, there is a close resemblance to the sacred meal-tray, and the awning curved down to the wicker hoop is unique.

toms of those strange people, and shows again the "eternal feminine" in the savage woman. The Sioux cradle is designed not only as a resting place for the little one, but is made beautiful with figures of



BED OF TIME OF CHARLES THE FIRST

In speaking of aboriginal cradles, the "mourning cradle" of the Mississippi Sioux reveals one of the most curious and interesting cus-

men, horses and other objects, embroidered in porcupine quills, while embroidered toys, tinselled and bright colored trinkets for the tiny

Sleeping accommodations have in all ages been matters of concern to the luxury lovers of all nations, and carvers, painters, gilders, tapestry and silk weavers, have all employed their arts and crafts in making magnificent beds for royalty to repose upon. Cleopatra, Solomon, Queen Elizabeth, Francis I, Louis XIV, Marie Antoinette and a host of other royal personages, slept in beds that were really works of art and among the most treasured of their possessions.

Long before house furnishings were anything more than the merest and roughest articles of necessity, the bed with its hangings was the distinctive mark of its owner's station in life. One of the most famous of historic beds is that known as the "Great Bed of Ware," about which tradition has gathered some gruesome tales. This enormous bed which is larger than a Boston hall bedroom, is an example of the carver's art in the Elizabethan period. The illustration here shown is from an engraved drawing in Shaw's "Specimens of Ancient Furniture," and gives a very good idea of this curious relic of good Queen Bess's days. The "Bed of Ware" was known far and near and its colossal size excited Shakespeare's wonder for in Twelfth Night he makes crafty Sir Toby Belch, in his advice to the timorous Sir Andrew Aguecheek as to how to write the challenge to his rival, say:

"Go write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invective: taunt him with the license of ink; if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, *altho' the sheet were big enough for the Bed of Ware* in England, set 'em down; go, about it."

Two other bedsteads, both drawn by Mr. Shaw, here given, show that at the respective dates,—that bearing the figures 1628 on the carved headboard belonging to the period of Charles I, the other without date being assigned to the reign of James I,—bedsteads had high headboards but no footboards. Both of these ancient beds were at Sir Samuel Meyrick's country seat, Goodrich Court, in Herefordshire in 1832.

One of the most sumptuous beds upon which former generations have dreamed their brief dreams of greatness before the last, long sleep, was, and is still perhaps, to be seen at Hardwick Castle in Derbyshire. This bed, which is a handsome specimen of the reign of William III, is of crimson velvet with ornaments carved in wood and covered with gold and silver thread. A counterpane of damask silk covers its spacious proportions, and from the canopy at each angle, an ostrich plume nods. Silk fringes that are somewhat dimmed, added long ago to the brilliant appearance of this bed which was highly prized by the Dukes of Devonshire.

Something about beds is interesting in connection with the story of the cradle, for before cradles were commonly used, children slept in what were called "truckle" or "trundle" beds, which were drawn out from beneath their parents' mammoth "four-posters" or "testers," and were the receptacle at night of as many children as the family boasted.

The earliest cradle still in existence about which we know anything definitely is the old time-blackened oak box, set on uprights, which are beautifully carved at the base and

islanders killed the sailors who survived the wreck and took possession of the cradle, which tradition says they buried somewhere in the island. That the story is believed to be true is proved by the curious fact, that a few years ago, in 1895, the King of Sweden offered a reward of £500 for the finding of the golden cradle. It seems rather a strange proceeding to have buried so great a treasure instead of melting it into coin, but we don't know what sort of people the inhabitants of Thorn may be.

Jacquemart, in his "History of Furniture," remarks that as there was "progress in luxury and talent," the trades became confused. In the fifteenth century Italy possessed more of talent in every one of the professions. Sculptors and joiners, pure wood carvers and painters were sometimes engaged to work upon a piece of work together, and furniture in its development employed many and varied sorts of work and genius.

It was about this period—1450—that Giuliano da Maiano and Benedetto, sculptors and joiners, conceived the plan of incrusting wood with divers inlaid work, or marquetry, an art already old in the East. From these two men there was formed indirectly, a school from which the *intarsiatori* was developed. The English word, inlaying, gives us a general idea of what is meant by the terms marquetry and mosaic, since the word marquetry is derived from the French verb *marqueter*. This method filled the ranks of the wood carver and made a suitable background for incrustation of colored woods. Ebony carved in the same manner as that incrustated with ivory is sombre

looking, and in the seventeenth century wood workers began lighting up their interior cabinets by veneered tortoise shell, forming frames to paintings.

Reubens himself, so some writers say, did not disdain to use his brush in decoration of this sort, and it was in Flanders that this style of furniture was particularly the vogue.

The period known as the Renaissance was celebrated for excess of luxury, and we find ebony cabinets with lapis lazuli or jasper columns and pedestals of gilded bronze. Gilded mouldings soon followed as frames to these sumptuous compositions and it was not long before wood was merely the framework into which real mosaic works were set. This mosaic was different, Jacquemart remarks, from the paintings in close set tubes invented by the ancients.

Florentine mosaic work consisted of a collection of pieces cut from gems resembling as nearly as possible the color of the objects to be represented. Finely veined marble of a tint ranging from chamois to brown, for instance, was used to represent the undulations and speckled feathers of the breast of a bird which was to be represented, while the neck and wings were formed by using bits of carnelian or jasper. Certain stones vary their tints if exposed to a very high degree of temperature, becoming paler or taking on a deeper tone, and by skillfully applying this knowledge different shades were obtained.

It is not difficult to fix the date of these modifications. The *Stip*, or cabinets relieved of gloom by medallions and columns which may be called gemmed furniture, belong to the last days of the Renaissance

In the reign of Louis XIII gilded furniture with real mosaic was in high favor. Under Louis XIV a new phase appeared, the *pietra dura* work, hitherto used on small pieces of furniture, covered large tables, and in the workshops of the Gobelins in Paris, founded by the King and under the direction of Lebrun, many important specimens of what was formerly known as Florentine mosaic were executed. Many of the most beautiful pieces of this French mosaic and *pietra dura* may be seen in the Galerie d' Apollon of the Louvre, where the style may be recognized by its arabesques, the palmette, shell wreaths, surrounding the royal escutcheons.

It was during the reign of Louis XIV that André Charles Boulle created a new departure in the art of marquetry by superposing two plates of equal size and thickness, the one of metal the other of tortoise shell, and after having traced his design, cutting them out with the same stroke of the saw. The first result was a tortoise shell ground with metal applications; the second was appliqué metal with tortoise shell arabesques.

During the reign of Louis XIV commerce did much toward developing marquetry. Rosewood, citron wood and violet wood were contrasted together in panellings, lozenges and other forms, making considerable innovations in marquetry. Louis XV furniture is easily recognized by its exaggeration of style. Caprice seems to be the only law, and the fundamental rules of art were often exaggerated or ignored.

In England, meantime, the making of household furniture was being influenced first by the Italian

and then by the French Renaissance. The style known as "Elizabethan" did not attain its highest development until 1607 when James I was on the throne, and from it the "Jacobean" gradually grew into being, extending through the reign of Charles I, the Commonwealth, the Restoration and that of James II. This style was superseded in the time of William and Mary by that which had had its inception much earlier, but which in 1702 was known as "Queen Anne." A quarter of a century later, in 1727, the evolution of eighteenth century furniture began.

"The name of Thomas Chippendale, the master cabinet-maker of St. Martin's Lane, London, has become a trade term to mark a certain style in furniture," remarks Mr. Hogdon in his "Chats on Old Furniture," and with what is known as Chippendale we find the passing of marquetry or inlay. Mahogany was now the vogue for furniture and Chippendale relied solely upon delicate carving for ornamentation. In 1756 he published his "Directory" and for the first time in the history of furniture, continental makers turned to England for new designs. Chippendale was scarcely original, for he borrowed from India and France, but he adapted so cleverly that his adaptation was really original creation.

After him came Sheraton, the Adams brothers, and Heppelwhite, the most famous of the English cabinet makers from 1720 to 1815. The classical cupids, mouldings, niches shell flutings and light garlands mark the Adams style, which had a strong influence on English art in furniture. One of Heppelwhite's

fer matches, and Admetus he set out to invent 'em. It stands to reason that them ignorant heathens didn't know what in Hades he was a doin', and they hed to explain it to themselves by sayin' that he was havin' dealin's with the sun god. That's how this here Apoller idear first took root.

"Admetus he didn't know any too much himself, an' he was careless-like in handlin' his materials till fust thing you know there was a fearful explosion and his wife and father and mother came runnin' inter the kitchen and there was Admetus lyin' on his marble floor 'most unconscious and with a terrible burn all down one side. Lordy massy, there was a hullabaloo! They sent a slave—for they hadn't heard of Abe Lincoln, neither, a scootin' down the road for a doctor, and Alcestis—she was Admetus' wife, and set a heap by her husband—she took on dreadful.

"Well, the doctor he comes and looks Admetus over and he says 'They ain't but one way to save him so fur as I can see,' he says, 'an that is to graft enough new skin on him to kiver the whole burn. It's too big to heal itself,' he says, 'an it'll take a heap o' cuticle to do the business. We'll hev to take it from several livin' persons, an' we can't begin too soon,' he says.

"Well, ain't there three of us right here?" says Alcestis. "You pitch right in," she says; 'here's Mr. Pheres' (that was Admetus' father), 'an Mrs. Pheres an' me.'

"Lordy massy, Alcestis, what *air* you talkin' about?" says Mr. Pheres. "Folks never thought of such nonsense when I was young Graftin' live persons as if they was apple trees! If my poor son hes

got to die let him die in peace, without bein' tormented by these new-fangled schemes thet doctors hes got up to amuse theirselves with. Besides, I got eczema. My skin wouldn't be no use.

"An' it's my opinion you'd ought ter be savin' up your strength to take care of your poor children. I doubt if there's enough royalty from all Admetus' inventions to support 'em," says he.

"Alcestis she turns to the mother, but before she could speak, Mrs. Pheres whipped out,

"Don't talk to me, Alcestis. You know well enough that I'm a scientist, and there ain't no sich thing as pain nor skin neither," she says, 'an it's agin' my principles to hear talk of 'em,' she says.

"Thet's so," says Pheres. "The death of my son will bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave," he says, 'but we must submit to the awful decrees of providence,' says he, and Mrs. Pheres and him nipped out of the palace and down the road as if they was afraid of bein' devoured by the doctor and sliced up willy nilly.

"Alcestis she give a big gulp, an' then she says, 'Doctor,' she says, 'I won't ask anybody else. You kin take all of my skin that's necessary.'

"Well," says the doctor, 'ye see I can't do that without sacrificin' you. It'll take more than one person can spare,' he says, 'It hed ought to be divided between a good dozen.'

"What if I do die?" says Alcestis. "I'm willin' an' glad to give my life for my husband. An' if I wasn't willin' I'd ought ter be. I can't invent lucifer matches an' he kin—give him time. My mind is made up."

"Well," says the doctor, 'I don't

keer which oné o' you I kill, so long as I save one,' says he.

"While they was talkin' they heard an awful racket at the door bell an' in walked an old friend as cheerful as a chipmunk. He was a travellin' man that was in the habit o' droppin' in on 'em whenever he come that way.

"'Lordy massy,' says he. 'What's up?'

"So the doctor and Alcestis they both begin to explain, an' he give a whistle.

"'Wall,' he says, 'I guess this is no time for you to be foolin' with company. I'd better go down to the club. There's a meetin' o' the Ancient Order of Achaians to-night, an' I guess some of 'em will put me up. Me and Admetus is members.'

"'Don't you do no sich a thing, Hercules,' says Alcestis real sharp. 'The spare room is all clean, with fresh sheets on the bed, an' I don't want Admetus to come to an' find that I've turned away a friend of his. He'll have to admit that I was a good wife and a good housekeeper to the very last,' she says, an' then she begin to cry.

"'Say,' says Hercules to the doctor, 'can you wait ten minutes be-

fore you begin to carve this lady?'

"'I guess it'll take me more than that to git ready,' says he real grumpy, for he didn't like the business at all.

"Hercules he dropped his valise and skinned out of the door lickity split, an' the doctor fussed around gittin' his tools in order, when fust thing you know, here comes Hercules with his face just streamin', an' lordy massy, the whole road was just jammed with men in sheets and piller cases.

"'Here, doctor,' yelled Hercules. 'it shan't be never said that the Ancient Order of Achaians deserted one of their members in distress. Every man jack of us is here to offer a piece of skin as big as a silver dollar. An' I would furthermore move that we give three cheers and a tiger for her that was willin' to do as much as all of us put together—only there's no necessity.'

"That, I figure it out was the way it likely really happened. Don't it sound like horse sense? An' the reason it hed such a wide publicity was thet Balaustion, the hired girl, she told it in every kitchen in town an' it kep' gettin' bigger an' bigger every time she told it."

A Not Unforeseen Contingency

By OSCAR FAY ADAMS

How light she trips across the snow
With dog beside and skates on arm.
The frolic breezes with her go
As on she speeds to Darley Farm.

I watch her down the lane that leads
To Darley Farm beside the lake
Her gown hem sweeps the frozen reeds
That almost with the touch awake.

For sure so sweet a touch might stir
To sudden life the stiffened clod;
The deaf should list to call from her,
The blind obey her slightest nod.

The deaf might hear, the blind might see—
Yet she to me is deaf and blind,
Has gracious words for all but me,
Is only unto me unkind.

She deems she has no need of me.
But can that dog make fast her skate?
Perplexed enough she soon will be,—
And so, mechinketh, here I'll wait!

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Massachusetts and the Foreigner

BOSTON is distinctly cosmopolitan of late, perhaps as much so as any city in the world. She has her colonies of various foreign nationalities, Italians, Armenians, Turks, Syrians and a half dozen others, as well as her ghetto and her Chinatown. The same may be said in a general way of any city and large town almost in the whole state, so high has risen the tide of foreign immigration within the last decade or two. Moreover there has been overflow into the rural districts and you find the old time Yankee farmer looking over his stone fence boundary at the labors of other farmers who speak a strange tongue to their horses and grow strange herbs in their kitchen gardens. Here and there you find a town largely populated by people

of some certain nationality, attracted thither by some common cause. Such is Maynard, where the woolen mills are filled with Finns, hardy emigrants from the north of Europe, not a bad people no doubt, and with the making of real New Englanders in them—with time, and Yankee teaching and the mercies of Providence all helping. Most of them speak their own language just now and understand little English. So in sections of Lowell you find Kanuck French the leading language.

Taking the state as a whole the percentage shown by the vital statistics is something surprising to the average New Englander. Read this, for instance, and wonder. The whole number of births in 1904 was 75,014, of which 38,689 were males and 36,325 females. The natives numbered 23,365 and the foreigners 37,047. The parentage was: Native father and foreign mother, 7,541; foreign father and native mother, 6,932; unknown, 129. The marriages were: Total, 25,993; native, 11,354; foreign, 8,851; native groom, 2,998; foreign groom, 2,790. The deaths were: Total, 48,482; male, 24,726; female, 23,756; native, 33,795; foreign, 14,376; unknown, 311.

That is, roughly speaking, there were more than half as many more children born of foreign parents than of native parents during 1904; there were three marriages of foreigners to every four of natives and more than twice as many natives died as foreigners. Even with our making-over machinery, which is warranted to turn a Turk or a Finn into a Yankee in a generation or two, it becomes a serious question with thinking people whether the

factory is not soon destined to be overworked. It may be that an Italian or an Armenian, dropped into a community ruled by Yankee institutions and surrounded in daily life by Yankees, will become like his neighbors before he dies and that his children and grandchildren will be Yankees in very truth. There is hope in this if not reason for full belief. But when you find the foreigners outnumbering the natives, living in communities where they preserve in large measure their own language and customs, it is a fair question whether numbers will not prevail over institutions and the result be the survival of the imported mentality, customs, and habit of thought.

The fact is Massachusetts seems to have on hand a surplus stock of "Americans in the making." The machinery is in danger of breaking down and the guiding hands thereof may well be bewildered and overworked. Our raw materials are tariffed pretty nearly to death here in New England, but there seems to be no schedule which includes importations of this kind. Moreover we are not to blame for all this influx. We have not stretched forth imploring hands to the illiterate Syrian or the ignoble Turk. They have been dumped upon us, mostly without our knowledge and entirely without our consent, by the big steamship companies. The steerage is the best paying part of the trans-Atlantic business. The more thousands the ship can bring, the more money in the pockets of those who draw the dividends. After they land, why, the deluge—and the water is rising pretty fast. New England was peopled originally by those who dared

come, and it took brave men and women to do it. It took pluck and character to face the dangers and trials of the voyage, and the result was a splendid stock which has built up the greatest nation in the world. New England is being peopled now by those who dare not stay at home, or who are tempted by the bait which is dangled before their ignorance in every purlieu of Europe and Asia Minor. Many of these newcomers are fine people and we can make men of them—Yankee men—if we are given time. But there is enough and more than enough of the raw stock on hand to keep our educational mills grinding for a generation. Moreover, others of them are the worst kinds of degenerates and have no business on earth anyhow. The exclusion laws are supposed to shut these out, and they do in part, but there are a good many leaks.

The fact is, it is about time to call a halt in the whole business for a period, take account of stock, look up means for finishing up the half-manufactured goods already in hand and disposing of the finished product before we accumulate any more of the raw material. That's common sense in the manufacture of cotton goods, boots and shoes and woollens. It ought to be common sense in the work of making men out of—well, out of what the steamship companies bring us.

Illiteracy in New England

THE foregoing leads to the further application of statistics to New England conditions. The white male population of New England according to the census of 1900 was 204,228 between the ages

of 21 to 24. Of these 11,290 could not read or write their own language. That is what constitutes illiteracy in the language of the census bureau. That is practically 55 in every thousand, or about five per cent. The total native born population was 141,960 and of these 2,048 were illiterate, 14.4 per thousand, a little less than one and a half per cent. There were 62,268 foreign born, of whom 9,242 were illiterate, 148.4 to the thousand, or almost 15 per cent. That tells the story as a whole. Now, if you make a study of the section state by state you find the situation expressed in still more vigorous figures. Massachusetts had in 1900 more foreign born population than all the rest of the New England states put together, 35,310 males of ages between 21 and 24. That's more than half as many as her native born men of those ages. She had seven to the thousand illiterates among her native born population, seven-tenths of one per cent., and 124.5 to the thousand among her foreign born population, or almost 13 per cent. Connecticut came next with the same percentage of illiterates among her native born young men of voting age, seven-tenths of one per cent., but an increase to 17 per cent. among the foreign born. Rhode Island follows with almost two per cent. of illiterates among her native born of this age and sex and 16 per cent. among her foreign born.

The showing of the other three states is not so good among the natives. The percentage of illiterates among the native born men between the ages of 21 and 24 is two in Vermont, three and a third each in Maine and New Hamp-

shire, while the illiterates number among the foreign born in these states as follows: Vermont 16 per cent., Maine 19.6 per cent. and New Hampshire 21.4 per cent.

The showing is fairly plain. In those states which are most advanced in their educational facilities illiteracy is practically wiped out among the native born, yet it prevails to a degree which is rather disquieting among the adopted sons. Even in Massachusetts one young man in seven among those foreigners newly arrived at voting age can neither read nor write in his own language nor any other. In New Hampshire and Maine it is practically one young man in five, and in the other states it ranges at about one in six. In other words the rising tide of immigration in New England means also a rising tide of illiteracy. Whether the latter will drown out the good work we are trying to do for the former remains to be seen; but in any case it is time we built either a break-water or an ark.

The Right Kind of Immigration

YOU can't blame the immigrant. New England is a good place to visit and a better place to stay in. Moreover we want more people and will gladly welcome them—provided they are of the right sort. And in the fact that those we are now getting are not altogether of the right sort we are ourselves to blame. New England has to-day more opportunities to offer men, rich or poor, and especially those neither very rich nor very poor, than any other place in the world. It is not necessary to

enumerate them, they speak for themselves. Only we need to make them talk loud enough to be heard by our brethren of our own stock in the wider world. The West, the Southwest and now the South are all doing this. They appropriate money by the thousands in Los Angeles and Seattle, in Denver and Tucson and Oklahoma, in Savannah and Memphis and Chattanooga, and spread the news broadcast in other portions of the United States, saying they have the finest chances for good Americans on earth, the best opportunities in the world for settlement and business. And in this way they draw good Americans from all over the country and build up their cities and their states with men and women of the good old American stock. Pshaw! It's easy. All you've got to do is to go ahead and do it; the rest will follow. Western people are coming back and settling in New England every day, to their advantage and our own. What we need is more of them. We have the opportunities, two to one of what they have in

other sections. What is needed is a little of the advertising for men which they do so extensively in the West. California has caught ten thousand New Englanders in just this way. More than half of them are homesick, too, and need only to be invited with the right kind of an invitation to return joyfully. Give them an old home year, as well as an old home week once in a while. There's no reason why a New England Promotion Committee should not be as successful in this kind of work as a California Promotion Committee has been.

With such people filling up our waiting farms and business opportunities our illiterates would find no room and would go elsewhere—good luck to them! Many a local town in New England has done that sort of thing with success, drawing immigration of the right sort from other New England towns and from other sections outside of New England. New England as a whole might well do it better and with greater success.

Abandoned Farms

By ISABELLA HOWE FISKE

Old gray houses, worn by the weather,
And old gray hill-sides stand together
Mystic and homely, man and wife,
A marriage of nature and human life
Mated in mute, mysterious way
By the ritual that the seasons say—
There men have been born and grown and died,
A round of life, by the mountain side.

Affairs in New England

By "THE NEW ENGLANDER"

The Shellfishness of Man

DISASTER threatens at Newburyport, apprehension hangs over Boston and through all New England there should be a shiver and a thrill. The New England clambake may well see its finish looming up ahead. In fact the shell fish all round is steadily drawing nearer and nearer a condition of shan't fish. First it was the lobster. Time was when anyone within a day's trip of the sea beach might put himself in the condition of Macbeth's witch, "making the green one red" boiling lobsters. All you had to do was to drop a lobster pot overboard at night, then row out next morning and pick your lobsters out of it, taking care to take them by the small of the back so as not to lose a finger between their great claws. Lobsters big enough to fill a whole family with white flesh and keen delight were crawling round on the bottom asking to be caught. Now to the poor man the lobster is no more than is Sarah Bernhardt or a front seat at the Cadet theatricals. Money makes the mare go and it is the only thing that makes the lobster come. If you haven't any money you needn't come around where lobsters are sold. Just as "sweets to the sweet" was the cry in Hamlet's day so now it is lobsters to the lobster, and you find them mainly on the tables of the trust or where the extravagant youth lunches with his best girl. Most of the lobsters have been eaten up and those that remain are so scarce that the man with an ordi-

nary income can no more afford to open them than he can champagne.

Now Newburyport makes outcry about its clams. Two hundred men and sometimes more at Newburyport make a hard living but a good one digging clams. For miles along the mouth of the Merrimac river stretch Joppa Flats which are the great clam garden of the state. Year in and year out the diggers have but to dig. They reap where they have not sown but the clams have sprung up in their wake to be dug again. In summer the little city by the sea sends to Boston as many as a thousand gallons of soft shelled clams daily. In winter time the yield is half that for the clam is no summer visitor. He inhabits the flat the year round. Now, however, like the lobster he begins to make himself scarce—and small. The flat farmers find their crops spindling and uncertain and a wail of apprehension has gone up. The same conditions have been found prevalent in Buzzard's Bay, another great clam stronghold. In other places along shore the clam is already almost as extinct as the dodo. He once flourished on the flats in Boston harbor. All you had to do was set your bucket down, bend your back over the clam hoe, and pick your clams up. You rarely had to move the bucket till it was full. Now the shrill wind whistles over empty flats, and you may whistle too for your clams. The clam bids fair to travel the same sorrowful road that the lobster has blazed for him.

Already those who watch Joppa

Flats are talking about a closed season for clams and propagating clams by incubator and clam subsidies; anything in fact that will lure the two-shelled delight back in numbers and size like those of yore. New England industries seem to have verily a hard time of it. The clambake is the poor man's rightful and delightful dissipation. Perish the thought that the clams should perish!

Newburyport is not alone in its tribulation. They are mad about the scallops down at Nantucket. If there is anything on earth that is more luscious than lobster it may be properly steamed, fragrant, succulent clam just peeping from its blue tinted, invitingly half open shell. Then if there is anything that goes the clam one better it is the brown and nutty fried scallop. Nantucket is the heaven-provided home of the scallop. All about in the shallows of the sea he grows and the dredgers go forth to dredge the year round. There is no dearth of scallops as far as the supply goes. To paraphrase Coleridge there are "scallops, scallops everywhere and not a one to eat"—for Nantucketers anyway. They all go to New York and Boston markets and the man from Nantucket may eat them there if he will, but not at home. There again the cruel grip of monopoly has closed upon the innocent delights of the people and they know them no more. Scallops bring too much money in the great marts of trade to be the indulgence of the man at whose door they grow. Nantucket and Newburyport clasp hands across the sobbing sea and add their wail to that of the winter winds which are not so unkind as the fell grip of

circumstance. The whole shellfish matter really needs attention. Those who go down to the sea in parlor cars have verily found out what good things grow in the brine and are in a fair way to monopolize them.

South Boston to the Fore

Over in South Boston a thing happened just a few nights ago which was a step in the direction of real philanthropy. Classes were opened in the science of salesmanship. The object of the work is to teach young women, and I doubt not young men, how to sell goods over the counter. Several of Boston's largest dry goods stores seem to be behind the movement and it is a step in a very right direction. Not that there are not plenty of good salesmen and saleswomen in Boston's retail stores, people of whom it is a privilege to buy goods they so deftly direct your wandering fancy to the thing you really ought to have, no matter if its cost is four sixty three when all you really intended to spend was a dollar ninety eight. That's salesmanship. Probably just as much tact and wisdom is necessary to conduct the sale of a fourteen dollar shirt waist to a two dollar and a half customer as is needful to pilot a critical case at law through the intricacies of court proceeding. Then there is even harder work than this to do. There are the lady shoppers who just shop from shop to shop without any intent to buy. It is the task of the salesman, or saleswoman to deftly fix the wandering mind of such on something which shall seem to them of such superlative value and such a bewildering

opportunity that they will cast discretion to the wind, pounce upon the bargain, carry it off in triumph and have the bill charged to Dad. Nobody but Dad can realize how many such salesmen there are in Boston's palatial stores. There are even better than these on deck in rare instances, number one gold chop brands who can make the masculine cynic, who now and then allows some innocent woman to entice him within reach of the siren, who comes to scoff, remain to pray the wily saleswoman to do up the package and have it sent up while he cheerfully passes up his chips—and then goes out and kicks himself and wonders how it happened.

There are even such, but dear me! there are others. These others, well! Some of them couldn't sell a necktie to a man who had got as far as the necktie counter and then suddenly found that he didn't have one on. Then there is one class worse—those that wouldn't. There is the young woman who is so busy with her gum that she hasn't time to do business. There is that other whose social duties keep her in delightful converse with her mates while you walk around her and ask questions, and who hardly condescends to recognize your impertinence when you poke her with an umbrella.

Last of all—and his name is anathema—is the young meant-to-be salesman who insists on showing you how little you know about his line of goods in particular and business in general even if he has condescendingly to explain it all to you during a half hour session. This last type couldn't sell you goods if he went to jail for not

doing it; yet you find him in the department store once in a while. There is no doubt that Boston's good salesmen and saleswomen can be made better by training. Even the types I have touched upon may possibly be made to see the error of their ways, all but the last mentioned; for him there is no hope; nor for the rest of us who happen to get against him, until the floor walker comes along and finds him out. When that day comes there shall be joy in the department store heaven—over one less sinner to worry about.

Dennis of Fairhaven

H. H. Rogers of Fairhaven is a New England man, but nobody has heard of the section passing a vote of thanks to Massachusetts for having raised him. The fact is Mr. Rogers seems to possess qualities that some of us don't like. Either exceptional ability or exceptional opportunity, or both, have made him very rich. That most always hurts the rest of us. That a chick that was hatched out of a similar setting with ourselves and roosted on the same roost while his comb was sprouting should grow up such a Plymouth Rock rooster while the rest of us are bantams is often a cause for disfavor. Mr. Rogers has done many fine things for Fairhaven, one of which was the giving of a magnificent church. Some of us think this church an architectural wonder; others call it a misfit. There are people who will even look a gift church in the transept. Anyway it is a magnificent thing and cost a lot of somebody's money, presumably the donor's; for he handed it over. Mr. Rogers is one

of the heads of the Standard Oil Company, the one, Lawson thinks, with which they do the most of their butting. Lawson's lurid descriptions of Mr. Rogers and his methods have taught many of us that if we are to love him at all we must do it on the scriptural injunction of "love your enemies."

All this may or may not be against Mr. Rogers's wisdom and uprightness of character. There are divided opinions on this, even in Fairhaven. But the latest act of Mr. Rogers is the one destined to be his nemesis, in the good opinion of the average man, for good and all. It shows to what arrogance much money and continued success in having your own way, even with Tom Lawson, may bring a man. H. H. Rogers has put the rope around his own neck, let go of the limb and kicked away the barrel. Now he must hang for it. The sovereign state of Missouri haled Mr. Rogers before the undeniable court of New York state and asked him questions under oath. These questions Mr. Rogers refused to answer.

Now we all, without regard to age, sex or previous condition of servitude, think this was insolence. Supposing you or I or Bill Jones had been asked questions by the sovereign state of Missouri in the undeniable courts of New York and had failed to answer them; what

do you suppose would have happened to us? We know mighty well. We would have been clapped into jail so quickly that the spectators would have rubbed their eyes trying to think what had become of us. In due time we would have been hauled out and asked the questions over again and if we had not come to our senses by that time back we would have gone for a longer and perhaps indefinite stay. Nothing of this sort happened to Mr. Rogers. He seems to have proved that insolence is justifiable and contempt of court a pastime for a man who has enough of other people's money in his poke and is the head of a sufficient number of corporations. It is possible that Mr. Rogers's contempt of the New York courts is justifiable and that his derision of the sovereign state of Missouri is a similar logical sequence. That's as may be; but the great bar of public opinion was questioning the man at the same time, and it got its answer. Neither one of those Hs is an initial for Dennis, but that is what his name is henceforth with the public. It's the beginning of his end, too. You may snap your fingers at a sovereign state and thumb your nose at a judge and live, perhaps, but public opinion is Destiny with a large D, and it is after Dennis.



St. Johnsbury, Vermont, and Its Industries

By MARY R. P. HATCH

LONG years ago when the pioneers of Vermont wrestled with the primeval forest, when the long red pung of winter and the Noah's Ark of summer made bi-yearly pilgrimages for supplies to Boston, one of the latest drivers, Winchester Burt of Burke, used to take off his shoes and stockings and go through St. Johnsbury barefoot because he declared with grim humor that it was holy ground. Why? His independence had been offended in some way which tradition has forgotten to record along with the barefoot incident. However, to one whose birthplace is here it is easy to smile at Winchester Burt's sarcasm and feel in his heart that his native town is indeed holy ground. A Swiss traveller, disappointed in many wonders of America, once wrote: "Here I am, in American Alp land. Since I left my home on the borders of the limpid Lake Lucerne I have seen nothing comparable to the picturesque scenery around St. Johnsbury. The place with its environs is one of the prettiest in New England. Pretty is not the exact word to qualify a scenery which combines the beautiful, the graceful and the sublime, in mountains, wooded hills, sweet valleys and 'those blue eyes of nature,' as Goethe calls them, the lakes, and gorgeous cloudland."

The lordly prospect from The Knob compels recognition of the Passumpsic, Lake Willoughby, the Green Mountains, the Franconia range and the Presidential peaks. These hover over the lovely ter-

aced village protectingly, and give it some of its most beautiful aspects as well as its most magnificent ones.

St. Johnsbury is not an old town as towns go. The royal charter of George the Third was granted in 1770 to "certain of his loving subjects in the Province of New York." The place was called Dunsmore, and sixteen years later Thomas Chittenden, governor of Vermont, made an official grant to Dr. Jonathan Arnold and associates "of a tract of land to be known as the Township of St. Johnsbury." It was Ethan Allen who proposed that the town be called after his friend, St. John de Crevecoeur, the French consul at New York, but it was St. John himself who suggested the less euphonious name. In a letter to General Allen he wrote, "I would observe that the name of St. John being already given to many places in the country, might be contrived by the appellation of St. Johnsbury." And contrived it was.

The first sawmill was built on the Passumpsic in 1787, Dr. Arnold's house was built the same year and to this house Dr. Arnold brought his third wife, Cynthia Hastings of Charlestown, New Hampshire, some sly plotting having gone on for the acquirement of wives for the St. Johnsbury province, whose condition, it was declared, bore resemblance to that of the Romans before the coming of the Sabines.

From the year 1815 the history of St. Johnsbury is in large degree the history of the Fairbanks scale industry. Joseph Fairbanks of Brim-





the 'information' and 'communication' fields. The 'information' field is defined as the study of the nature, production, distribution, use and control of information. The 'communication' field is defined as the study of the nature, production, distribution, use and control of communication. The 'information' field is defined as the study of the nature, production, distribution, use and control of information. The 'communication' field is defined as the study of the nature, production, distribution, use and control of communication.



Figure 1. The 'information' field.

The 'information' field is defined as the study of the nature, production, distribution, use and control of information. The 'communication' field is defined as the study of the nature, production, distribution, use and control of communication. The 'information' field is defined as the study of the nature, production, distribution, use and control of information. The 'communication' field is defined as the study of the nature, production, distribution, use and control of communication. The 'information' field is defined as the study of the nature, production, distribution, use and control of information. The 'communication' field is defined as the study of the nature, production, distribution, use and control of communication.



called to Samoa, Mr. Stafford practiced alone. In 1892 he was elected to the legislature for St. Johnsbury on a citizen's ticket, and served that body as a member of the judiciary committee. He was president of the Vermont Bar Association, 1898-1899, and the year following was appointed a judge of the supreme court of Vermont and continued to fill that position by successive elections until his appointment by President Roosevelt to a supreme judgeship. He is an eloquent speaker and has been called the "silver-tongued nephew of Wendell Phillips." He married Florence Goss in 1886 and Judge Stafford often gracefully alludes to the help she has been to him. The Woman's Club of St. Johnsbury has numbered her among its most able presidents.

Jonathan Ross, like so many of St. Johnsbury's ablest men, fitted for college at St. Johnsbury Academy, and in 1851 was graduated from Dartmouth in the same class with Senator Proctor. He studied law with Judge William Hebard and was admitted to the Orange county bar in 1856. A partnership with A. J. Willard of St. Johnsbury was formed which continued two years. Later he was associated with Walter P. Smith until in 1870 he was elected judge of the supreme court of Vermont. For twenty years he was recognized as a leader in the judiciary, educational and municipal affairs of St. Johnsbury. He was a member of the last council of censors held in the state in 1869. In 1870 he was elected to the state senate and the same year was elected judge of the supreme court. In 1890 he was elected chief judge of the supreme court and held that

position until 1899, when he was appointed United States senator to fill the place made vacant by the death of Senator Morrill. Judge Ross called national attention to himself when he presented his able exposition of the rights of the United States government, under the constitution, to hold colonies. It was regarded at the time as the best presentation of the McKinley position which had been made and was a compendium of citations from famous cases. It was the speech of his life and it established his reputation as a statesman and constitutional lawyer and helped very materially to shape the national policy in the Philippines. President McKinley said afterwards that it was the most enlightening presentation he had seen. In 1900 he returned to his law practice in which he continued until his tragic death, which occurred five years later.

Judge Ross was twice married his first wife, Caroline Carpenter, being the sister of Judge Alonzo P. Carpenter, chief justice of New Hampshire, and who was the mother of eight children, five of whom are now living: Miss Eliza Ross, a teacher in Overbrook, Pennsylvania; Julia, wife of Dr. Aldrich of Somerville, Massachusetts; Martha, wife of John W. Titcomb of the Bureau of Fisheries, Washington, D. C.; Dr. Edward H. Ross, and Edith, wife of Charles G. Bralley, both of St. Johnsbury.

His second wife was Miss Helen Daggett, a relative of his first wife and a successful educator. She was the first president of the Woman's Club, an eloquent speaker and worker in missionary affairs.

Hon. Luke P. Poland was an-

other distinguished jurist of clear, cogent and logical reasoning powers. When senator for Vermont and a member of the judiciary committee of that body, he introduced a bill for the revision and consolidation of the statutes of the United States, which was passed by the House of Representatives in 1886. It became a law in June of that year, following substantially without amendment the form originally given by Judge Poland, chairman of the House Committee on revision of laws; also chairman of the committee to investigate the Ku Klux Klan outrages. The evidences filled thirteen large printed volumes. The exposure broke up the organization and was of the greatest value to the nation. He was chairman of the committee to investigate the transactions of the Credit Mobilier; he was also chairman of a special committee raised to investigate the state of affairs in Arkansas and he supported the report of the majority in a few able words.

Judge Poland took a prominent part in the discussion of the question of the proper distribution of the sum raised under the general award. In the ten years of his congressional life, no other member of either branch of congress was so intimately identified with so many important measures. Eminent intellectual ability, the quality of fairness and innate love of justice made him acceptable alike to republicans and democrats as chairman of investigation committees, the result of which at that period of our na-

tional history was likely to affect the interests of the two great contracting parties, because he was above mere partisan considerations.

Of the pastors of the North Church I would like to speak with some particularity but I can mention only three, Rev. Albert H. Heath, D. D., a man of great piety, earnest living and rare kindliness; Rev. Charles M. Lamson, D. D., a man of genuine, whole-souled nature. "There was love in the grasp of his hand and in the gleam of his eye." Dr. Lamson died at St. Johnsbury as did Dr. Heath, but both were widely known in other places. At the time of his death, Dr. Lamson was pastor of a church in Hartford, Connecticut, and he was president of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions. Rev. Edward M. Chapman, the latest pastor of the North Church, published a book called "Dynamics of Christianity," which is highly regarded by the religious press of the country.

In a brief magazine article it is manifestly impossible to even mention the many efficient and public spirited citizens who have so earnestly worked to make St. Johnsbury what it is. Without them, the Fairbanks industry would not have succeeded as it has; without the Fairbanks, the beautiful village would have been less beautiful and possessed fewer advantages. These facts are realized by the many and accepted as adequate explanation of the peculiar privileges of the ideal village of St. Johnsbury.





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She then introduced Hon. Henry M. Baker, whose address on "Our Forefathers" was most interesting. He began with the early history of England, its paganism followed by Druidism, on through the reign of Henry VIII, when the first note of Protestantism of the world was sounded. The reversion to Catholicism, when Mary ascended the throne, and the return to the Church of England in Elizabeth's reign, and the reign of James I and the persecution of the Pilgrims. Leading the Pilgrims through their various wanderings, known to all true New Englanders, he spoke with much pathos and pride of the courage and indomitable spirit shown by the little band of 101 persons on that historical ship. His concluding remark was, "I came from the Salem Pilgrims." The next speaker, Judge Ashley M. Gould, took for his subject the "Women of Colonial Times," calling attention to the mothers of the sturdy Pilgrims, and said that they deserved much of the credit for the founding of the colonies in this country. He read many extracts from the diaries of the early colonists upon the trouble in procuring servants, which provoked mirth. He said that during the hard winters, when all the brave hearts of those colonists were beset with the privations which were being endured, no complaint came from the women, who stood out as the bright stars of the colony.

The refreshments were in old New England style, beans in individual bean pots, brown bread, sandwiches, sweet cider and doughnuts, pickles and old fashioned peppermint candy.

A unique feature was the five kernels of parched corn on each plate which were eaten first.

Their present list of officers is as follows: President, Mrs. Bertha M. Robbins, 1622 P St., N. W.; first vice president, Mrs. Chas. Lyman; second vice president, Mrs. S. G. W. Benjamin; recording secretary, Mrs. C. David White; corresponding secretary, Miss Josephine C. Webster, The Concord, Oregon and New Hampshire avenues; treasurer, Mrs. Richard Rathbun; historian, Mrs. Joseph A. Gilfillan.

Mrs. H. H. Barroll, Mrs. J. A. Gilfillan and Mrs. Smallwood then narrated incidents of stirring times in the early days of New England. Mrs. Barroll spoke of the privations endured by women; Mrs. Gilfillan of the difficulties of getting to market in the early times, and Mrs. Smallwood of the times now and then, when there was not and when there is a Pullman parlor car.

And their list of membership is, Active

Members: Mrs. H. H. Barroll, Miss Bessie Baldwin Beach, Mrs. S. G. W. Benjamin, Mrs. Lucy J. Bingham, Mrs. Julia T. Bodfish, Mrs. Paul Brackett, Dr. C. A. G. Burghardt, Miss Alice Huntington Clarke, Mrs. Frederick Perkins Dewey, Mrs. Solomon E. Faunce, Mrs. Joseph A. Gilfillan, Mrs. Charles G. Gould, Mrs. Harry T. Guss, Miss Ellen T. Longfellow, Mrs. Ellis Logan, Mrs. Charles Lyman, Mrs. Marian Longfellow O'Donoghue, Mrs. Robert Gill Proctor, Mrs. Richard Rathbun, Mrs. Bertha Murdock Robbins, Mrs. Louise Turner Schemerhorn, Mrs. George T. Smallwood, Miss Mary Frances Waite, Miss Josephine C. Webster, Mrs. C. David White, Mrs. Lyda J. Young Withee, Mrs. W. H. Seaman, Mrs. E. S. Brinton, Mrs. J. S. P. Ham, Mrs. Francis Fowler Gibson, Miss Emma Fowler, Mrs. W. H. Chaney, Mrs. M. E. Smoot, Mrs. Charlotte Emerson Main, Mrs. Esther Frothingham Noble, Mrs. Charles C. Gibson, Mrs. J. Bernard Brinton, Mrs. P. P. Pealer, Mrs. Herschel Main, Mrs. T. K. Noble.

Mrs. Marian Longfellow O'Donoghue, a niece of the poet Longfellow, and a writer of merit, was instrumental in organizing the Colony, was one of the charter members, and served as president the initial year.

Brooklyn, Colony Eight, has increased in membership to one hundred and seventy. A full list will be published in a subsequent number. They held their second social and literary meeting on January 11th at the home of Mrs. W. W. Vaughn, 200 New York avenue.

A group of songs by Miss Alice Woodrough opened the entertainment. Songs were well rendered and tastefully sung.

A paper on the "Home Life of Early New England Women" was presented by Mrs. Alexander Cook, who treated the physical environment of the early settlers, and the homes of the plain people. Mrs. Washington Hull, a pianist of recognized ability, followed with a fine selection.

The mental and moral characteristics of early New England women were treated in an informal talk by Miss Sabia G. Ayres, who has been long and favorably known for her work upon the literature of the Bible. Miss Ayres emphasized the courage of the New England women, their adaptability, their aspirations for a higher and broader life for their children, and the great impulse they have given to our civilization, since they have embodied in a large degree the New England conscience and the sense of duty. A second group of songs by Miss Woodrough concluded the afternoon's formal entertainment. A pleasant chat followed.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Volapuk seems to have been a failure after a brief season of interest among teachers and idealists, and it has practically disappeared even as the basis of a "penny-a-liner" paragraph. But it has a successor which seems to have the simple and practical qualities which may commend it to permanent attention. Now that the world is drawn so closely together by steam and electricity, a universal language is greatly to be desired; indeed it is not a far away hope that its necessity will ere long become imperative. A Polish physician, Dr. Zamenhof, has given his life to the work of evolving a new language based upon the classics and their lingual descendants of modern times. It bears the name "Esperanto," and its advocates are "Esperantists." They had a congress at Boulogne recently which was attended by several hundred delegates, representing twenty-three nationalities, and the French press reports that "the auxiliary international tongue" has made remarkable progress. The delegates claimed to represent 250,000 "Esperantists," and all the proceedings of the congress were in the new language. Hymns were sung, dramatic and poetic selections were given, both originals and translations, and there was quite a display of books printed in the new tongue. The language rests on sixteen inflexible rules. The roots of existing words are taken and the spelling is strictly phonetic. A root being given, the addition of a certain letter makes it a verb, a different final letter makes it an adjective, and a third similar change makes an adverb. Thus "amo" is love, "ami" is to love, and "amé" is lover. Its advocates claim that the whole language can be acquired by a student of ordinary capacity in a month or six weeks, while more apt pupils can acquire it in two weeks. Contrasted with the time required to secure even a passable familiarity with the classics or with either of the modern languages this seems of great advantage. If the claims of its advocates are just, the new language has a hopeful prospect. They claim that it is not only simple, easy to learn and practical for all ordinary linguistic purposes, but it is also literary and beautiful. It does not obscure finer meanings, shades and subtleties of expression, nor sacrifice pregnant and significant idioms. Poetry, tragedy, humor, metaphysics and science are all possible to it. Its creator says of it—"It is easy to acquire in a grammatical sense, while from a linguistic point of view it is a language three-fourths of whose vocabulary one knows be-

fore he has begun to study it, since most of the words are taken from known models—French, English, German, Latin and Greek." The congress must have had considerable local recognition and advertisement, for during the session many of the Boulogne shops displayed signs—"Ani herolas en Esperanto" (Esperanto spoken here.) The public reports of the Boulogne congress have stimulated interest in the new language this side the water, and Harvard University has an Esperanto Club with some thirty members at the start. These, and later accessions to the club, will give the new idea thorough tests, and some practical results may be expected.

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The Rev. Mr. Jernigan gave New England people a costly lesson, a few years ago, in the art of extracting gold from seawater, and since then there has been a general scepticism in regard to any such enterprise. But an eminent scientist of Geneva takes the matter very seriously in a recent number of *Archives des Sciences Physiques et Naturelles*. He recognizes the fact that a ton of sea-water carries from two to four cents' worth of gold, but he claims that by certain economical processes this has a practical, commercial value. He favors the utilization of the tides to deposit the water in properly located basins, and then by the use of inexpensive chemicals and a simple process he expects to precipitate the precious metal in quantities that will repay the cost of the process. The Professor is confident that the presence of two cents' worth of gold per ton of water gives a practicable promise of profitable extraction, and under his stimulus a company is already working in England with that eminent scientist, Sir William Ramsay, as consulting chemist.

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Dr. Charles Eliot Norton of Cambridge, formerly professor of literature at Harvard, has "stirred up a hornet's nest" by seconding Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth's idea of the propriety of putting out of existence the hopelessly insane, diseased, injured and degenerate. He appeals to both reason and compassion against effort to prolong human life under such conditions. The difficulty of his theory is in its application. Only the highest tribunal should be trusted with such powers, and in many cases, especially of disease and accident, it would be so distant or so pre-occupied as to be practically inaccessible.

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He does not expect a speedy acceptance of his idea, but says: "It is not to be hoped that a superstition so deeply rooted in tradition as that of the duty of prolonging life at any cost will readily yield to the arguments of reason or the pleadings of compassion, but the discussion of the subject in its various aspects may lead gradually to a more enlightened public opinion and to the consequent relief of much misery."

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The Minnesota Supreme Court has cut a Gordian knot which has heretofore enmeshed the lawmakers. Religious freedom is not a simple problem where, as here, there are representatives of all faiths, each adhesive to its own traditions. The question at bar was on the enforcement of the Sunday closing law against a Hebrew defendant who preferred to observe the seventh day as the Sabbath, and to keep open shop on Sunday in opposition to the popular custom. He pleaded his right to religious liberty, but the court ruled that the statute did not interfere with this, as it was not a religious but a sanitary provision, and a legitimate exercise of police power. The distinction is a fine one, but, on the ground of deference to the custom of the great majority of the people, where to please all is not practicable, the judgment of the court will be generally accepted.

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Many infant prodigies are recorded, but most of them dropped back into the ranks of the mediocre after adolescence. Not so the late John Fiske, whose remarkable precocity was a lifelong equipment. His biographer says he was reading Latin fluently at seven years of age, and a year later was not only familiar with the Greek classics but had read all the plays of Shakespeare. At nine years of age he could speak Greek with ease, at ten years he wrote a history of the world from the days of Moses, and at twelve he had read all the Latin and Greek classics and was master of the higher mathematics. While in knickerbockers he wrote Spanish, spoke German and read the books of German philosophers. At seventeen years he wrote poetry in Italian, translated Spanish poetry and read Sanskrit readily. Grav-haired Harvard professors and all who knew him recognized in him more than a living fulfilment of Goldsmith's village schoolmaster:

"And still they gazed and still the wonder grew,

That one small head could carry all he knew."

Reciprocity with Canada was a practical rather than an academic question at the recent Boston exhibition of the New England Poultry Club, and it had a favorable endorsement. In the one hundred classes, judged the first day, Canadian exhibitors won thirty-three first and twenty-seven second premiums. So large a recognition of Dominion merit certainly warrants reciprocity on the part of its people, but they are still very coy.

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Quite naturally Governor Higgins of New York is greatly exercised over the laxity disclosed in the management of great life insurance companies. It is but fair to state that the criticism of the state insurance department is hardly just, as the law confines its supervision of the companies quite closely to the maintenance of a proper reserve. If this is assured the department has little legal warrant for dictating the details of management. The governor observes the defects in the law and has outlined desirable legislative action to remedy some of the weak points. It is gratifying to note that the Massachusetts laws already cover the important points in his suggestions, and that its insurance department several years ago made emphatic and successful protest against what is perhaps the most serious evil recently disclosed—the inter-relations of the life companies and the trust companies.

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A New England woman has just died whose personality, no less than her service to humanity, deserves greater notice than the press has given her. Josephine Shaw Lowell was a native of Roxbury, Massachusetts. She received a generous education, including five years in the schools of European capitals. Her husband, Charles Russell Lowell, was killed in the Civil War, as was also her brother, Robert Gould Shaw, colonel of a colored regiment at Fort Wagner. These bereavements shadowed all her later life, but she found respite from grief in charitable enterprises in New York City. She founded several organizations and was the first woman on the New York State Board of Charities. She led in numerous societies for the protection and help of friendless girls, the relief of prisoners, and the promotion of industrial thrift among the ignorant and indigent. At a memorial service in New York City one of the speakers voiced the general sentiment in saying: "Had she lived in mediæval times she would long since have been canonized as a saint."





FLOWER SEEDS, SHRUBS AND VINES.

About this time of the year one thinks of the beautiful flowers, vines, etc. to make his grounds more attractive and the question comes where can I obtain these from a reliable house. E. C. Holmes of Somerville, Mass., has established and rightly earned a large trade in this line on account of his reliability and honorable dealings with his customers. We would advise our readers to send to him at once for price lists and particulars.

WALL PAPERS.

In the selection of wall papers, no more reliable concern can be found than that of Thomas F. Swan, located at 12 Cornhill. See his Japanese wall papers designed expressly for dining rooms, libraries and vestibules. They are very artistic.

THE SINGER MACHINE.

The world over, the Singer Sewing Machine can be found in homes of every nationality. Its reason is manifold and particularly on account of its durability and reliability. The Singer Company have recently acquired the ownership of the old Wheeler & Wilson Company with all their patents. The Singer Machine to-day is unexcelled in many respects.

1906 CALENDARS.

Raphael Tuck & Sons of New York are leaders in the publication of beautiful calendars and Christmas cards. Their variety for 1906 is the largest ever offered by them and consists of many artistic designs. They have a national reputation in this line.

A MODERN HOTEL.

The Saint Paul Hotel, located at 60th street and Columbus avenue, New York, is one of the well appointed, fireproof hotels of that city. The rates are moderate and it is convenient to subway and elevated cars. Its proprietor, Mr. John W. Wheaton, is a New Englander and takes pleasure in courtesies to New England guests.

TAPESTRY PAINTINGS.

Artistic home decoration is the delight of every housewife and what more delightful than beautiful tapestries on the walls. John F. Douthitt, 273 Fifth avenue, New York (near 30th street) makes a specialty of this work, and one can spend an hour most profitably by looking at his large and beautiful assortment, executed by his own artists who are sent to all parts of the world for this purpose. Upon request he will mail you a beautifully illustrated catalogue.

A RUG TALK.

But a very short one. On another page will be found an advertisement of the Belgrade Rug Company and what it does not tell, the company will if you write to them. Woolen, Brussels and tapestry make the handsomest rugs and their customers say it is a satisfaction to send off old carpets and, in return, receive handsome rugs. Their work is excellent and the prices are reasonable.

"OUR NEIGHBORS."

Charles Dana Gibson's last and best work "Our Neighbors," published by Charles Scribner's Sons, is bound to meet with a large sale. It contains a wealth of illustrations which are excellently selected.



